

THE PRESBYTERIAN HYMNAL
WITH TUNES.

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THE
PRESBYTERIAN HYMNAL

WITH
Accompanying Tunes

*SELECTED BY THE PSALMODY COMMITTEE OF THE
UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.*

✓
THE HARMONIES REVISED BY HENRY SMART.

United Free Church of Scotland

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The Committee having been unable to ascertain the addresses of a few authors of Hymns, make this apology for inserting their compositions without obtaining permission.

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For the selection and adaptation of tunes the Committee alone are responsible. Great care has been bestowed upon this part of the work; and as the advantage is so great of having each hymn sung to its own tune throughout the church, the Committee express the hope that, notwithstanding differences of judgment and taste which may exist, the selection which has been made may be generally accepted.

With the exception of the copyright tunes, and of a few others as 'Retreat,' 'Boston,' 'Saul,' and 'Duke Street,' the harmonies have been revised, and in many instances entirely re-written, by HENRY SMART, Esq., and are mostly the copyright of the Proprietors of this book. The Committee beg to tender their thanks to Mr SMART for the care and attention he has bestowed on the work, and also for the valuable counsel and aid he rendered the Committee in the progress of their labours.

Expression marks have been placed in the margin, as a guide to the appropriate singing of the hymns. The following are the signs made use of:

<i>p</i> soft	<i>m</i> medium	<i>f</i> loud
<i>pp</i> very soft	<i>mp</i> rather soft	<i>ff</i> very loud
	<i>mf</i> rather loud	
	< or \wedge increasing in loudness.	
	> or \vee diminishing in loudness.	

'Amen' has been added to hymns which end with a prayer or a doxology.

In conclusion, the Committee express the hope that this work may tend to the glory of God, and to the furtherance of religion in the churches for whose use it is specially designed.

WILLIAM BLAIR, CONVENER OF COMMITTEE.

ANDREW HENDERSON, CONVENER OF SUB-COMMITTEE.

EDINBURGH,
April, 1877.

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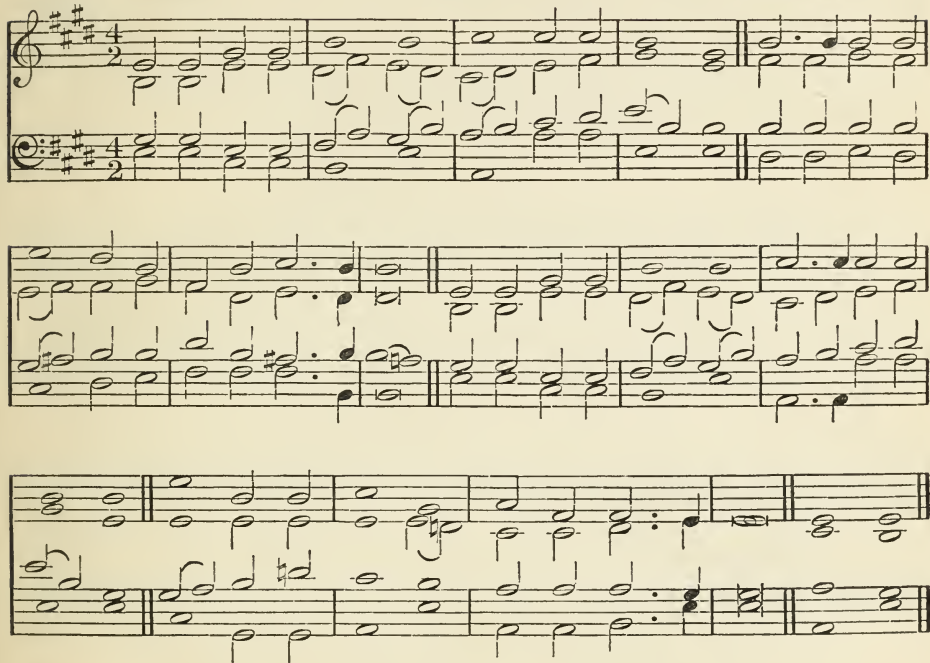
I. GOD—HIS BEING, ATTRIBUTES, AND WORKS.

—o—

Hymn 1.

NICÆA.—11.12.12.10.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



'They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!'

p < 1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

mf Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;

p < Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!

f God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

p < 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,

mf Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

p 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,

mf Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

p < 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

mf All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea:

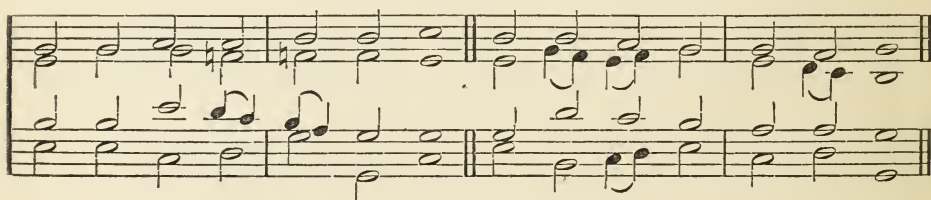
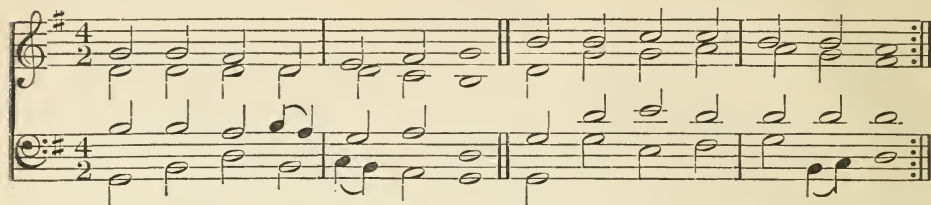
p < Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!

God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

Hymn 2.

ZURICH.—7.7.7.7. D.

Darmstadt Cantional, 1687.



'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory.'

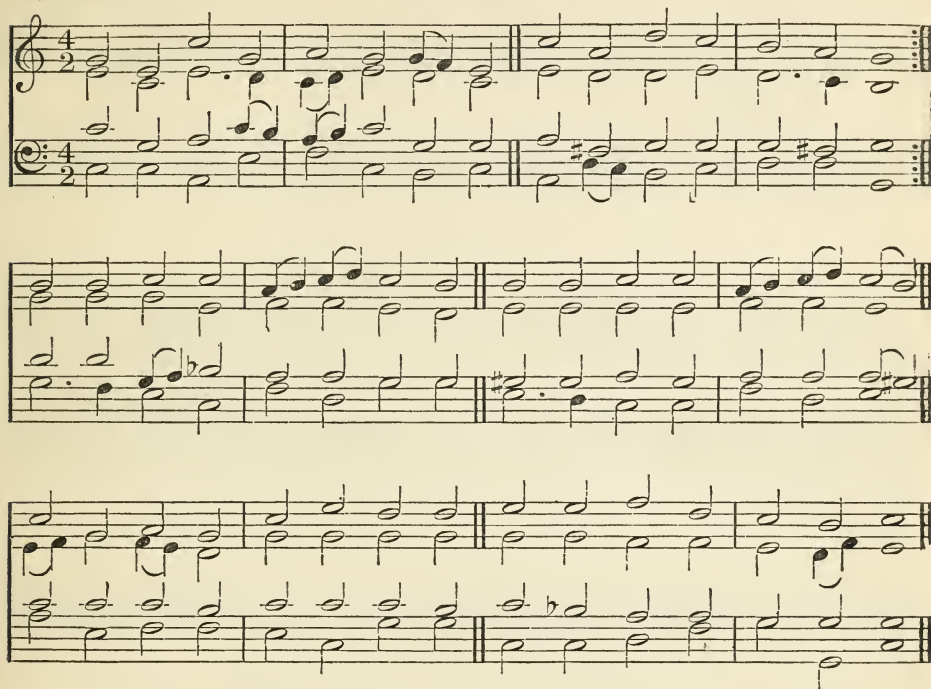
p < 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord
 God of hosts when heaven and earth
 Out of darkness, at Thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth,
mf All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sang with sweet accord,
 > Holy, holy, holy Lord!

p < 2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
 One JEHOVAH evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
mp Dust and ashes, would adore;
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
f Sing we here with glad accord,
 > Holy, holy, holy Lord!

p < 3 Holy, holy, holy! All
f Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King;
ff Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
 Round the throne with full accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Hymn 3.

ST. NINIANS.—8.7.8.7. D.



*'One cried unto another and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts;
the whole earth is full of His glory.'*

m 1 ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn :

f 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

mf 2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.'

f 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

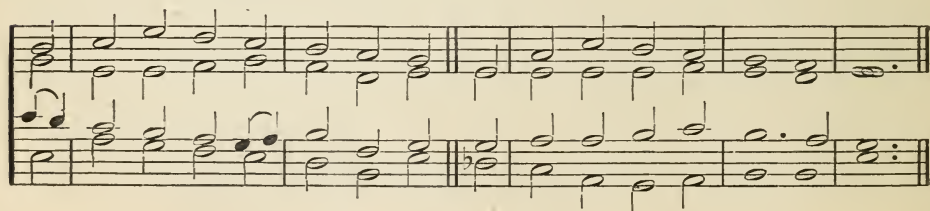
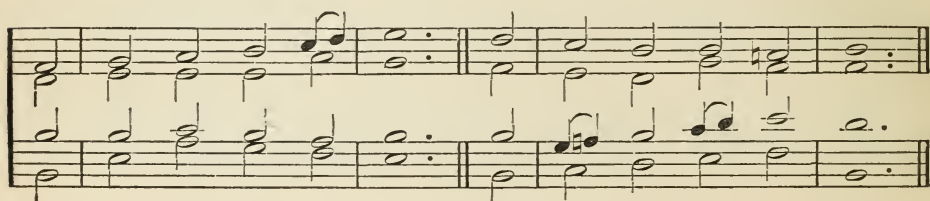
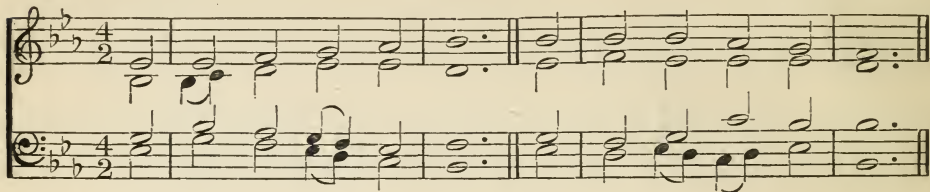
m 3 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :

f 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

Hymn 4.

BEVAN.—6.6.6.6.8.8.

Sir John Goss.



'To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ for ever.'

mf 1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here
And better hopes above;
He sent His own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
mf And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

mf 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

mf 4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One;
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Hymn 5.

SARUM.—L.M.

Melody of 4th century.



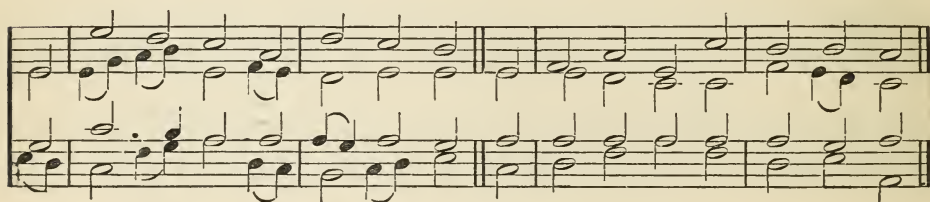
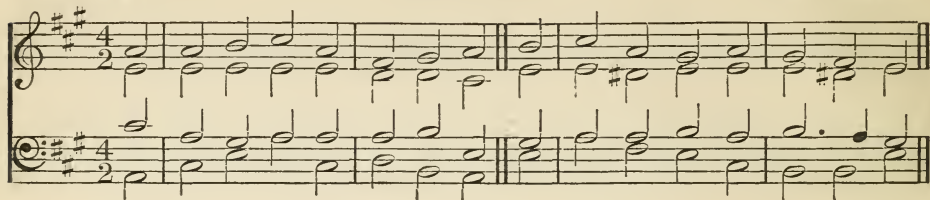
'Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: . . . praise ye Him, all His angels: praise ye Him, all His hosts.'

- m* 1 We praise, we worship Thee, O God;
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad;
All nations bow before Thy throne,
< And Thee the great JEHOVAH own.
- f* 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven
Eternal praise to Thee is given.
- p* 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thou God of hosts, by all adored,
^ Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.
- mf* 4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song;
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.
- f* 5 Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty,
The Son, the Spirit, we adore,—
One Godhead, blest for evermore. Amen.

Hymn 6.

ELY.—L.M.

Bishop T. Turton.



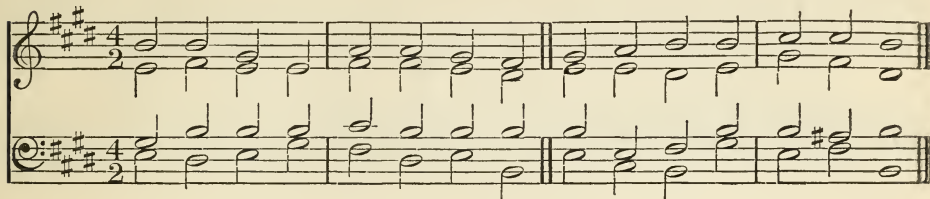
'Serve the Lord with gladness.'

- mp* 1 BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
 < Know that the Lord is God alone;
 > He can create and He destroy.
- m* 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
mp And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
 < He brought us to His fold again.
- m* 3 We are His people, we His care,—
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:
mf What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to Thy name!
- f* 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
 Vast as eternity Thy love;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

Hymn 7.

✓
GOTHA.—8.7.8.7.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert.



'Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise Him in the heights.'

mf 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

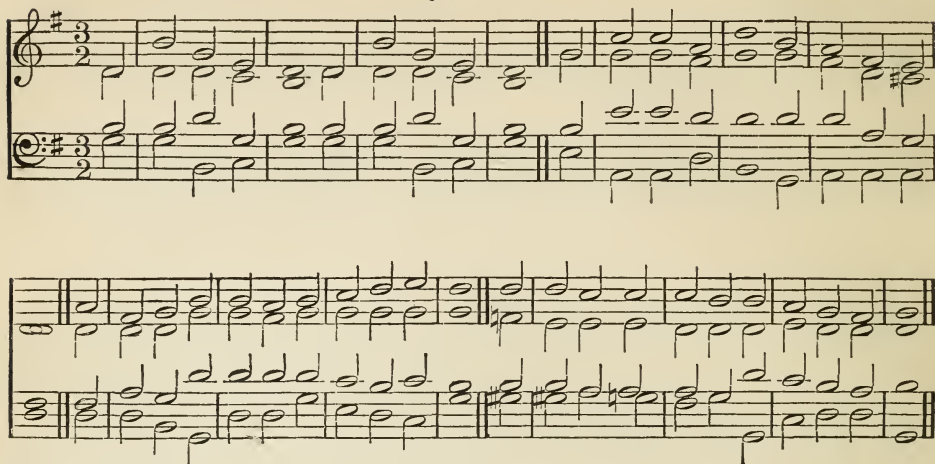
3 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
ff Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

HOUGHTON.—10.10.11.11.

Hymn 8.

Dr. Gauntlett.



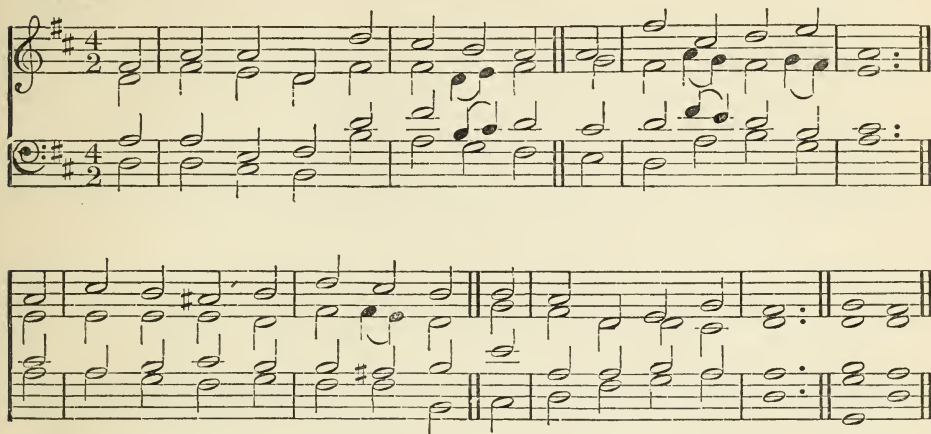
'Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.'

- mf* 1 O WORSHIP the King all glorious above,
 O gratefully sing His power and His love—
 Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise
- f* 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space.
 His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- m* 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
 Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old;
 Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- m* 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- p* 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
m In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
 Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
- f* 6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
 While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

Hymn 9.

WESTMINSTER.—C.M.

James Turle.



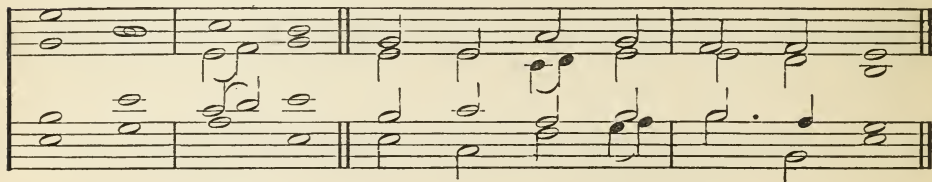
'Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.'

- mf* 1 My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!
- mp* 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.
- p* 3 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears!
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.
- m* 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- mp* 5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.
- mf* 6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee! Amen.

Hymn 10.

CECIL.—8.7.4.

Lowell Mason.



' Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.'

mf 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing ?
ff Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King !

mf 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless :
ff Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

mp 3 Father-like He tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
ff Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows !

p 4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish ;
Blows the wind and it is gone ;
Λ But, while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on :
ff Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the high eternal One !

f 5 Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Λ Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space ;
ff Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace !

Hymn 11.

✓
GLOUCESTER.—C.M.

Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.



'The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion.'

mf 1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore,—
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vine,
With strengthening grain the fields.

4 But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the Gospel seen;
There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

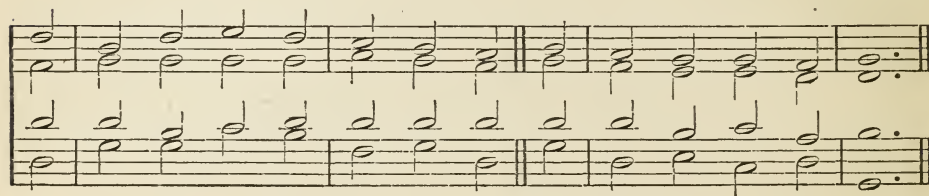
5 Thy Son, Thy noblest, choicest gift,
Was from Thy bosom sent,
To bear from off our sinking world
Its load of punishment.

f 6 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy
Are published in His name;
Ours is the life, the glory ours,
mp And His the death and shame.

Hymn 12.

DUNFERMLINE.—C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



'O bless our God, ye people.'

mf 1 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
< Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired.

mf 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
V Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death's unnumbered pains.

mf 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

PETERBOROUGH.—L. M. D.

Hymn 13.

Sir John Goss.

'The heavens declare the glory of God.'

mf 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

m 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:

mf Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

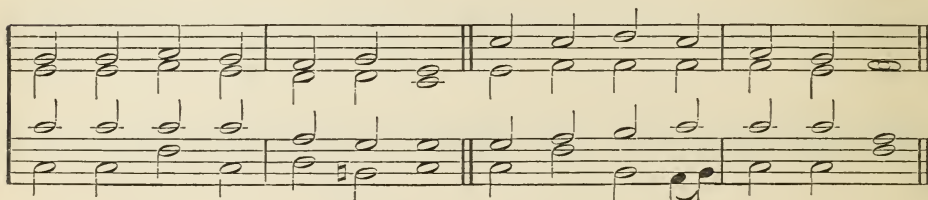
mp 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found!

mf In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

Hymn 14.

LEBANON.—7.7;7.7.

German, 1829.



'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.'

m 1 For the beauty of the earth,
 For the beauty of the skies,
 For the love which from our birth
 Over and around us lies,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
 This our sacrifice of praise.

m 2 For the beauty of each hour
 Of the day and of the night,
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
 Sun and moon and stars of light,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
 This our sacrifice of praise.

m 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
 For the heart and mind's delight,
 For the mystic harmony
 Linking sense to sound and sight,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
 This our sacrifice of praise.

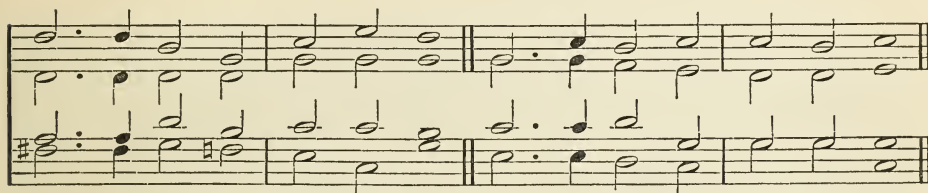
m 4 For the joy of human love,
 Brother, sister, parent, child,
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 For all gentle thoughts and mild,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
 This our sacrifice of praise.

m 5 For each perfect gift of Thine
 To our race so freely given,
 Graces human and divine,
 Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
 This our sacrifice of praise.

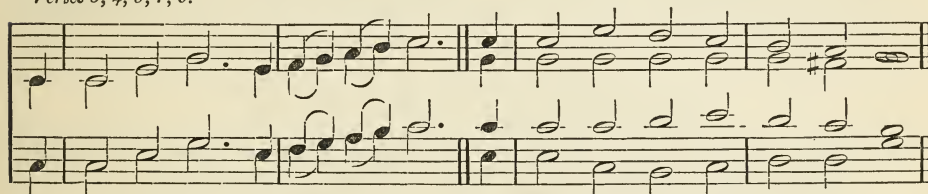
Hymn 15.

LUTZEN.—7.7.7.7.

From the German.



Verses 3, 4, 5, 7, 9.



'O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good ; for His mercy endureth for ever.'

m 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 2 Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God ;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure :

m 3 Who by His all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light ;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure :

m 4 And caused the golden tressèd sun
All the day long his course to run ;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure :

m 5 The hornèd moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright ;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 6 O let us His praises tell
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell ;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

m 7 His chosen people He did bless
In the wasteful wilderness ;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

p 8 He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery ;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

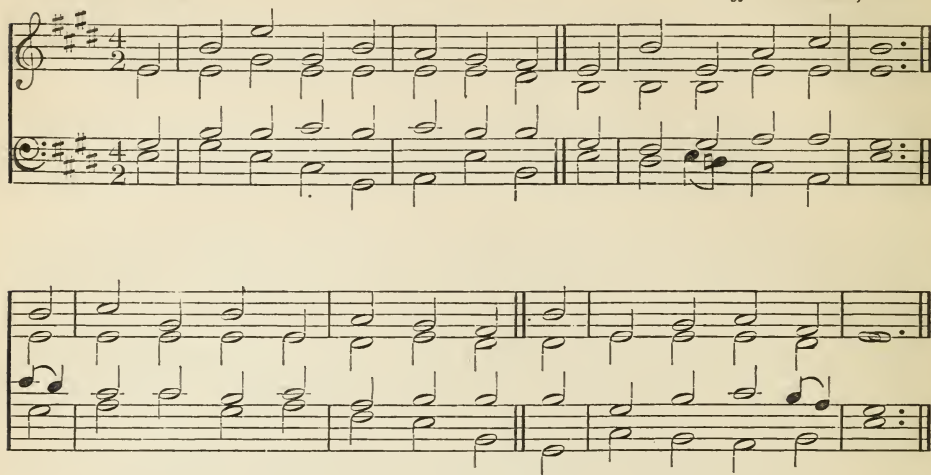
m 9 All living creatures He doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need ;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 10 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hymn 16.

ST. DAVID.—C.M.

Playford's Psalter, 1671.



'How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God.'

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>m</i> 1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.</p> <p>2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.</p> <p><i>m</i> 4 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.</p> <p>5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.</p> | <p><i>m</i> 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 7 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 8 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes these gifts with joy.</p> <p>9 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.</p> <p>10 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.</p> |
|--|---|
- f* 11 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Hymn 17.

MORAVIA.—C.M.

From the German.



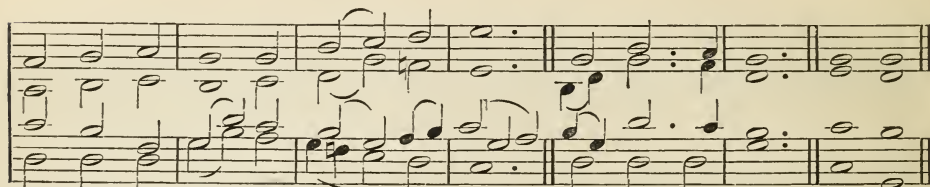
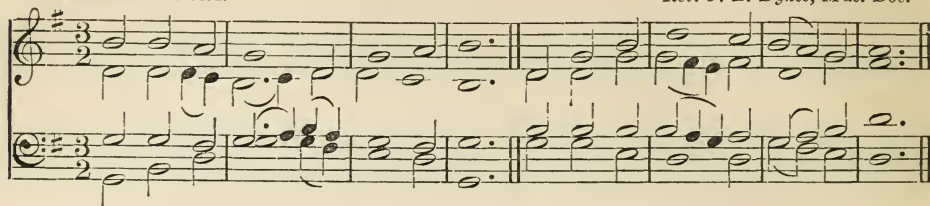
'Thou art my trust from my youth.'

- m* 1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain;
And, when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years Thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.
- 4 My God, who causedst me to hope
When life began to beat,
And, when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet;
- mp* 5 Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.
- mf* 6 Therefore in life I'll trust in Thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing Thy praise
When time shall be no more.

Hymn 18.

ALMSGIVING.—8.8.8.4.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



'All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.'

mf 1 O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?

m 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air, [clare;
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love de-
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
< We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.

p 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
< And e'en that gift Thou dost outrun,
And give us all.

mf 5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,

mf And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

p 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
mf We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

mf 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all;

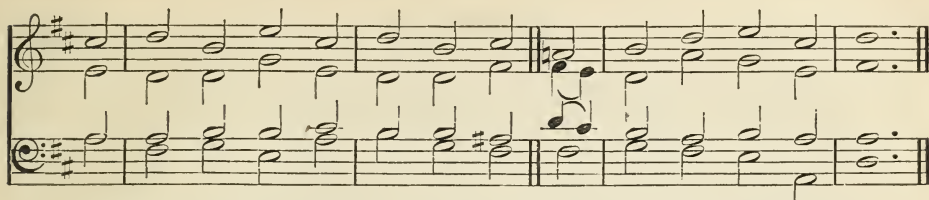
mf 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give.
mp O may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all. Amen.

Hymn 19.

ST. ANN.—C.M.

Dr. Croft, 1721.





'Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path is in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known.'

mf 1 God moves in a mysterious way,

His wonders to perform;

He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

m 2 Deep in unfathomable mines

Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

mf 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;

The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

m 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,

But trust Him for His grace:

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,

Unfolding every hour:

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,

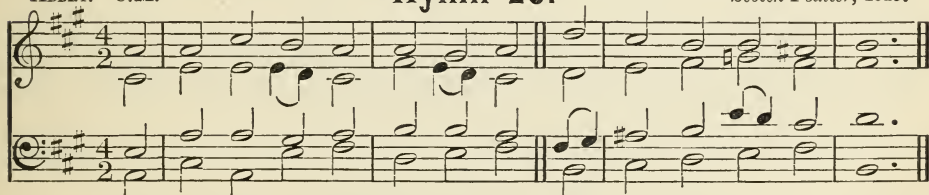
And scan His work in vain:

mf God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

Hymn 20.

ABBEY.—C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.'

m 1 SINCE all the downward tracts of time

God's watchful eye surveys,

O! who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

m 2 Since none can doubt His equal love,

Unmeasurably kind,

mf To His unerring, gracious will

Be every wish resigned.

m 3 Good when He gives, supremely good,

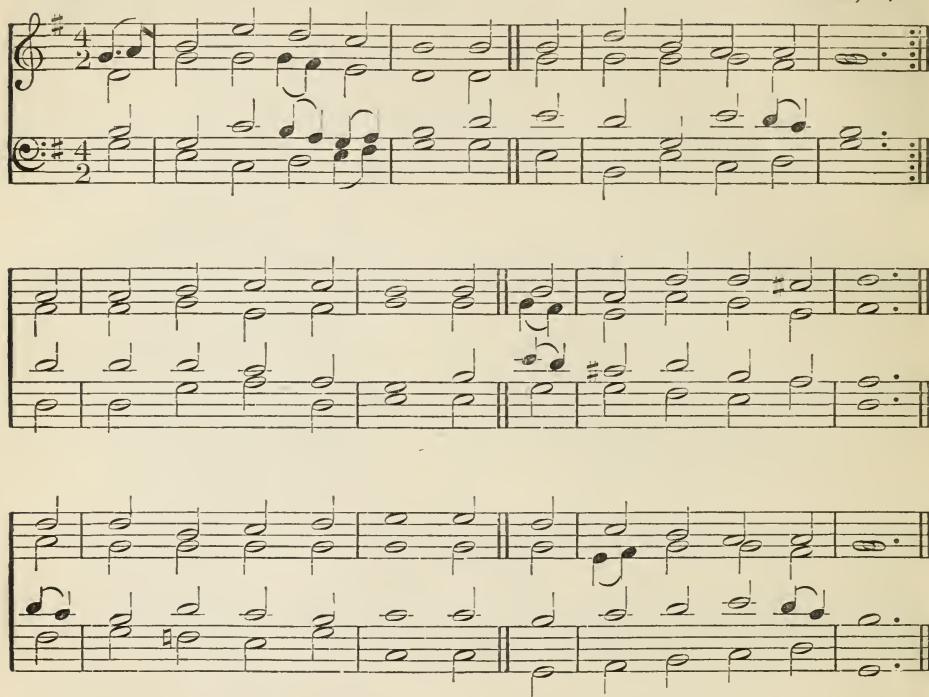
Nor less when He denies;

Even crosses from His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

Hymn 21.

MUNICH.—7.6.7.6. D.

German, 1648.



'Light is sown for the righteous.'

m 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
'To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may,—

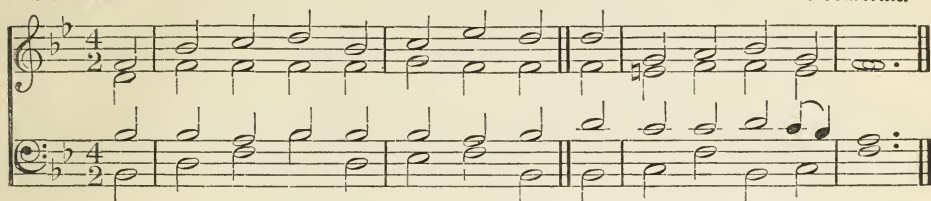
mf 3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too.
m Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
mf Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Hymn 22.

ST. JAMES.—C.M.

R. Courtville.



'He hath made with me an everlasting covenant.'

mf 1 Mr God, the covenant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

m 2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven, my final home,—

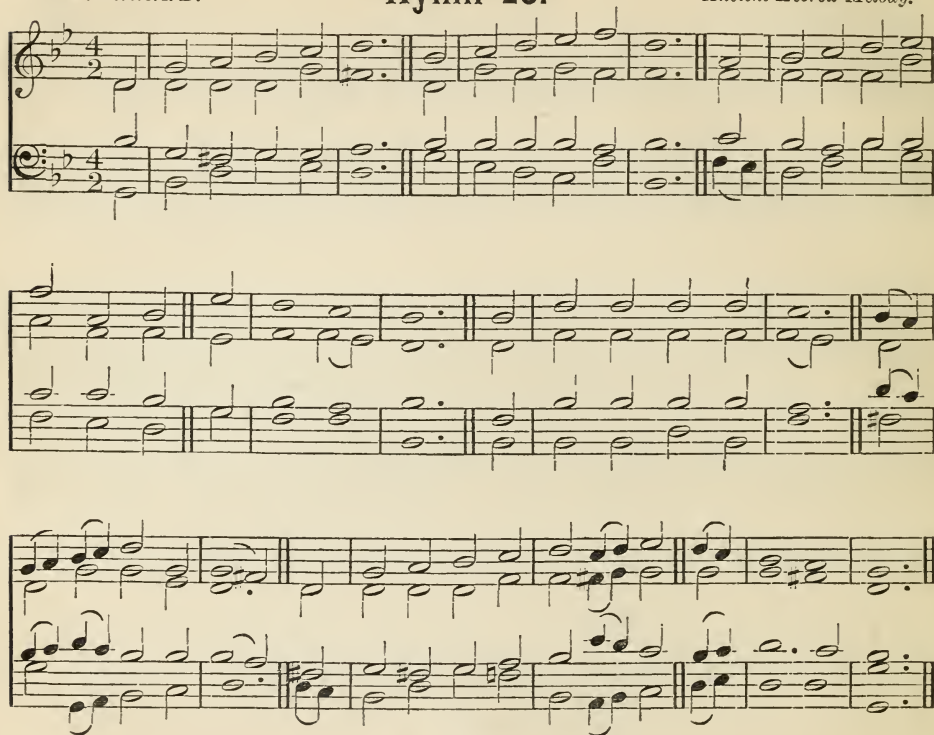
mf 3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And, when I know not what Thou do'st,
I wait the light above.

mf 4 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

LEONI.—6.6.8.4. D.

Hymn 23.

Ancient Hebrew Melody.

*'In Thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.'*

mf 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
JEHOVAH! great I AM!
By earth and heaven confest,
mp I bow, and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

m 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
mf I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

mf 3 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

m 4 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

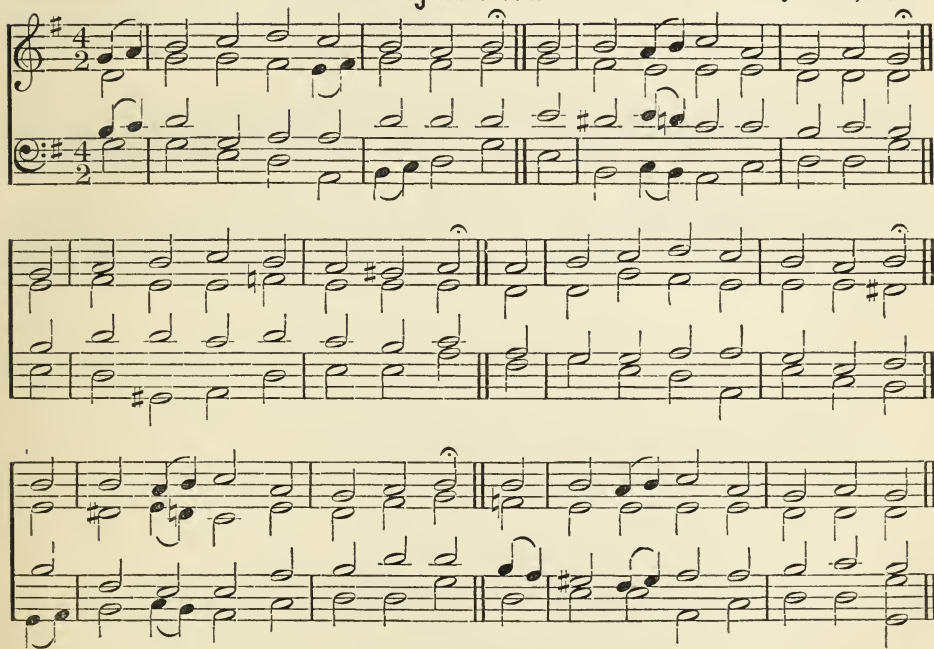
mf 5 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin :
The Prince of Peace,
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

f 6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high :
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and mine !
I join the heavenly lays :
All might and majesty are Thine
And endless praise.

STETTIN.—8.8.8.8.8.8.

Hymn 24.

J. Kugelmann, 1540.



'Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity?'

m 1 GREAT GOD of wonders ! all Thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine ;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
Above Thine other wonders shine :

mf Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

mp 2 Such great transgressions to forgive !
Such guilty, daring worms to spare !
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share :
mf Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

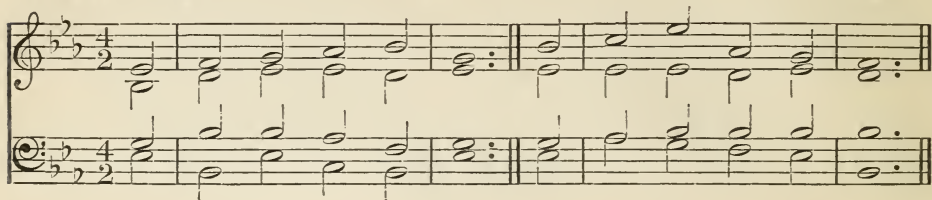
p 3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for sins of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood :
mf Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

mf 4 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic hosts above !
f Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Hymn 25.

FRANCONIA.—S.M.

German.



'By grace ye are saved.'

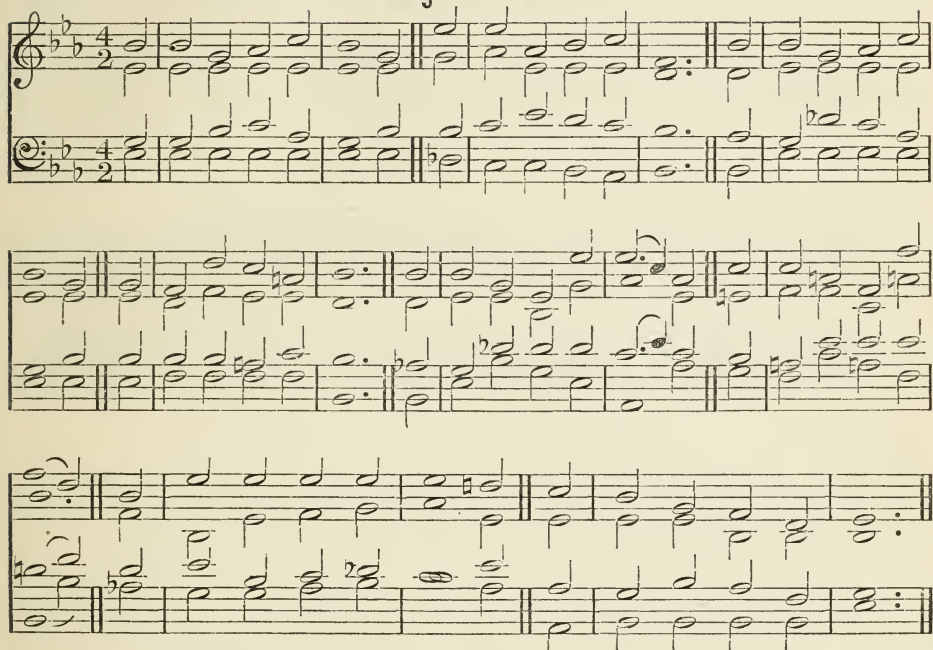
- m* 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
mf Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- m* 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- mf* 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone;
And well deserves the praise. Amen.

II.—THE REDEEMER.

LANCASHIRE.—7.6.7.6. D.

Hymn 26.

Henry Smart.



'The Lord possessed Me in the beginning of His way.'

m 1 ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills,
Before He filled the fountains
That feed the running rills,
mf In Me from everlasting
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is my name.

m 2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure;
And I was with Him then,
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And Mine the sons of men.

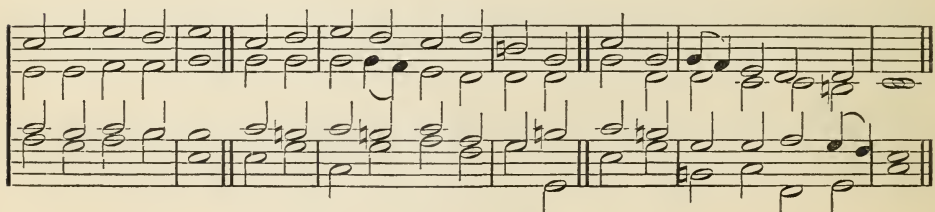
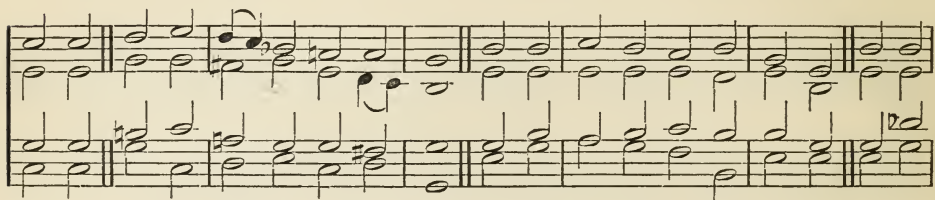
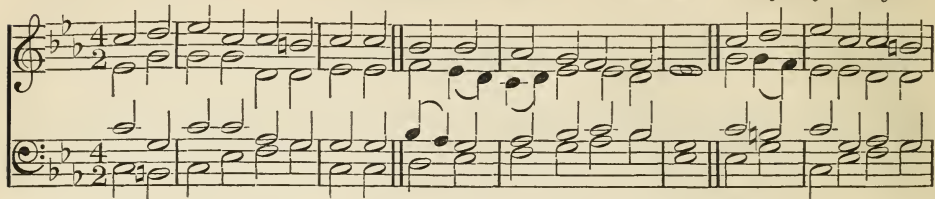
m 3 Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
> And died for us in love.

m 4 And could'st Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
p Who, when we saw Thee, slighted
And nailed Thee to a tree?
mf Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder
> Says, 'Sinner, I am thine!'

Hymn 27.

AUGSBURG.—8.7.8.7. D.

German. Arranged by Havergal.



'The Word was God.'

p 1 Who is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
f 'T is the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

p 2 Who is this, a man of sorrows
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?

f 'T is our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

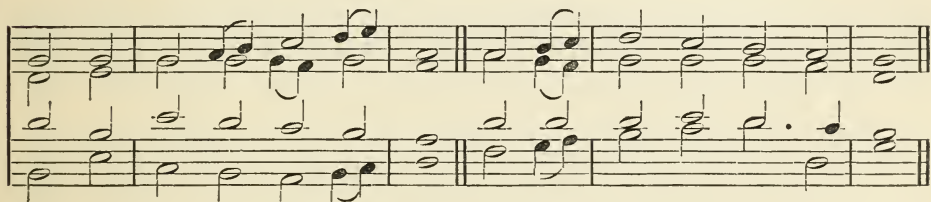
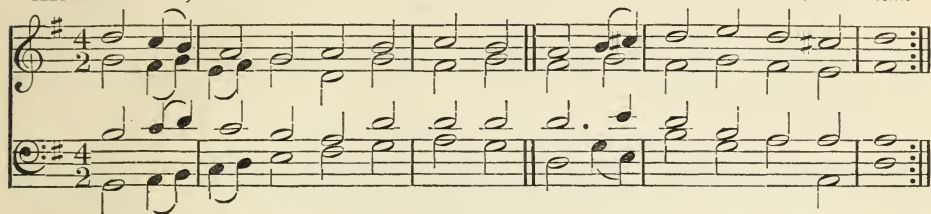
p 3 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails and crown'd with thorns?

f 'T is the God who ever liveth,
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.

Hymn 28.

ALTENBURG.—8.7;8.8.7.7.

J. H. Knecht.

*'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour.'*

mf 1 KING Eternal! King Immortal!
 Only Good and only Wise!
 Toward Thy temple's radiant portal
 Let me lift my wistful eyes.
m While the angels bow before Thee,
 Let a human voice adore Thee;
 Here I worship, here I rest,
 God o'er all, for ever blest!

mf 2 Sire and Sovereign of the ages,
 Made a child of days for me,
 With the shepherds and the sages
 Let me come and look on Thee.
m At Thy manger bending o'er Thee,
 Let a wondering heart adore Thee,
 Here is Godhead manifest,
 Here I worship, here I rest!

mp 3 Son of Man and Man of Sorrows,
 Victim on the cross of pain!
m Hope from Thee my spirit borrows,
 And I live, for Thou wast slain.
 Let a sinful soul implore Thee!
 < Let a ransomed child adore Thee!
 Safe upon Thy shielding breast,
 > Here I worship, here I rest.

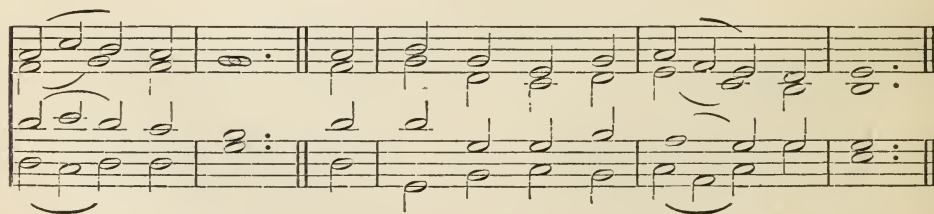
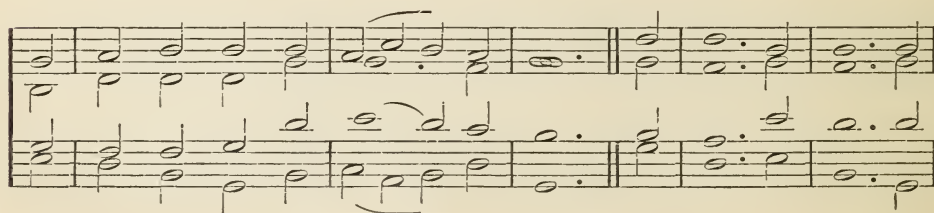
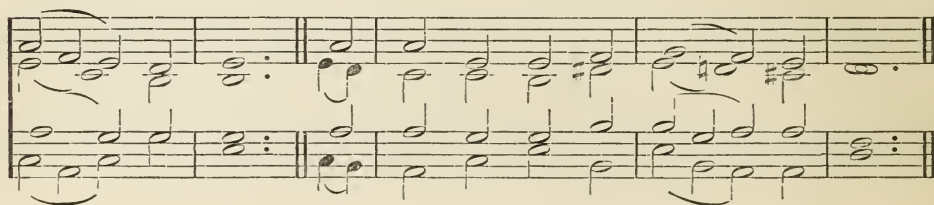
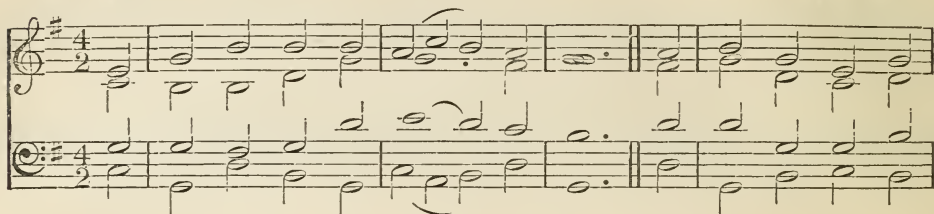
f 4 Lord of majesty and meekness!
 Conqueror in every sphere!
 In the depths of mortal weakness—
 On each field of gloom and fear—
 Earth shall all her realms restore Thee,
 All the hosts of heaven adore Thee!
 Here I worship, here I rest,
 God o'er all, for ever blest.

Hymn 29.

VENI IMMANUEL.—8.8.8.8.8.8.

FIRST TUNE.

Ancient Latin.



'The Redeemer shall come to Zion.'

m 1 O COME! Immanuel, hear our call,
And free Thine Israel from her thrall;
mp She groans in exile, far from Thee,
And longs the Son of God to see.
f Rejoice, O Israel! Wherefore mourn?
Immanuel comes, thy Brother born.

m 2 O come! Thou Rod of Jesse, come!
Lead Thy down-trodden pilgrims home;
From hoof of ruthless foe them save,
From doleful pit and dreary grave.
f Rejoice, O Israel! Wherefore mourn?
Immanuel comes, thy Brother born.

THE REDEEMER—HIS ADVENT AND INCARNATION.

m 3 O come! Thou Dawn of holier day!
And glad us by Thy heavenly ray;
Our dark clouds scatter by Thy Light;
Disperse the shades of death and night.
f Rejoice, O Israel! Wherefore mourn?
Immanuel comes, thy Brother born.

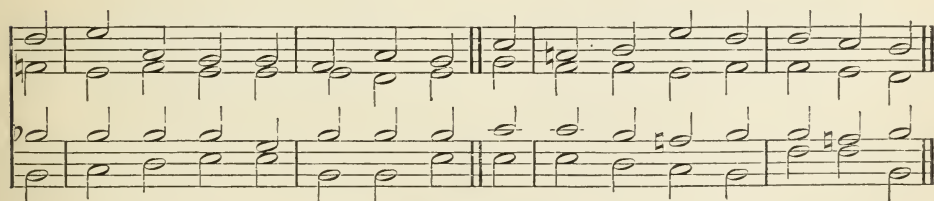
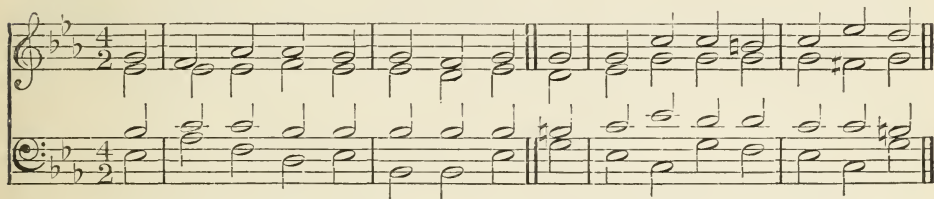
mf 4 O come, throw wide the gates of heaven,
Thou, to whom David's key is given;
Make safe a pathway from below,
And close the way that leads to woe.
f Rejoice, O Israel! Wherefore mourn?
Immanuel comes, thy Brother born.

f 5 O come! O come! Thou Lord of lords,
Whose law, with trump and voice of words,
From Sinai's awful brow was given,
Thy glory filling earth and heaven.
ff Rejoice, O Israel! Wherefore mourn?
Immanuel comes, thy Brother born.

IMMANUEL.—8.8.8.8.8.8.

SECOND TUNE.

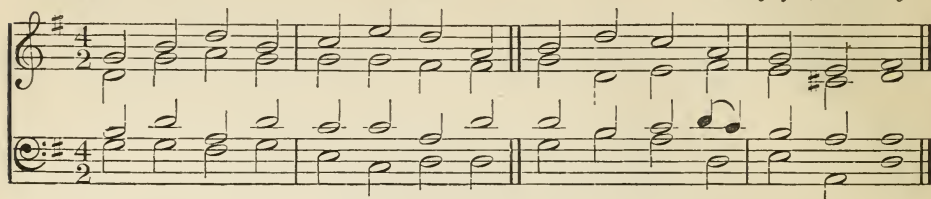
Dr. Gauntlett.



Hymn 30.

EPHRATAH—8.7.8.7.

Melody of 14th Century.



'The Desire of all nations shall come.'

m 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

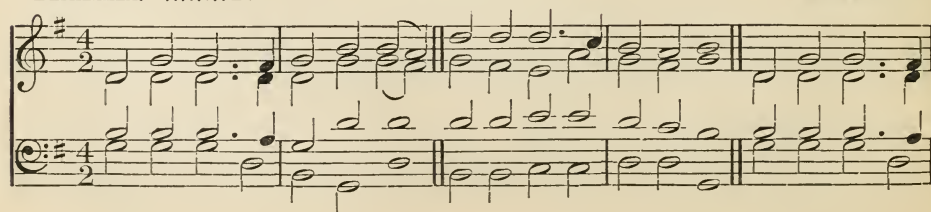
m 3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

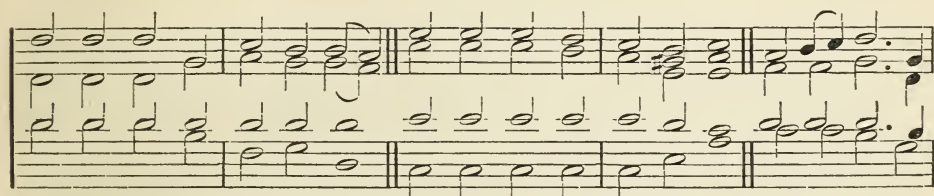
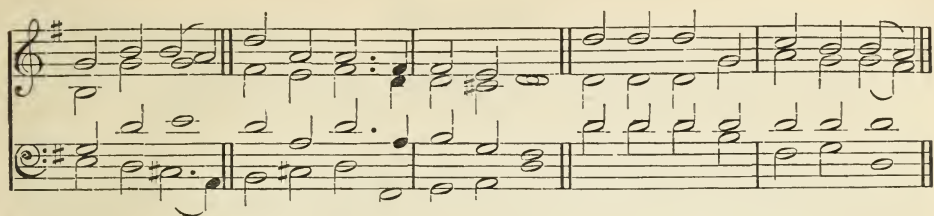
4 By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Hymn 31.

BETHLEHEM.—7.7.7.7. D.

Mendelssohn.





'Glory to God in the highest.

p 1 HARK! how all the welkin rings,
f 'Glory to the King of kings,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Universal nature, say,
 Christ the Lord is born to-day.
 Hark! how all the welkin rings,
 'Glory to the King of kings.'

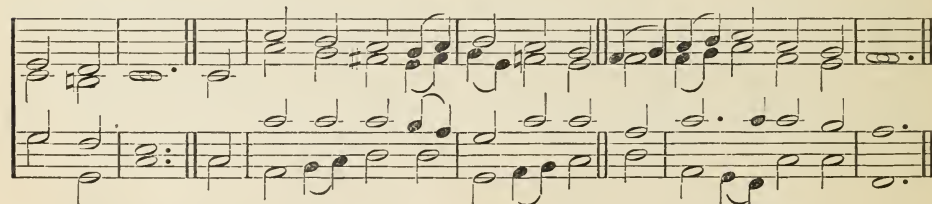
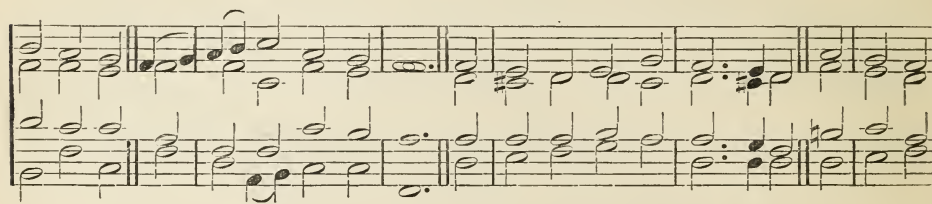
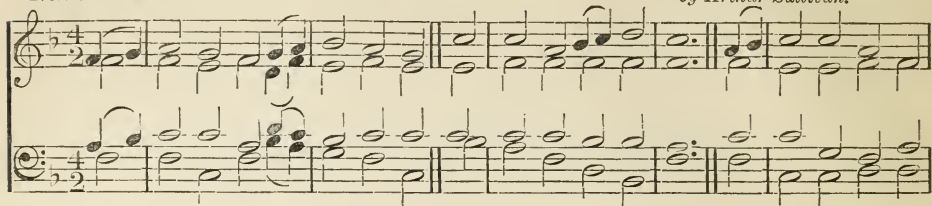
mf 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord!
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb;
mp Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
 Hail! the Incarnate Deity,
m Pleased as Man with men to appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here!
 Hark! how all the welkin rings,
 'Glory to the King of kings.'

3 Hail! the heavenly Prince of Peace!
 Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings;
 Mild, He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hark! how all the welkin rings,
 'Glory to the King of kings.'

Hymn 32.

Arranged and partly Composed
by Arthur Sullivan.

NOEL.—C. M. D.

*'There was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God.'*

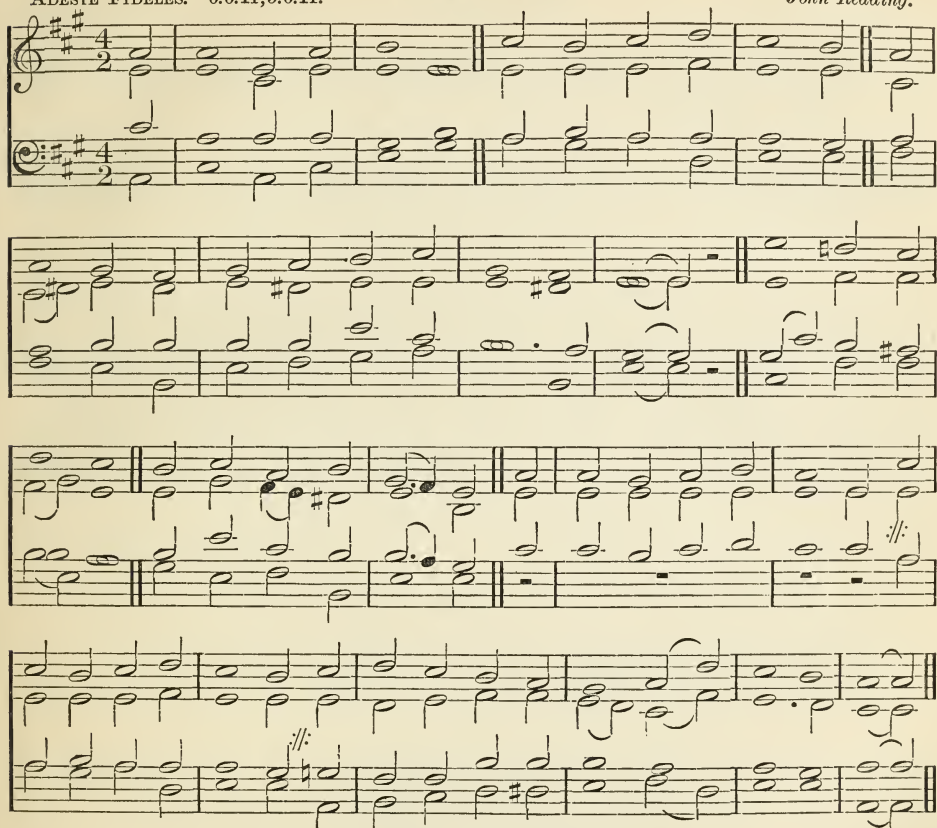
- p* 1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
mf 'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:'
p The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
- m* 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly sounds,
And ever o'er its Babel wings
The blessèd angels sing.

- p* 3 Oh ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
mf Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
V O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.
- m* 4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the age foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
f And the whole earth send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Hymn 33.

ADESTE FIDELES.—6.6.11; 5.6.11.

John Reading.



'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.'

mf 1

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad
accord;
Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels; [Lord.
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the

f 2

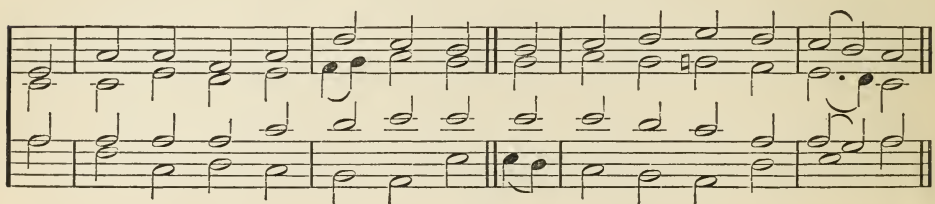
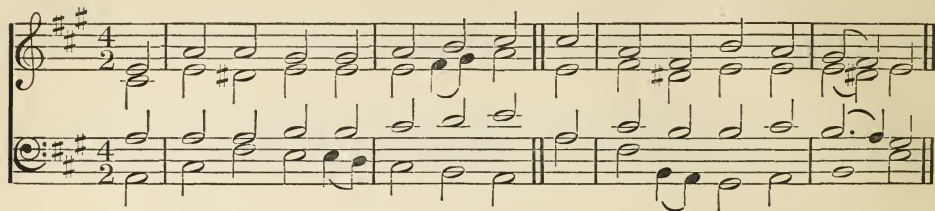
Raise, raise, choirs of angels,
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches be your
praises poured;
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest; [Lord.
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the

m 3

Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus! for ever be Thy name adored;
Word of the Father,
In our flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Hymn 34.

NATIVITY.—8.7.8.7.



'God was manifest in the flesh.'

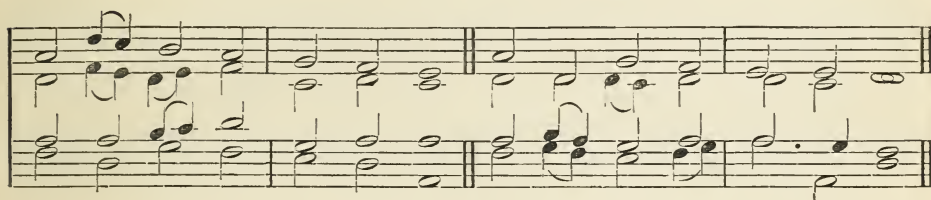
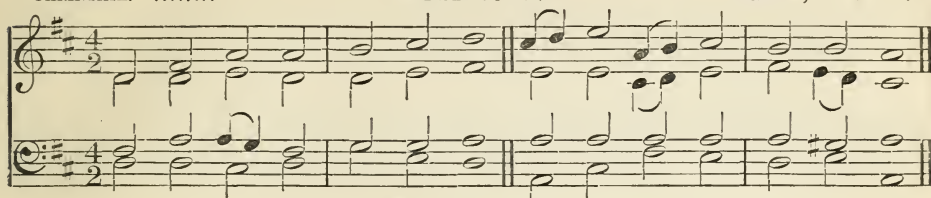
- mf* 1 O BLESSED night! O rich delight!
 When, joy with wonder blending,
 To us from heaven a Son was given,
 Angelic hosts attending.
- mp* 2 For when, in thrall from Adam's fall,
 The world in death was lying,
 ^ In flesh like mine, the Life divine
 Rose sun-like o'er the dying.
- mf* 3 O God of Might! Eternal Light!
 In swaddling bands they bound Thee;
 V Thrust from the hall to lowly stall,
 The herd was gathered round Thee.
- m* 4 That cradled Child lay mute and mild,
 That Word whose voice is thunder;
 The world's great Light withdrew from sight;
 Oh, who can solve the wonder!
- m* 5 God stoops to dwell in lowly cell,
 Nor shame nor want refusing;
 He leaves His Throne, His foes to own,
 For heaven a manger choosing.

Hymn 35.

CARINTHIA.—7.7.7.7.

FIRST TUNE.

German, about 1700.



'Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given.'

mf 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On His vesture and His thigh

mp Names most awful, names most high.

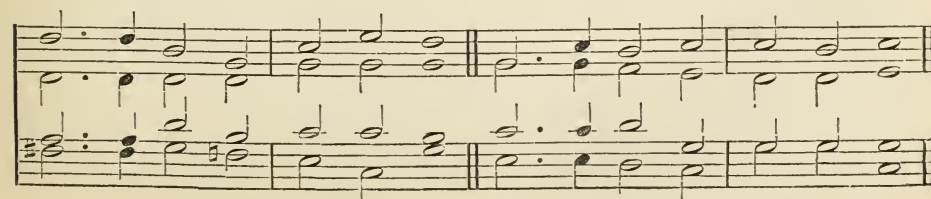
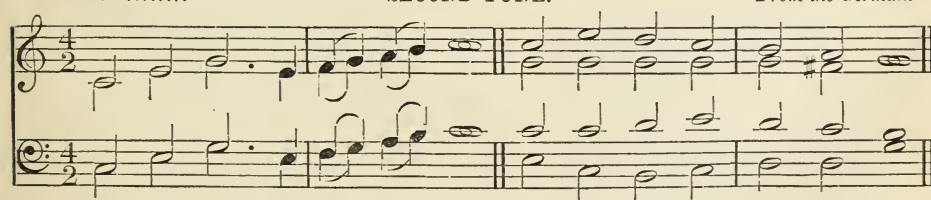
mp 3 Wonderful in counsel, He,
The Incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

mf 4 Come and worship at His feet;
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.

LUTZEN.—7.7.7.7.

SECOND TUNE.

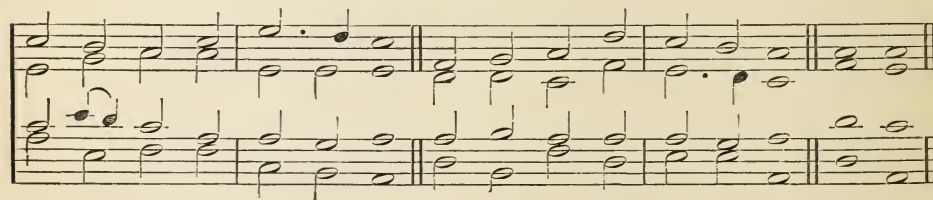
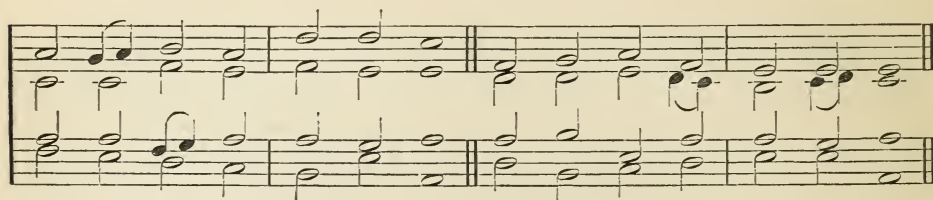
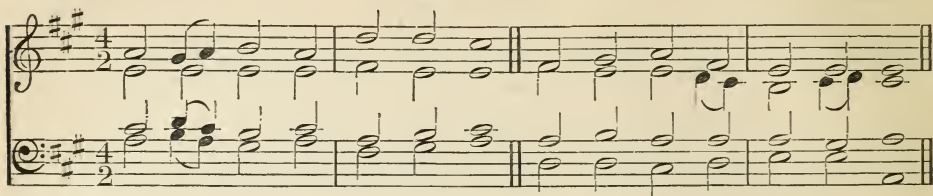
From the German.



Hymn 36.

Dix.—7.7.7.7.7.7.

C. Kocher.



'When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.'

mf 1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
m So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

m 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

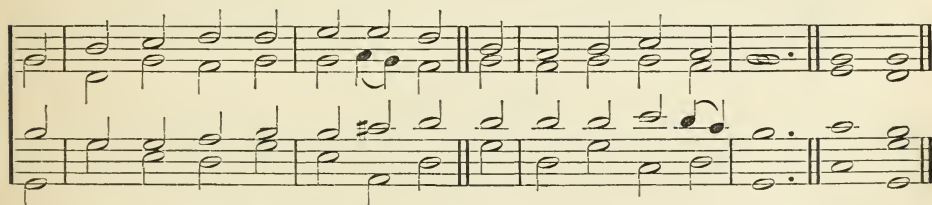
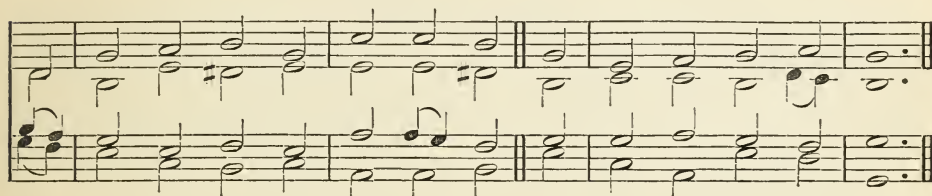
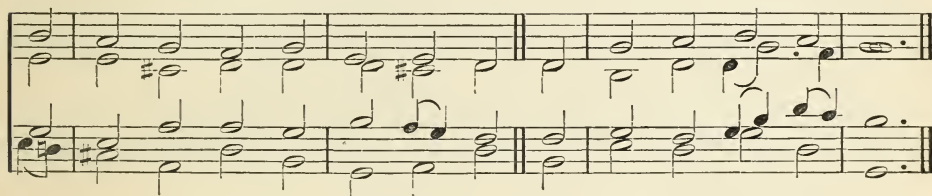
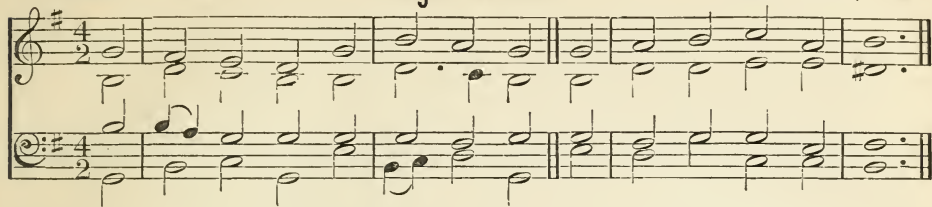
p 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls, at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

mf 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
f There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King. Amen.

OLD 137TH.—D.C.M.

Hymn 37.

English Psalter, 1562.



'They brought unto Him all that were diseased, and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.'

mf 1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;

It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave;

mp To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame:

mf 2 And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed, and frenzy calmed,
Owned Thee, the Lord of light;

mp And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

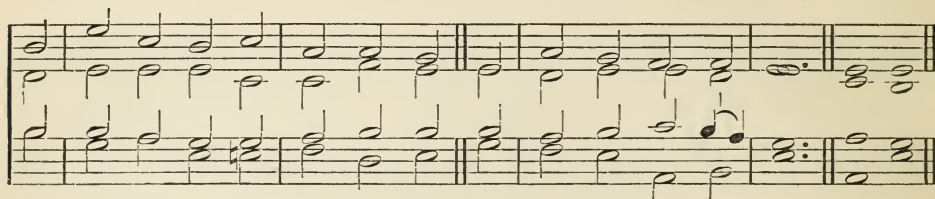
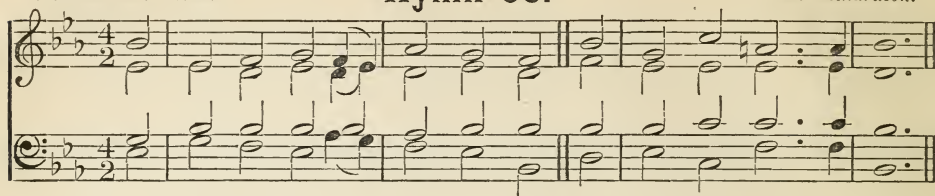
m 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath;

mf To hands that work and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong
May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

ST. BERNARD.—C.M.

Hymn 38.

W. Richardson.



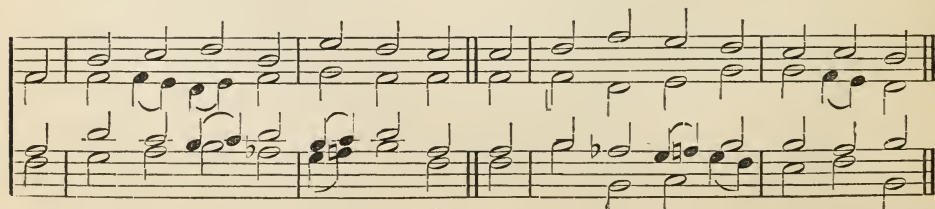
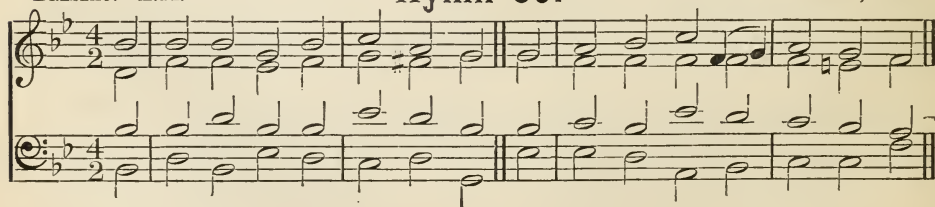
'Grace is poured into Thy lips.'

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| <p><i>m</i> 1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life, and death of woe!</p> <p><i>mp</i> 2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.</p> <p><i>m</i> 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove:</p> | <p><i>m</i> Unwearing in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 4 Oh! give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.</p> <p><i>m</i> 5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee. Amen.</p> |
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BRESLAU.—L.M.

Hymn 39.

Clauder's Psalmodia, 1636.



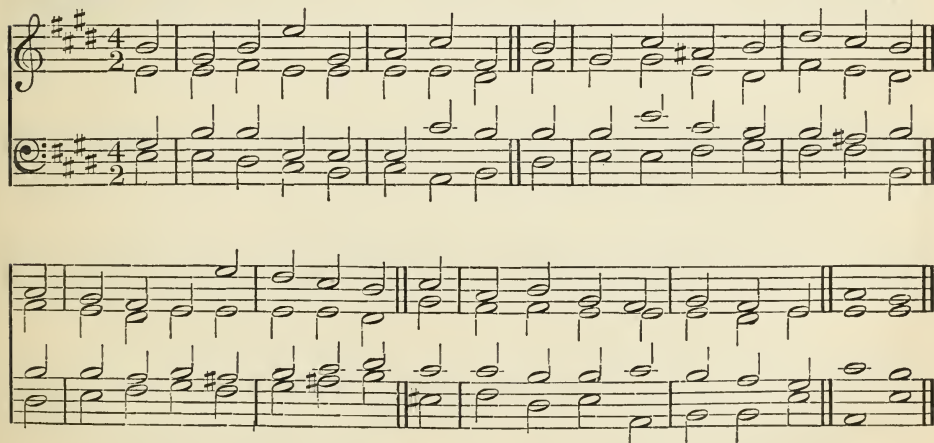
'Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps.'

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| <p><i>m</i> 1 How shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve
Which lead me to His seat above?</p> <p><i>mp</i> 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn—
Are these the consecrated road?</p> <p><i>m</i> 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
< Until the perfect work was done,
> And drunk the bitter cup of gall.</p> | <p><i>mp</i> 4 Lord, should my path through suffering
Forbid it, I should e'er repine; [lie,
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.</p> <p>5 To faint, to grieve, to die for me,
Thou camest, not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?</p> <p><i>mf</i> 6 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
<i>mp</i> Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
<i>mf</i> But Thou canst give the victory.</p> |
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Hymn 40.

DENBIGH.—L. M.

Dr. Gauntlett.



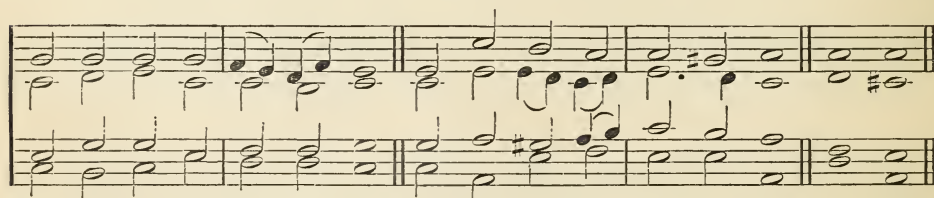
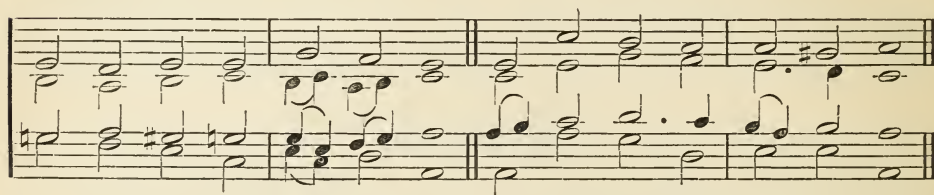
'Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.'

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| <p><i>m</i> 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in Thy Word;
But in Thy Life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.</p> <p>2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal;
Such pleasure in Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness, so divine!
I would transcribe, and make them mine.</p> | <p><i>mp</i> 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.</p> <p><i>m</i> 4 Be Thou my pattern! make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
<i>mf</i> Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb. Amen.</p> |
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Hymn 41.

GETHSEMANE.—7.7.7.7.7.7.

C. Tye.
Arranged by W. H. Monk.



'That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings.'

p 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away:
< Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

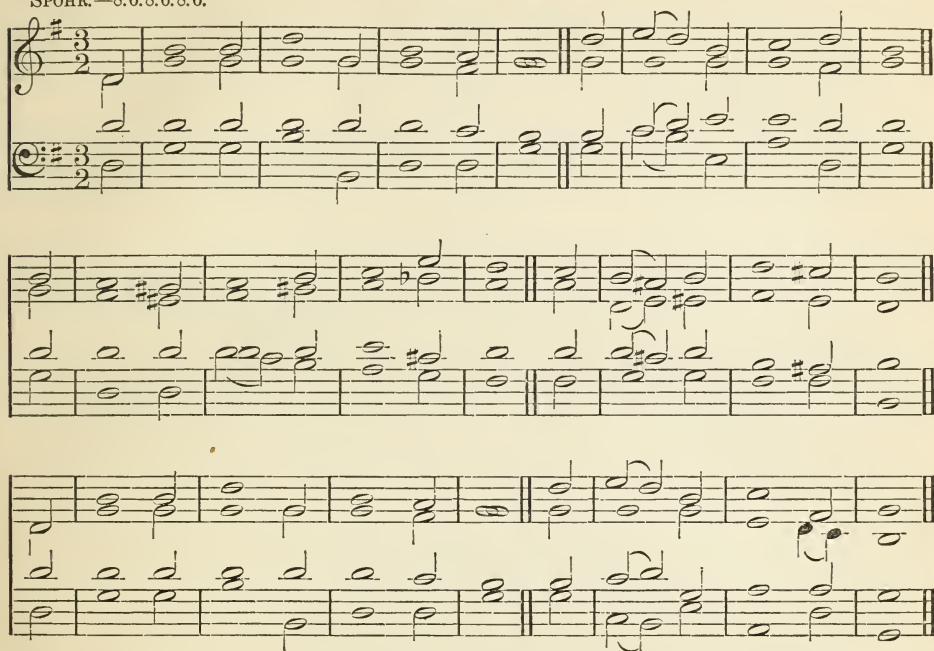
p 2 Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
pp O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
m Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
< Learn of Him to bear the cross.

p 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
∧ *p* 'It is finished!' hear the cry:
◁ Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

m 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
p All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
f Christ is risen; He meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise. Amen.

Hymn 42.

SPOHR.—S. G. S. G. S. G.



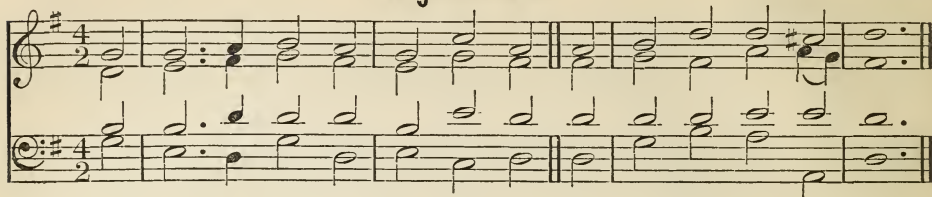
*'Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. . . . The Lord hath laid on Him
the iniquity of us all.'*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>p</i> 1 O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Bearing all ill for me:
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
< Now there's no load for me.</p> <p><i>p</i> 2 Death and the curse were in our cup—
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—
<i>m</i> 'Tis empty now for me!
<i>mf</i> That bitter cup—Love drank it up;
<i>mf</i> Now blessing's draught for me.</p> <p><i>p</i> 3 The Father lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
<i>m</i> There's not one stroke for me.
<i>p</i> Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
< Thy bruising healeth me.</p> | <p><i>p</i> 4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
<i>pp</i> O Christ, it broke on Thee!
<i>m</i> Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
<i>p</i> Thy form was scarred—Thy visage marred;
<i>m</i> Now cloudless peace for me.</p> <p><i>p</i> 5 The Holy One did hide His face—
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee!
<i>pp</i> Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
The darkness due to me.
<i>m</i> But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee!
<i>mf</i> Thou'rt risen: my bonds are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white and tried,
<i>f</i> Thy glory then for me!</p> |
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FARRANT.—C.M.

Hymn 43.

R. Farrant, 1585.

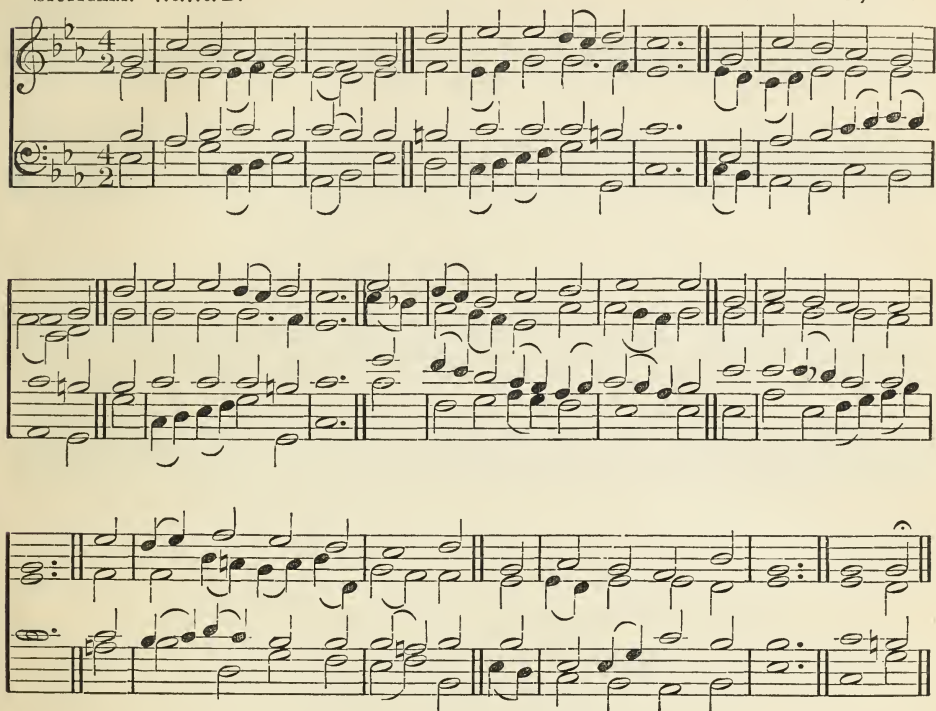
*'The place which is called Calvary.'*

- m* 1 THERE is a sacred, hallowed spot
 Oft present to my eye,
 By saints it ne'er can be forgot—
 'Tis much loved Calvary.
- p* 2 Oh! what a scene was there displayed
 Of love and agony,
 When our Redeemer bowed His head,
 And died on Calvary!
- mf* 3 'Twas here He vanquished hell and death,
 And, with a conqueror's cry—
 'Tis finished! He resigned His breath
 > On much loved Calvary.
- mp* 4 When fainting under guilt's dread load,
 Then to the cross I'll fly;
 And trust the merit of that blood
 Which flows from Calvary.
- m* 5 Whene'er I feel temptation's power,
 On Jesus I'll rely;
 And, in the sharp conflicting hour,
 Repair to Calvary.
- 6 And when around the feast of love,
 Then will I fix mine eye
 On Him who intercedes above,
 Who bled on Calvary.
- p* 7 When the dread scene of death, the last
 Important hour draws nigh,
 Then, with my dying eyes, I'll cast
 A look on Calvary.

Hymn 44.

STUTTGART.—7.6.7.6. D.

J. Leo Hassler, 1601.



'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!'

p 1 O LAMB of God, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
Thy sacred head surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

m 2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;

p Mine, mine was the transgression;
But Thine the deadly pain.

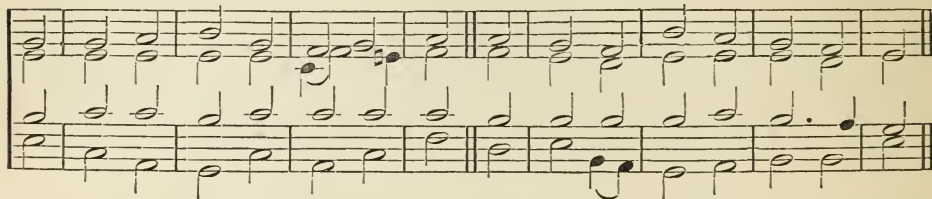
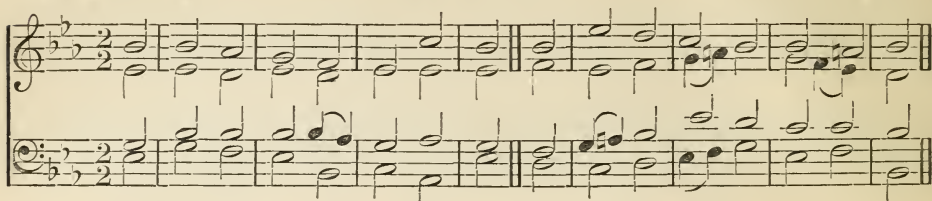
m 3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
mf Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
Abuse Thy dying love!

p 4 Be near me, Lord, when dying;
Show Thou Thyself to me;
^ And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:
mf These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
> Dies safely through Thy love. Amen.

Hymn 45.

MELCOMBE.—L.M.

S. Webb.



God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

- m* 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.
- p* 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- f* 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Hymn 46.

SIGISMUND.—8.7.8.7.

German.



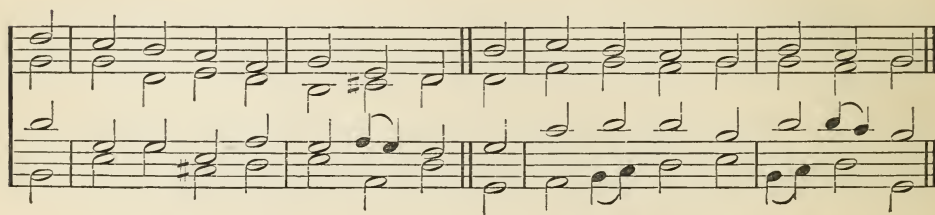
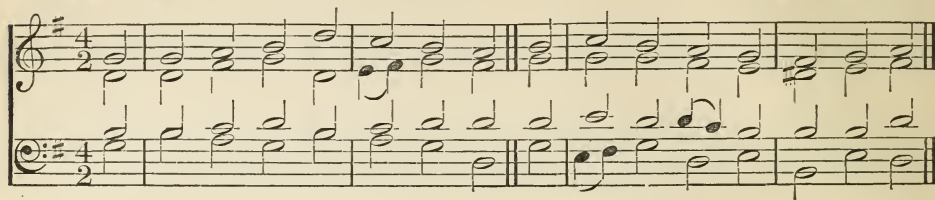
'Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.'

- mf* 1 God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the Crucified,
Or should blush to tell the story,
How for sinners Jesus died.
- 2 Let the rich display their treasures,
Let them boast how bright they shine,
I will never seek their pleasures,
While the dear Redeemer's mine.
- m* 3 When the world is fast retreating,
Greatest gains appear but loss;
When the parting breath is fleeting,
Nought can cheer but Calvary's Cross!
- f* 4 God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the Crucified,
Still in death I'll tell the story,
How for sinners Jesus died!

Hymn 47.

CALVIN.—L.M.

Genevan Psalter, 1562.



'The preaching of the cross . . . is the power of God.'

m 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross:
The sinner's hope let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, 'God is love;'
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

mf 3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

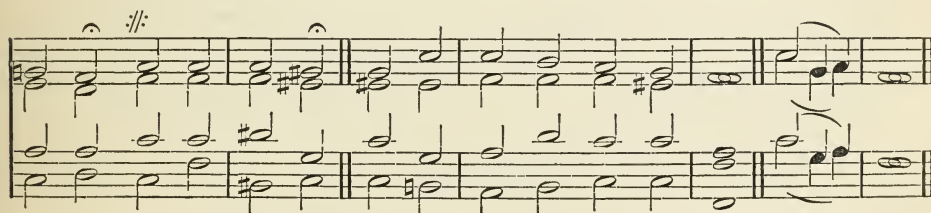
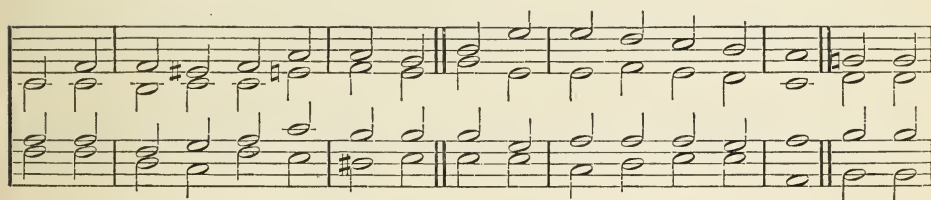
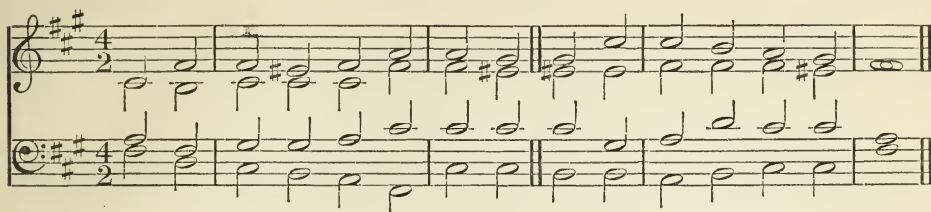
4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light:

m 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Hymn 48.

ST. COLM.—8.7.4.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'It is finished.'

m 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;

p See! the rocks are rent asunder,
Darkness veils the mid-day sky;

pp 'It is finished!'

mp Hear the dying Saviour cry.

p 2 'It is finished!' *mf* Oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

f 'It is finished!'

m Saints the dying words record.

m 3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.

f 'It is finished!'

m Saints from hence your comforts draw.

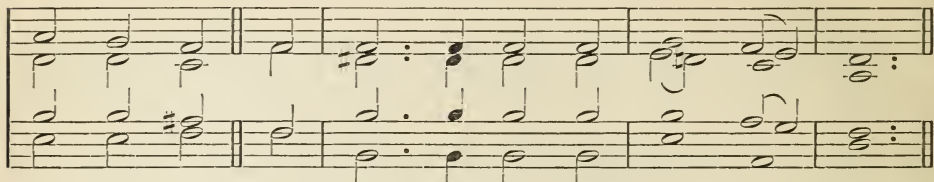
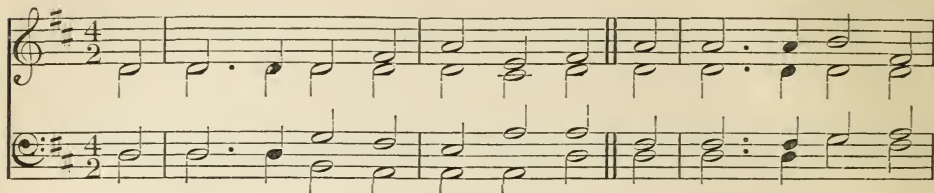
f 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
quicker. Hallelujah!
ff Glory to the bleeding Lamb! Amen.

Hymn 49.

SEPULCHRE.—S.S.S.

FIRST TUNE.

E. H. Thorne.



'Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus beheld where He was laid.'

p 1 By Jesus' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

2 At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
Of Him who all our suffering bore.

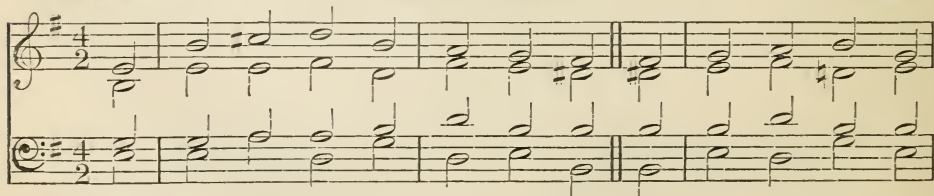
p 3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade,
The Lord, by whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

4 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest;
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

CONSTANCE.—S.S.S.

SECOND TUNE.

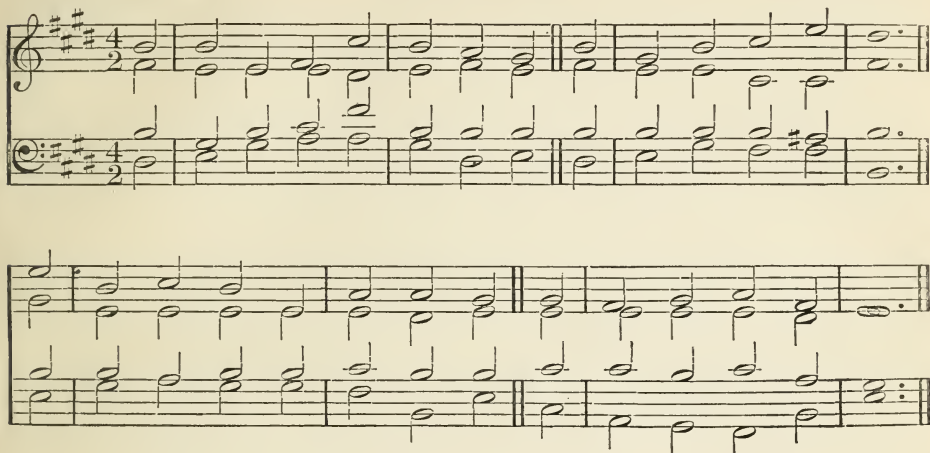
German.



Hymn 50.

ST. FULBERT.—C.M.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'Come, see the place where the Lord lay.'

m 1 WITH Mary's love without her fear,
Come, let us haste to pay
Our early visit to the tomb,
Where our Redeemer lay.

2 With angels stoop we down to gaze,
And while we gaze we sing,
f 'O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?'

m 3 Well may we now our flesh consign
To rest where Jesus lay;
The grave our dust cannot retain,
The stone is roll'd away.

mf 4 We welcome in the joyful morn,
Which bears the Saviour's name,
When from the dark abode of death
Jesus triumphant came.

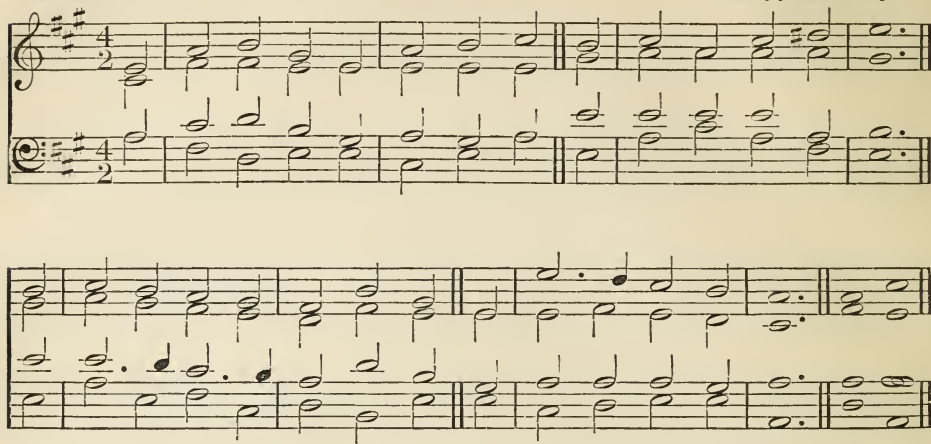
m 5 With joy we seek that sacred place
Where Jesus loves to come,
Refreshed we grow in every grace,
And ripen for our home.

6 For ever, Jesus! Thy dear name
Shall dwell upon our tongues
f And full and free salvation be
The burden of our songs.

Hymn 51.

ST. MAGNUS.—C.M.

Jer. Clarke, 1707.
Harmony from Havergal.



'He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures.'

mf 1 BLEST morning! whose first dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God
Arise, triumphant, from the grave,
And leave His dark abode.

mp 2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb,
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

mf 3 Hell and the grave combined their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
f Sudden the Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

f 4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord!
We sacred honours pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

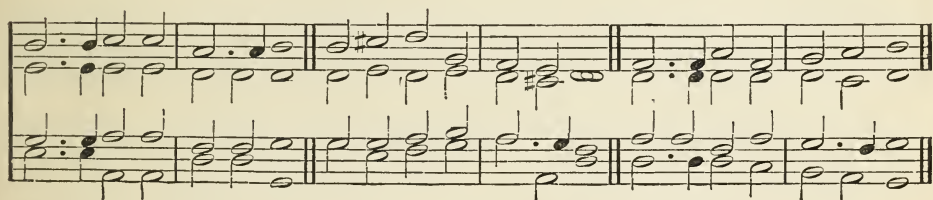
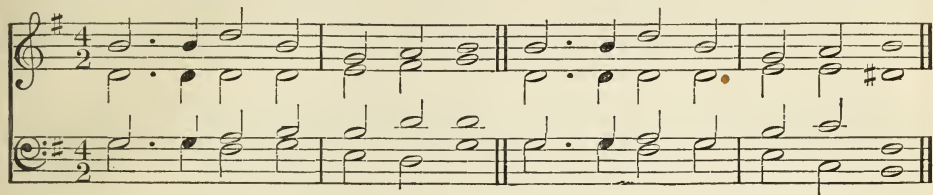
ff 5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

f 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Hymn 52.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR.—7.7.7.7. D.

Sir George J. Elvey.



'He is risen.'

f 1 'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day!'
Sons of men, and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

f 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

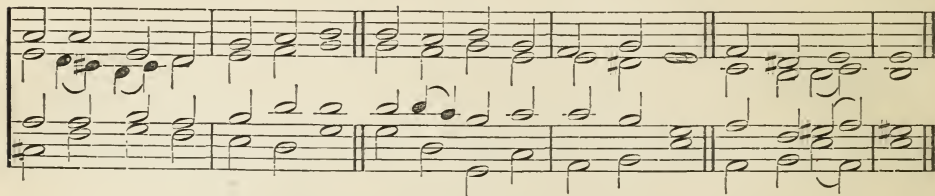
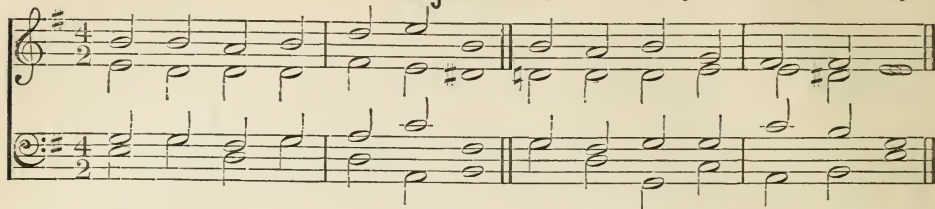
5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

6 Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail! the Resurrection—Thou!

STRASBURG.—7.7.7.7.4.

Hymn 53.

Original Tune. 13th century.



'I am He that liveth, and was dead: and, behold, I am alive for evermore.'

f 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high, Hallelujah!

mf 2 He, who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
< We too sing for joy, and say, Hal.

mp 3 He, who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the cross,
mf Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry. Hal.

mp 4 He, who slumbered in the grave,
mf Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings. Hal.

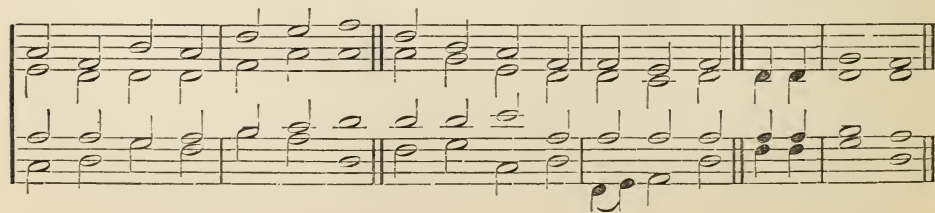
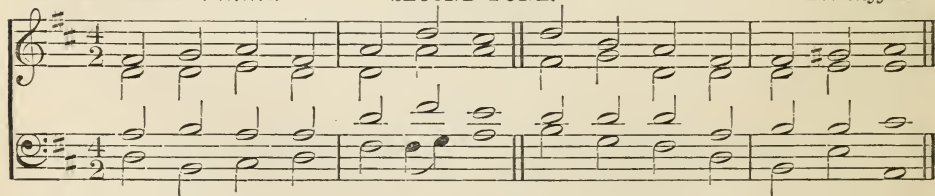
m 5 Now He bids us tell abroad,
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven. Hal.

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
< That we all may sing for aye, Hal.

WESTMORELAND.—7.7.7.7.4.

SECOND TUNE.

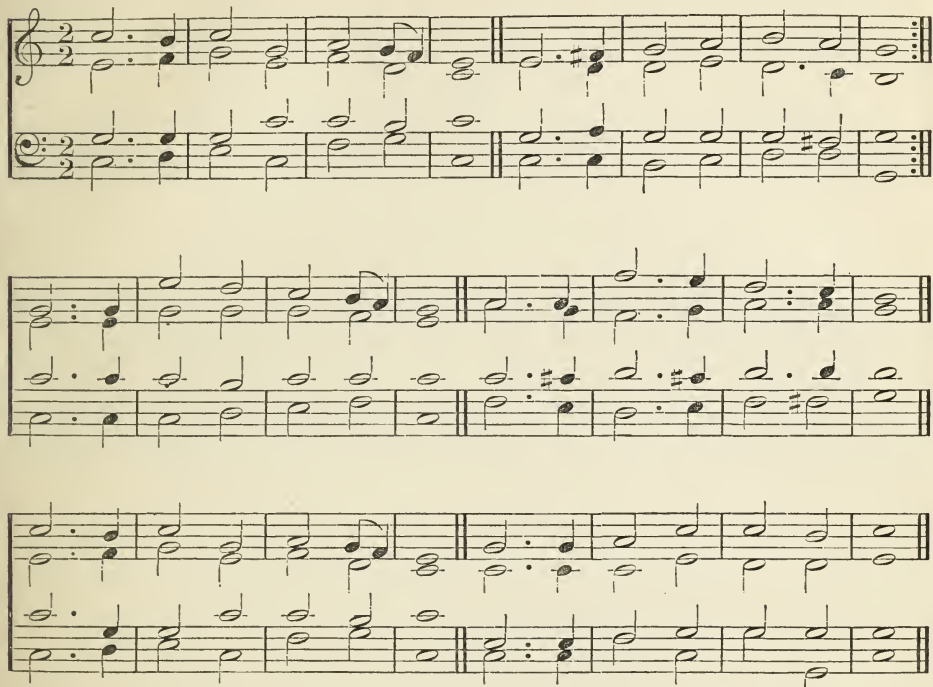
Dr. Steggall.



Hymn 54.

THANKSGIVING.—7.7.7.7. D.

W. Gilbert, Mus. B.



'He ascended up far above all heavens, that He might fill all things.'

mf 1 HAIL, the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.
There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates:
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in.

mf 2 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of glory in.
mp See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below!

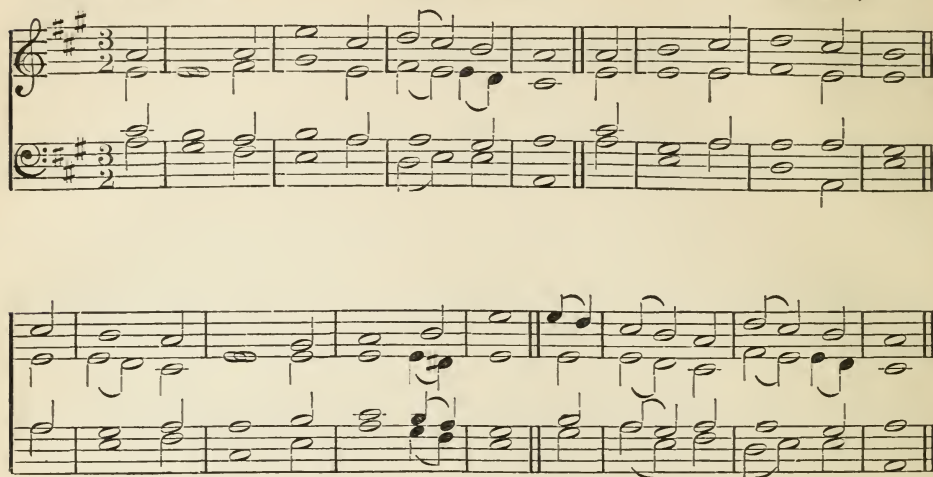
m 3 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height—
Grant, our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

m 4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, panting after home!
There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee!

Hymn 55.

STROUDWATER.—C.M.

Henry Purcell, 1687.



'We see Jesus . . . crowned with glory and honour.'

m 1 THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
f Is crowned with glory now;

A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

f 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,

'The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light :

mf 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,

To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

mp 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;

mf Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

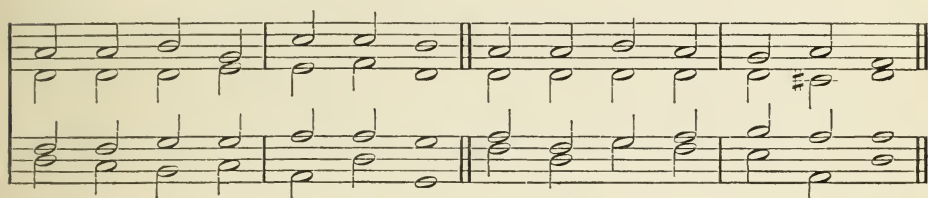
mp 5 They suffer with their Lord below ;
f They reign with Him above ;

Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

Hymn 56.

BOZRAH.—7.7.7.7.7.7.

Dretzel, 1731.



'When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive.'

f 1 GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreath His head:
Jesus is the name we sing,
Jesus, risen from the dead,
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave,
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high;
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:
ff 'Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'Tis the King of glory waits.'

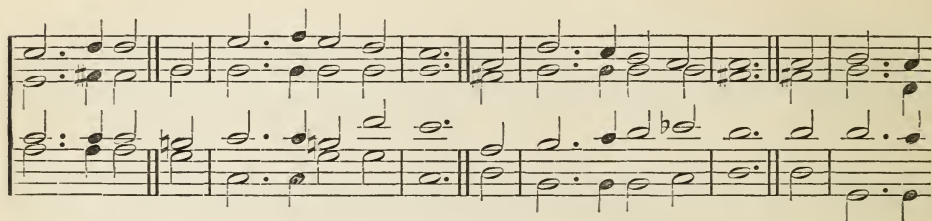
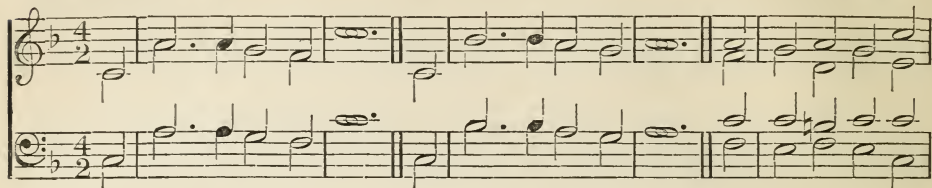
f 3 Now behold Him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from His face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace.
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
ff 'Glory, glory to our King.'

m 4 Jesus, on Thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss and swell their songs:
ff Glory, honour, praise and power,
Lord, be Thine for evermore. Amen.

Hymn 57.

ASCENSION.—S.M. D.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.'

f 1 THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise :
p But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed ;
< Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

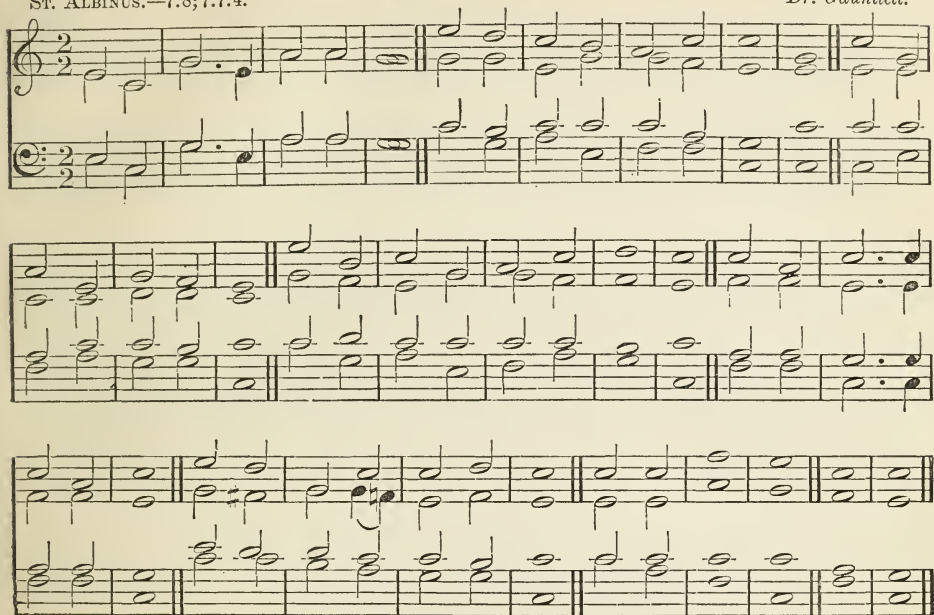
f 2 Thou art gone up on high ;
p But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony,
To pass unto Thy crown :
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
< But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

f 3 Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
p Oh ! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high ! Amen.

Hymn 58.

ST. ALBINUS.—7.8;7.7.4.

Dr. Gauntlett.

*'Because I live, ye shall live also.'*

m 1 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal me:
JESUS lives! by this I know,
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall me:
Brighter scenes at death commence;
This shall be my confidence.

< f Hallelujah!

^ 2 JESUS lives! to Him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
I may go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven:
God through Christ forgives offence;
This shall be my confidence.

Hallelujah!

f 3 JESUS lives! who now despairs,
Spurns the word which God hath
Grace to all that word declares, [spoken;
Grace whereby sin's yoke is broken:
Christ rejects not penitence;
This shall be my confidence.

Hallelujah!

mp 4 JESUS lives! for me He died;
Hence will I, to JESUS living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving:
Freely God doth aid dispense;
This shall be my confidence.

< f Hallelujah!

pp 5 JESUS lives! my heart knows well,
Nought from me His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Part me now from Christ for ever:
God will be a sure defence;
This shall be my confidence.

^ f Hallelujah!

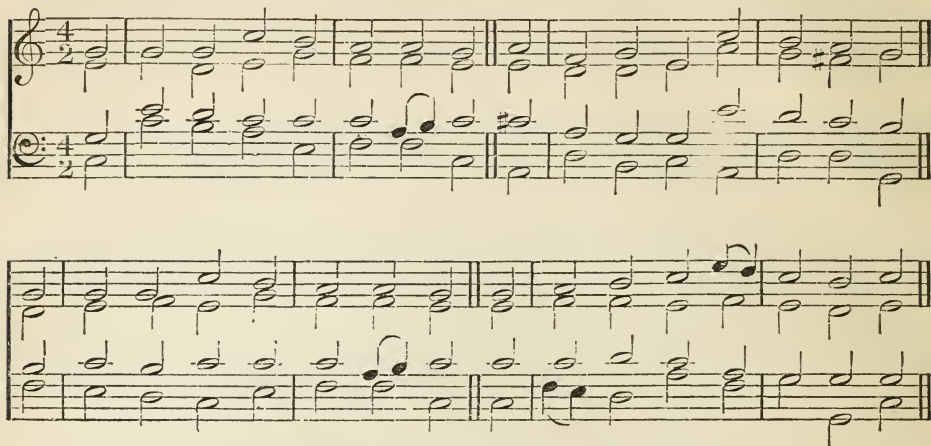
ff 6 JESUS lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm my trembling breath,
When I pass its gloomy portal:
Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
'Lord, Thou art my confidence.'

ff Hallelujah! Amen.

Hymn 59.

MAINZER.—L.M.

Dr. Mainzer.



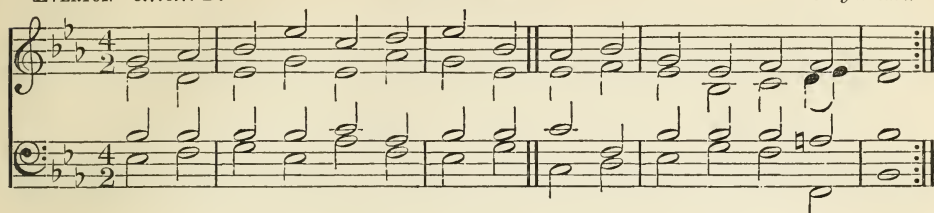
'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

- mf* 1 'I KNOW that my Redeemer lives :'
 What comfort this assurance gives !
 He lives ! He lives ! who once was dead ;
 He lives, my ever-living Head !
- 2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
 He lives eternally to save,
 He lives all-glorious in the sky,
 He lives exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with His love,
 He lives to plead for me above,
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,
 He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives my kind, my faithful Friend,
 He lives and loves me to the end,
 He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
 He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 He lives and grants me daily breath,
 He lives and I shall conquer death,
 He lives my mansion to prepare,
 He lives to bring me safely there.
- f* 6 He lives ! all glory to His name !
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same :
 O the sweet joy the assurance gives,
 'I know that my Redeemer lives !'

Hymn 60.

EVERTON—8.7.8.7. D.

Henry Smart.



'Who, . . . when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.'

m 1 HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou did'st suffer to release us;
Thou did'st free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour!
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid:
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
mf All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

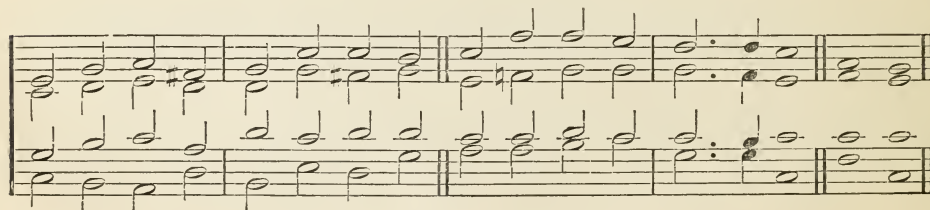
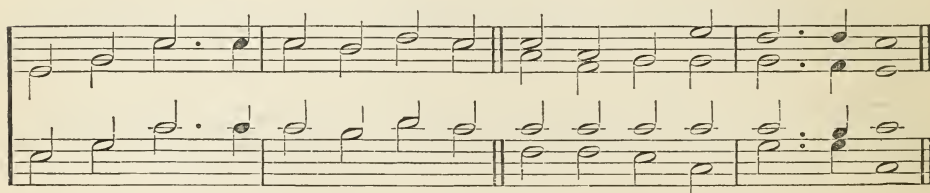
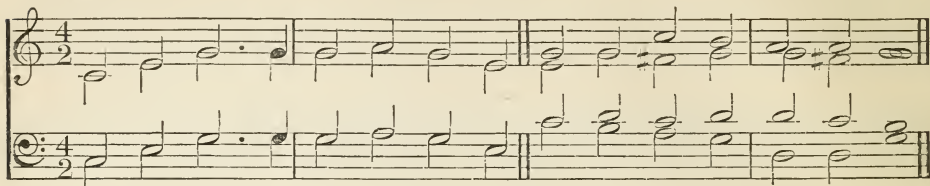
f 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
m There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

f 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
ff Loudest praises without ceasing
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Hymn 61.

TRIUMPH.—8.7.4.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'And He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

mf 1 Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious!
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

f 2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

mp 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
mf Saints and angels, crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name;
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

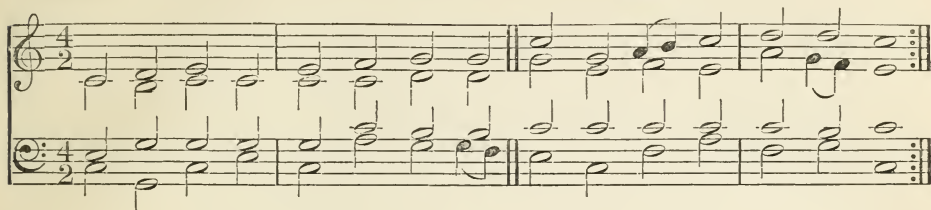
ff 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords.
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Amen.

Hymn 62.

NEANDER.—8.7.8.7.7.7.

J. Neander, Preacher at Bremen, 1680.



*I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.**

m 1 Who is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stained with blood,
To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good,
mf Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoils He bears?

f 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save;
Mighty to redeem the slave.

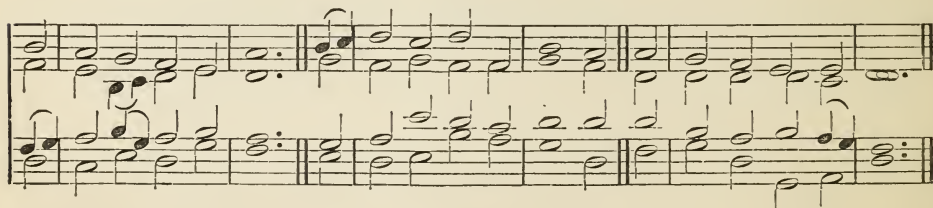
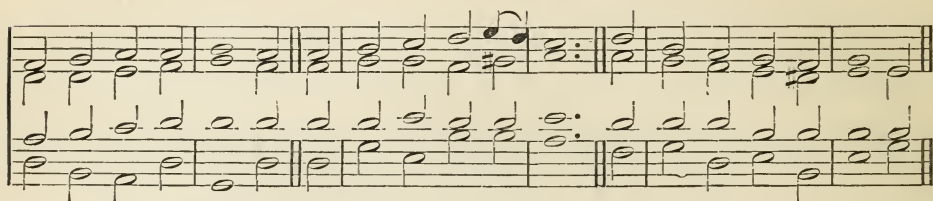
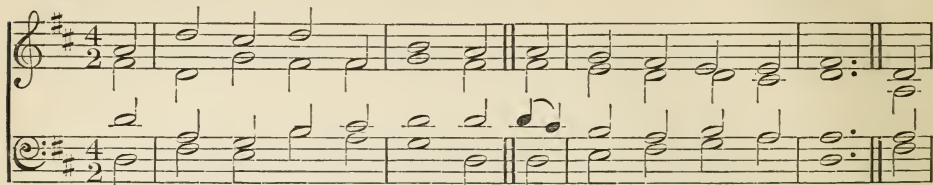
p 3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
mf 'Tis the blood of many slain:
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

mf 4 This the Saviour has effected,
By His mighty arm alone;
See the throne for Him erected,
'Tis an everlasting throne!
'Tis the great reward He gains,
Glorious fruit of all His pains.

f 5 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won!
Never shall Thy people, never
Cease to sing what Thou hast done.
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou wilt heal Thy people's woes.

Hymn 63.

PEARSALL. — 7.6.7.6. D.

St. Gall.
Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1863.*'He hath sent Me . . . to proclaim liberty to the captives.'*

mf 1 THE King of Glory standeth
Beside that heart of sin,
His mighty voice commandeth
The raging waves within;
m The floods of deepest anguish
Roll backward at His will,
As o'er the storm ariseth
His mandate, 'Peace, be still.'

mf 2 At times, with sudden glory,
He speaks, and all is done!
Without one stroke of battle
The victory is won;
While we, with joy beholding,
Can scarce believe it true,
That even our kingly Jesus
Can form such hearts anew.

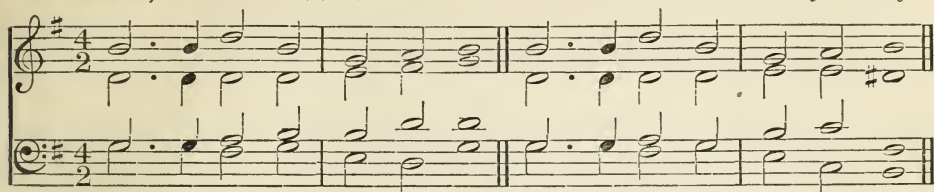
mf 3 He comes in blood-stained garments;
Upon His brow a crown;
The gates of brass fly open,
The iron bands drop down.
From off the fettered captive
The chains of Satan fall,
f While angels shout triumphant
That Christ is Lord of all.

f 4 O Christ, His love is mighty!
Long-suffering is His grace!
And glorious is the splendour
That beameth from His face!
Our hearts up-leap in gladness,
When we beheld that love,
As we go singing onward,
To dwell with Him above.

Hymn 64.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR.—7.7.7.7. D.

Sir George J. Elvey.



'Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'

f 1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

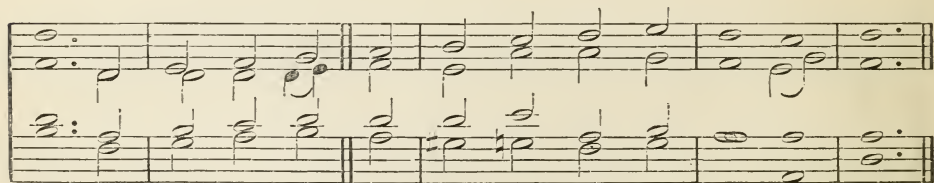
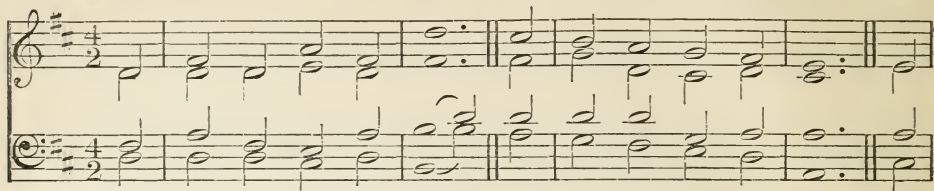
f 2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword: He speaks; 'tis
And the kingdoms of this world [done];
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

f 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end; beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall:
ff Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

Hymn 65.

DARWELL'S.—6.6.6.6.8.8.

Rev. J. Darwell.



'Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour.'

f 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

mf 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:

f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

mf 3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:

f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

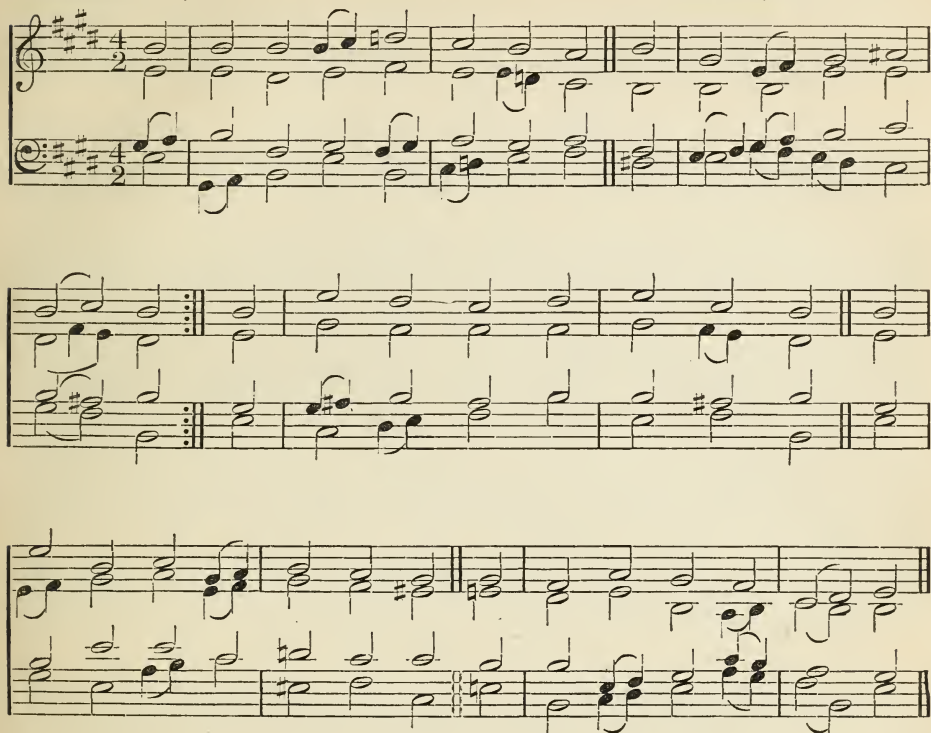
mf 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:

f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

f 5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound—Rejoice.

Hymn 66.

DETTINGEN.—8.7; 8.8.7.

German 1524.
Harmony from J. S. Bach.*'Then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory.'*

mp 1 THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
 Gave forth His voice of thunder;
 And Israel lay on earth below,
 Outstretch'd in fear and wonder.
 Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
 And, at His left hand and His right,
 The rocks were rent asunder!

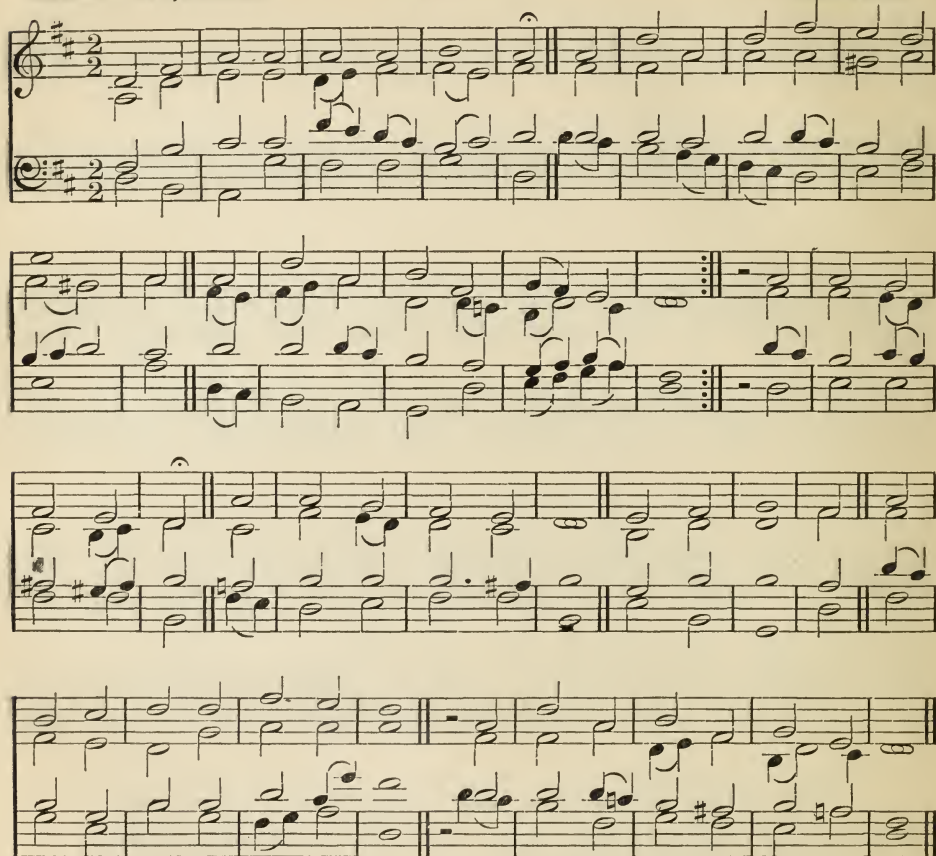
p 2 THE Lord of love, on Calvary,
 A meek and suffering stranger,
 Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
 In nature's hour of danger.
 For us, He bore the weight of woe,
 For us, He gave His blood to flow,
 And met His Father's anger.

mf 3 THE Lord of love, the Lord of might,
 The King of all created,
 Shall back return to claim His right,
 On clouds of glory seated,
f With trumpet sound and angel song,
 And hallelujahs loud and long,
 O'er death and hell defeated!

Hymn 67.

NICOLAI.—8.9.8; 6.6.4.8.8.

Philip Nicolai.



'At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him.'

f 1 WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
mf Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices,
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
f The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
< And for His marriage feast prepare,
For you must go to meet Him there.

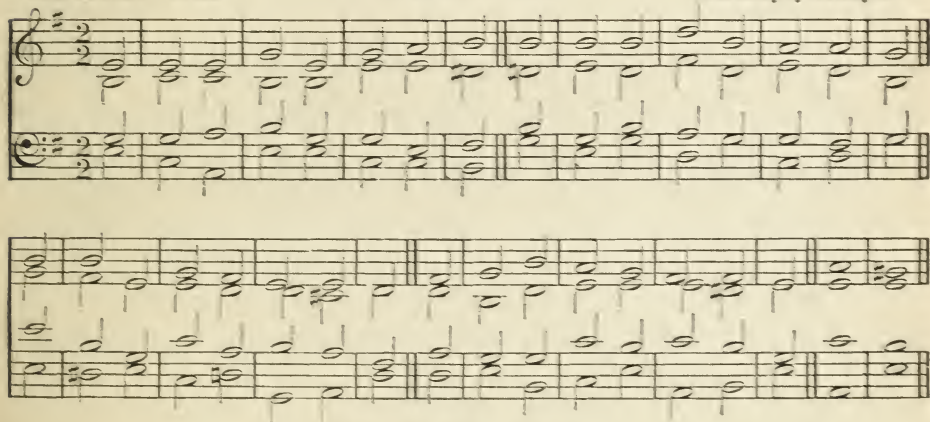
m 2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
f For her Lord comes down all glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
mp Ah! come, Thou blessed One,
God's own beloved Son;
f Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see,
Where 'Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

ff 3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
mf Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;

mp Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours;
ff But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

Hymn 68.

OLD SAXONY.—L.M.

Ancient German Choral.
Harmony by Havergal.*'The great day of His wrath.'*

p 1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
< What power shall be the sinner's stay?
> How shall he meet that dreadful day?
p 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;

m< When, louder yet and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;
p 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
< Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
> Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
Amen.

Hymn 69.

'The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with His mighty angels.'

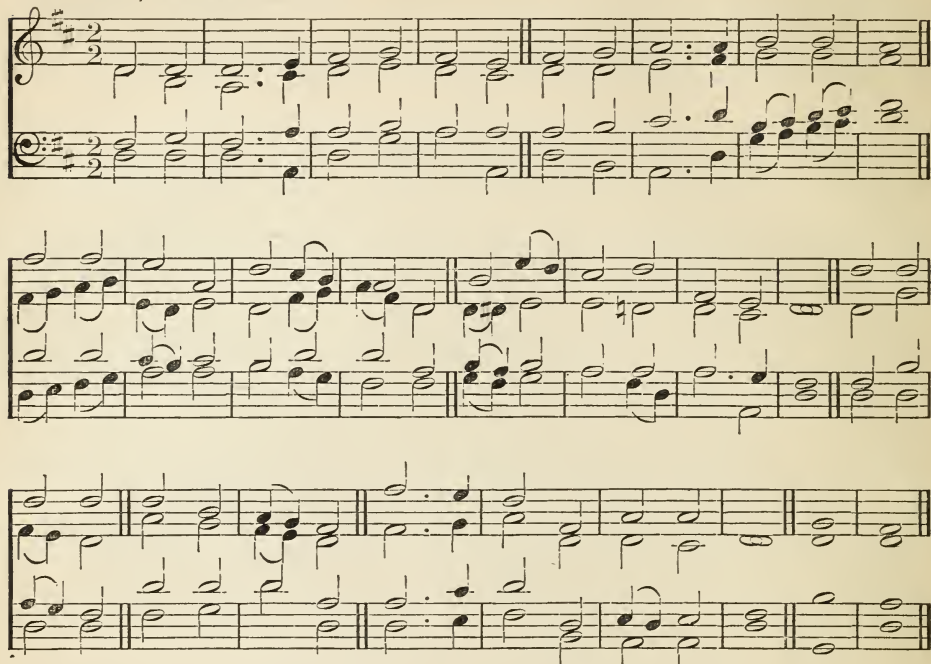
mf 1 THE Lord will come! the earth shall
The hills their fixed seat forsake; [quake:
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,

p 4 Can this be He who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the Crucified?
p 5 While sinners to the rocks complain
And seek the mountain's cleft in vain,
The saints, victorious o'er the tomb,
mf Shall sing for joy—'The Lord is come!'

Hymn 70.

ST. PETER'S, WESTMINSTER.—8.7.4.

J. Turle.

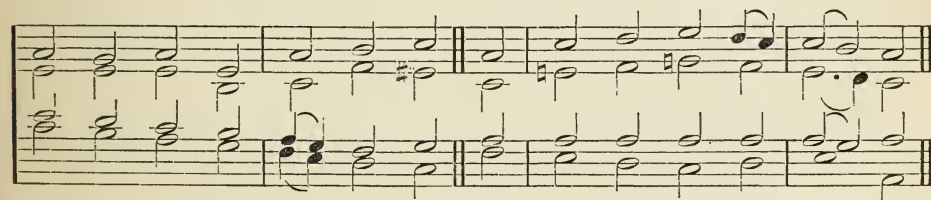
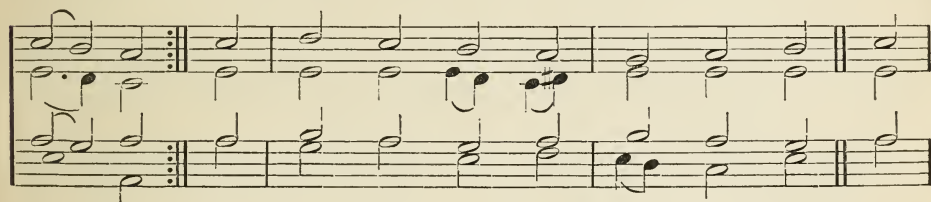
*'Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints.'*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>m</i> 1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain;
 <i>f</i> Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train:
 <i>ff</i> Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Amen.</p> | <p><i>p</i> 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day:
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away!</p> |
| <p><i>mp</i> 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 <i>p</i> They who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 <i>mp</i> Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.</p> | <p><i>f</i> 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear;
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air;
 <i>ff</i> Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!</p> |
| <p><i>ff</i> 5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine exalted throne;
 Saviour! take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
 O come quickly!
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come! Amen.</p> | |

Hymn 71.

LUTHER'S HYMN—8.7; 8.8.7.

Klug's Gesangbuch, 1535.

*'I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.'**mp* 1 GREAT GOD, what do I see and hear!

The end of things created!
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

m 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding:
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

p 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing;
 For they arise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing.

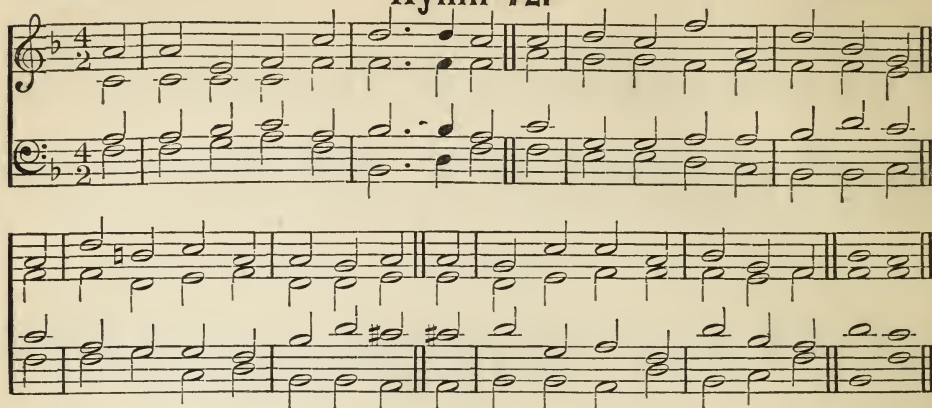
pp The day of grace is past and gone;
 Trembling, they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.

mp 4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 Beneath His cross, I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

CAERLEON.—L.M.

Hymn 72.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.'

mp 1 BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knocked before;
 < Has waited long, is waiting still;
 > You treat no other friend so ill.

mp 2 O lovely attitude! He stands
 With melting heart and laden hands;
m O matchless kindness! and He shows
 This matchless kindness to His foes!

m 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
 Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
mf No mortal tongue their joy can tell,
 With whom He condescends to dwell.

p 4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
 Lest He depart, and ne'er return;
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
 When at His door denied you'll stand.

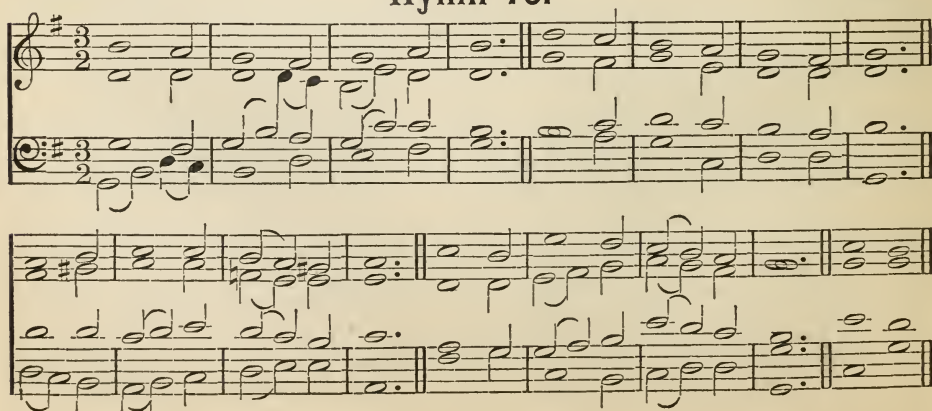
m 5 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
 < If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,
mf To reign, and with no partial sway;
 Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

m 6 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,
 O may Thy gentle reign increase:
mf Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
 And be His empire all mankind. Amen.

PLEYEL.—7.7.7.7.

Hymn 73.

From Pleyel.



‘Lovest thou Me?’

m 1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
’Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
◁ ‘Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou Me?’

m 2 ‘I delivered thee, when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

m 3 ‘Can a woman’s tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes! she may forgetful be,
◁ Yet will I remember thee.

mf 4 ‘Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

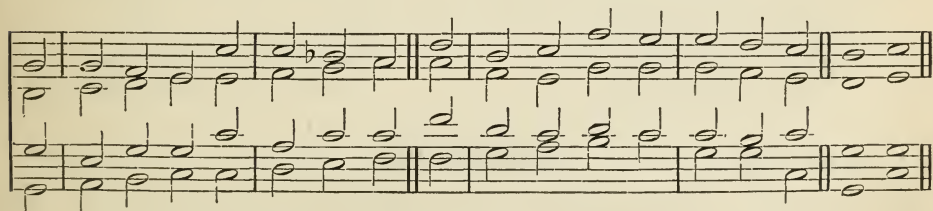
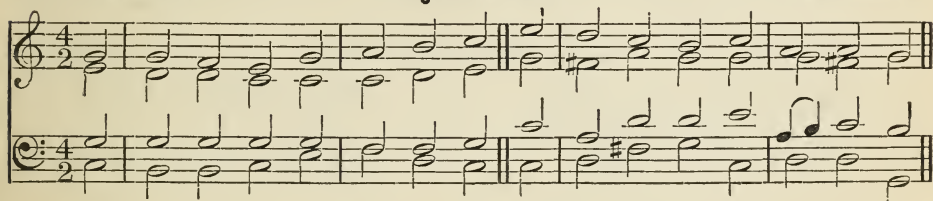
5 ‘Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;—
◁ Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou Me?’

mp 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
◁ Yet I love Thee, and adore;
mf Oh for grace to love Thee more! Amen.

LUX ALMA.—L.M.

Hymn 74.

Dr. Gauntlett.



‘He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.’

mf 1 JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou fount of life, Thou light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

m 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call:
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all!

m 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

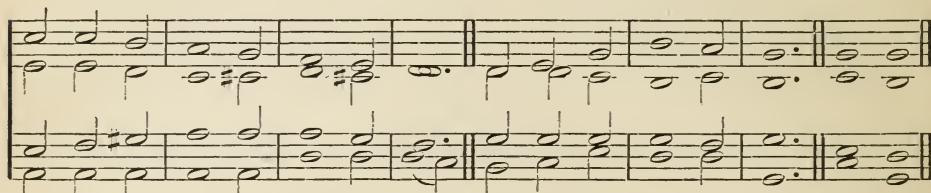
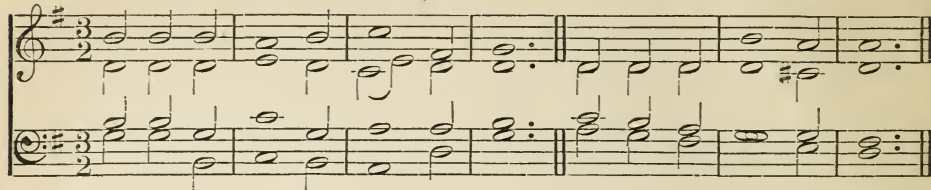
4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where’er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

m 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o’er the world Thy holy light. Amen.

ST. AGNES, DURHAM.—C.M.

Hymn 75.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



'Thy name is as ointment poured forth.'

mp 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

m 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

mf 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,

mp To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

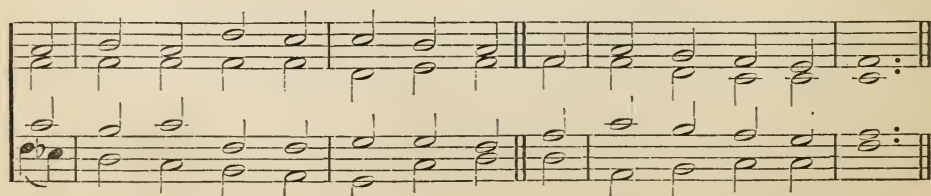
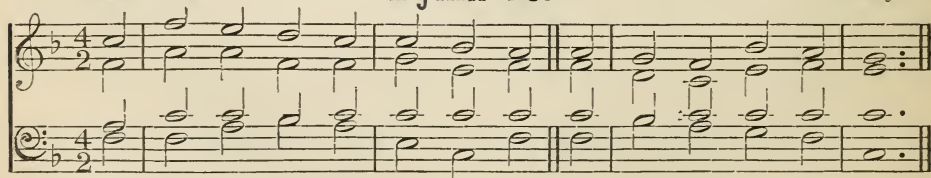
mf 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

f 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

ST. PETER'S.—C.M.

Hymn 76.

A. Reinagle.



'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.'

m 1 SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard Thee there
Thy great salvation tell.

2 There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before,
The water-brooks of life that make
The weary thirst no more.

3 And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love, revealed
At Jacob's well of old.

m 4 In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace, and heard Thee there
Its healing virtues tell.

5 Dead to the world, we dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now;
Our deep, divine, unfalling spring
Of grace and glory Thou!

mf 6 No hope of rest in aught beside,
No beauty, Lord, we see;
And, like Samaria's daughter, seek
And find our all in Thee.

Hymn 77.

ST. BERNARD.—C.M.

W. Richardson.



'Lord, to whom shall we go?'

p 1 WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
m One only hand, *p* a pierced hand,
m Can salve the sinner's wound.

p 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
m One only heart, *p* a broken heart,
m Can feel the sinner's woe.

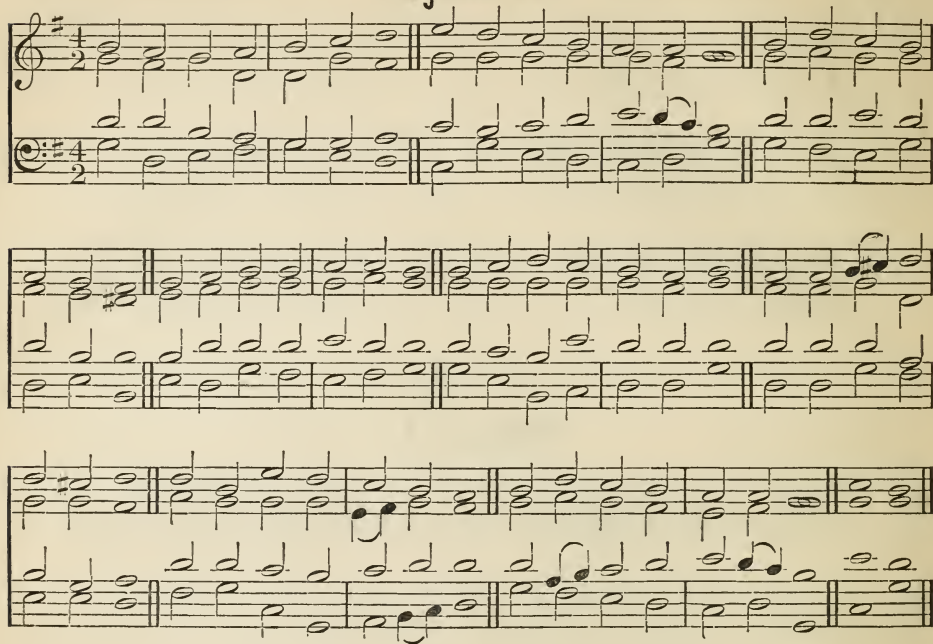
p 3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
m One only stream, *p* a stream of blood,
m Can wash away the blot.

mf 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief;
His heart is touched with all our joys,
> And feelth for our grief.

HEBRON.—7.7.7.7. D.

Hymn 78.

J. S. Bach.

*'Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.'*

p 1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
m Oh, by all Thy pains and woe,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

m 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness,
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of th' insulting tempter's power,
 < Turn, O turn, a favouring eye,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

m 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode,

m By the anguished sigh that told
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold,
 < From Thy seat above the sky,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

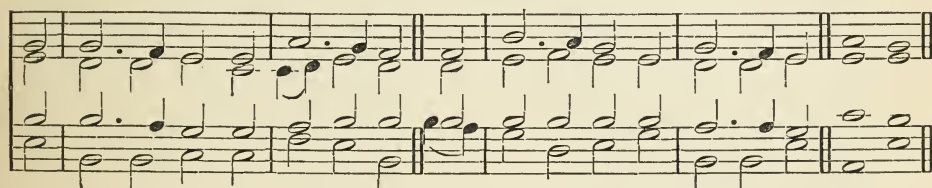
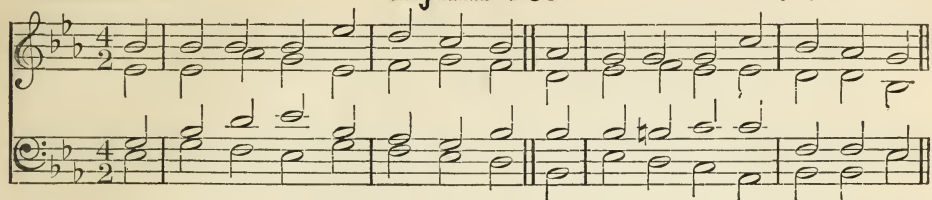
p 4 By Thy conflict with despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
 Listen to our humble cry,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

pp 5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone,
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God,
 ^ f O, from earth to heaven restored,
 > Mighty re-ascended Lord,
pp Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn litany! Amen.

COMPLINE.—8.8.8.8.8.8.

Hymn 79.

Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.



'In that He himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.'

mp 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
mf He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

m 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
mf Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

m 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,—
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,
mf At once betrayed, denied, or fled
By those who shared His daily bread.

mp 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
p When writhing on the bed of pain,
I supplicate for rest in vain,
Still, still my soul shall think on Thee,
Thy bloody sweat and agony.

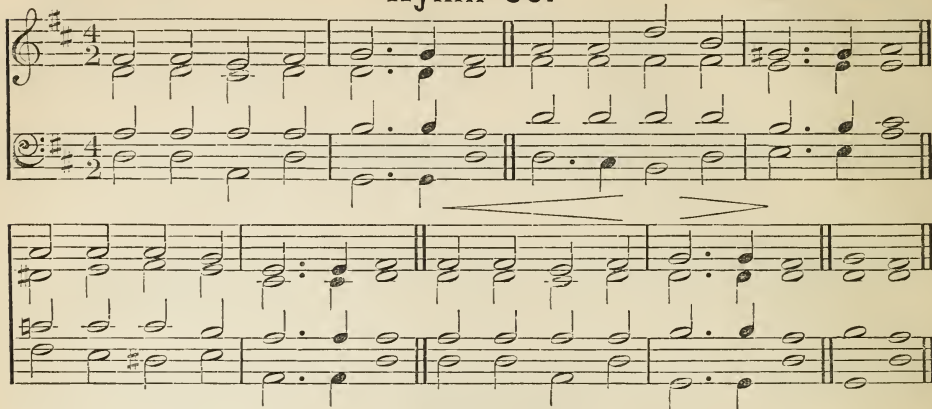
p 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

m 6 And O! when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for Thou hast died;
mf Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away. Amen.

DUNSTAN.—7.7.7.7.

Hymn 80.

Richard Redhead.



'He hath borne our griefs.'

p 1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

p 4 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

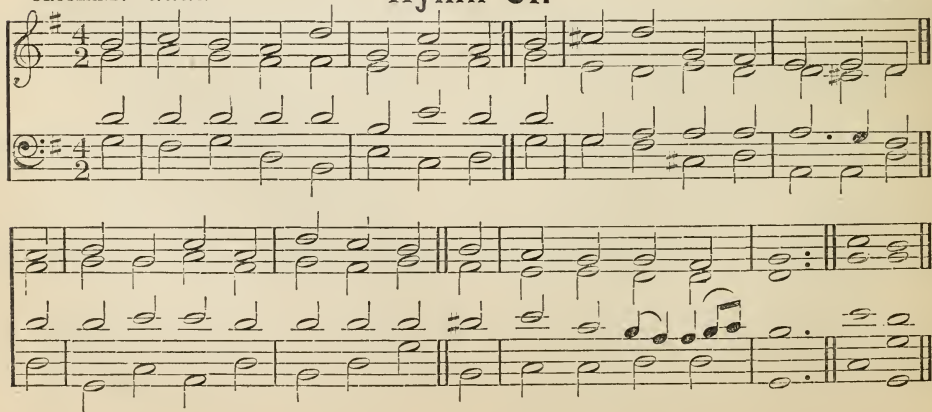
pp 5 When our eyes grow dim in death,
When we heave the parting breath,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

CROYLAND.—8.8.8.6.

Hymn 81.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father.'

m 1 O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

mp 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

m 5 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say, 'Thou hast washed them all away;
O say, Thou plead'st for me. Amen.

mp 3 When I have err'd and gone astray,
Afar from 'Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

m 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

Hymn 82.

FARRANT.—C.M.

R. Farrant, 1585.



'We have not an high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.'

m 1 THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

2 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
< The love, which bore the greater load,
Will not refuse the less.

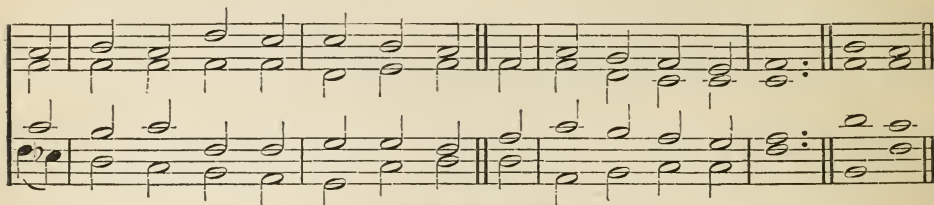
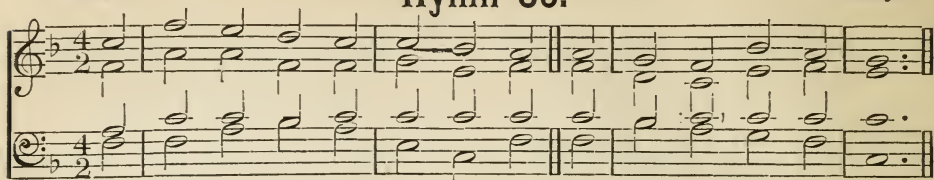
m 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe,
But meets thine ear divine;
< And every cross grows light beneath
> The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

m 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
< But for that love which died for sin,
> That love which wept with woe.

ST. PETER'S.—C.M.

Hymn 83.

A. Reinagle.

*'Thy name is as ointment poured forth.'**m* 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

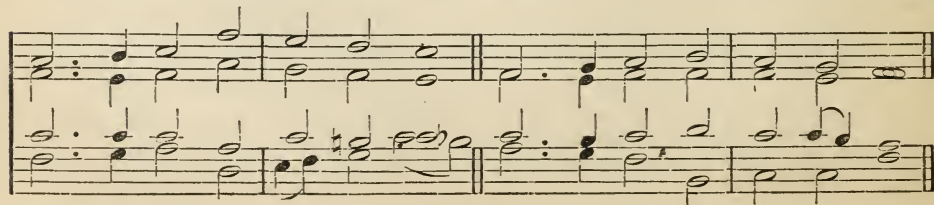
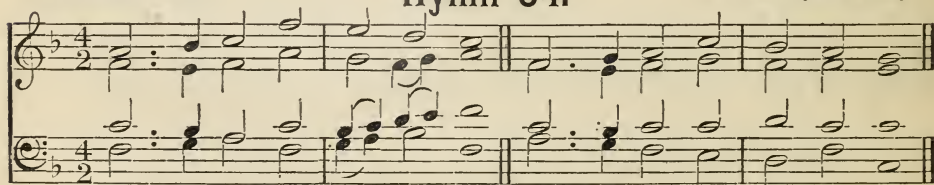
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.*mf* 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.*mf* 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end.
Accept the praise I bring.*mp* 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.*mf* Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

INNOCENTS.—7.7.7.7.

Hymn 84.

Ancient Hymn Melody.



'They shall call His name Emmanuel.'

m 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name :
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

mf 2 When He came, the angels sung
'Glory be to God on high ;'
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue ;
Who should louder sing than I ?

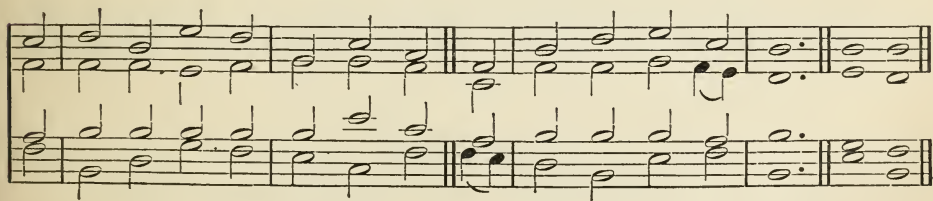
m 3 Did the Lord a man become
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room—
mf And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

mf 4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak ;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

mf 5 O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend—
Every precious name in one !
I will love Thee without end.

Hymn 85.

ST. JAMES.—C.M.



'I am the way, and the truth, and the life.'

m 1 THOU art the Way : to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth : Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

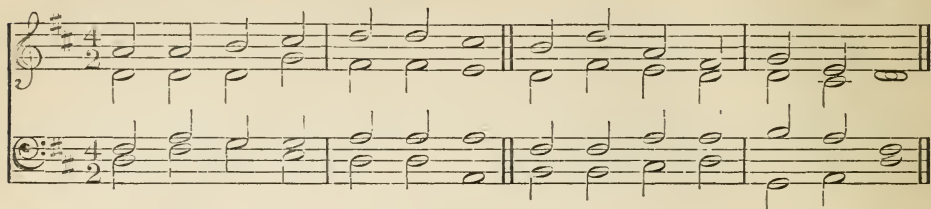
f 3 Thou art the Life : the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

mf 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life !
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

Hymn 86.

RATISBON.—7.7.7.7.7.7.

German.



'The true Light.'

mf 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

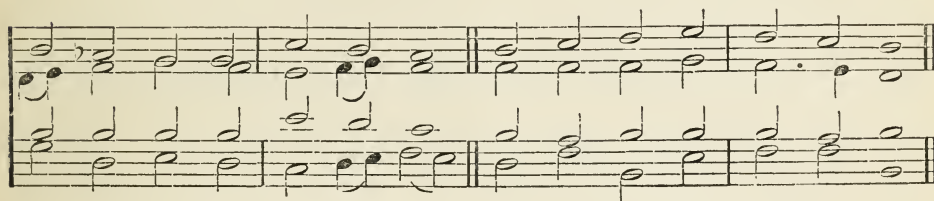
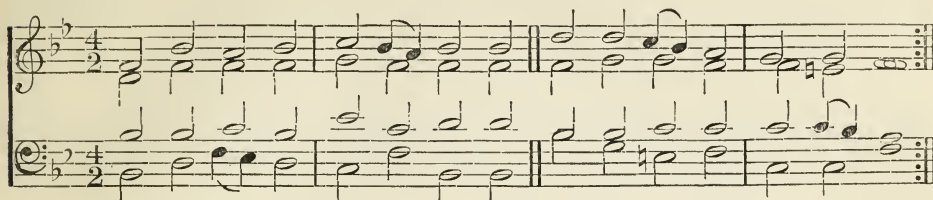
mp 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
m Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

mf 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

Hymn 87.

OBERLIN.—8.7.8.7.7.7.

German.



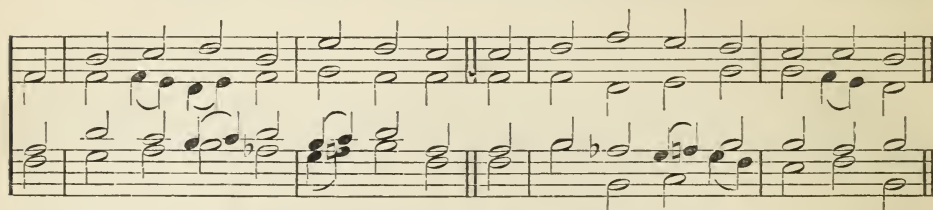
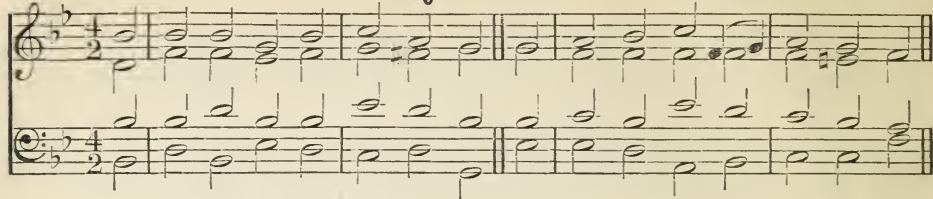
'I have called you friends.'

- mf* 1 ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end;
 They who once His kindness prove
 Find it everlasting love.
- mp* 2 When He lived on earth abasèd,
 'Friend of sinners' was His name;
mf Now, above all glory raisèd,
 He rejoices in the same;
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.
- m* 3 O for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
mp We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above;
mf But, when home our souls are brought,
 We will love Thee as we ought.

BRESLAU.—L. M.

Hymn 88.

Clauderi Psalmodia, 1636.

*'Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?'*

p 1 DEEP are the wounds that sin has made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?

In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;
The work exceeds all nature's power.

mp 2 And can no sovereign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly.

mf 3 There is a great Physician near ;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;

mf See in His heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give !

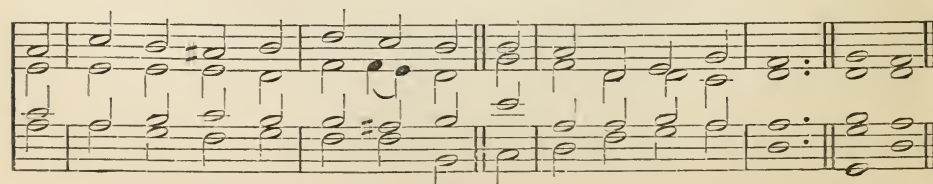
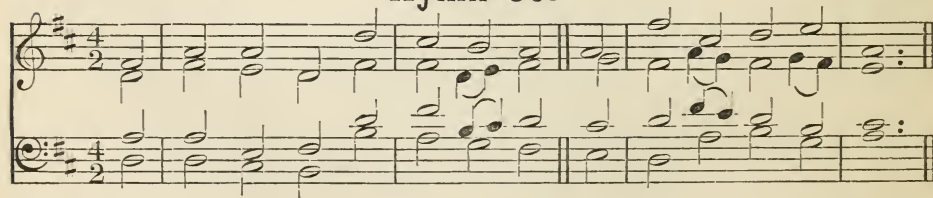
4 See in the dying Saviour's blood
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !
'Tis only this dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

5 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart ;
For here a sovereign cure is found,
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

WESTMINSTER.—C. M.

Hymn 89.

James Turle.



'The second Man is the Lord from heaven.'

mf 1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

m 2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

m 4 O generous love! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
mp 'The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

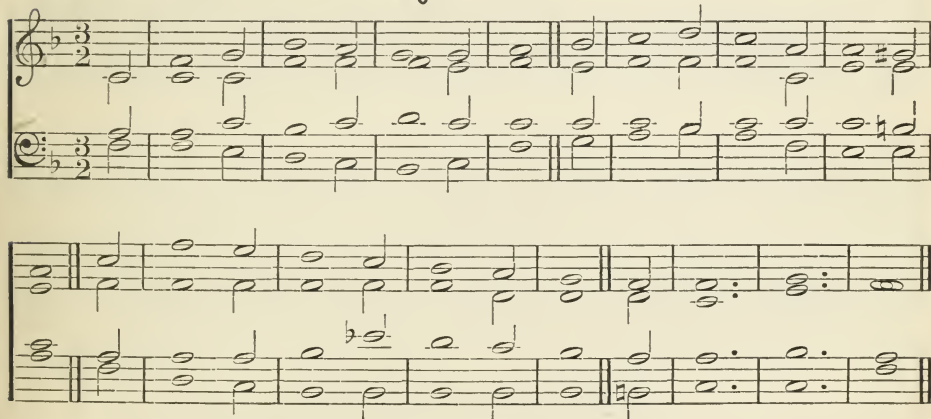
5 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

f 6 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

WIMBLEDON.—S.S.S.4.

Hymn 90.

S. S. Wesley.



'Christ is all, and in all.'

p 1 JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

p 2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my Strength.

p 3 I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

m 4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;

m 'Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
> Thou art my Peace.

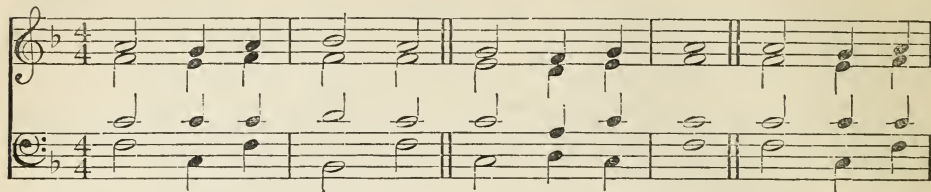
p 5 Vain is all human help for me;
I dare not trust an earthly prop;
m My sole reliance is on Thee:
< Thou art my Hope.

p 6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
mf Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

m 7 Thou wilt my every want supply
Even to the end, whate'er befall;
mf Through life, in death, eternally,
f Thou art my All.

Hymn 91.

MONICA.—5.4.5.4. D.



'This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend.'

m 1 REST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad,
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend.

2 Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead,
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

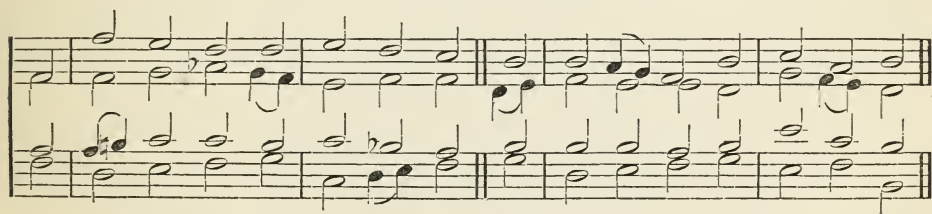
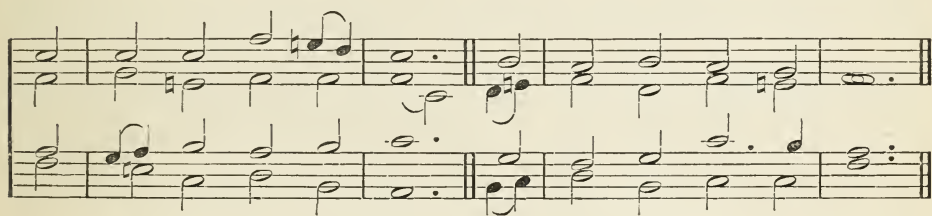
m 3 When my feet stumble,
I'll to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend!

mf 4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise;
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend. Amen.

Hymn 92.

CASTERTON.—G.G.G.G.8.8.

Haydn.



'His name shall be called Wonderful.'

mf 1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
f Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

mf 2 Great Prophet of my God!
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sin forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

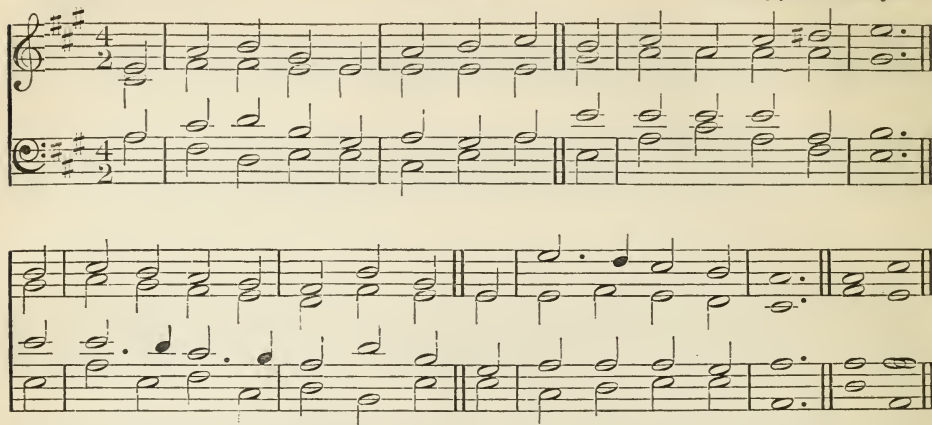
m 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside,
mf His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

f 4 Jesus, Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and King!
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power! behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

Hymn 93.

ST. MAGNUS.—C.M.

Jer. Clarke, 1707.
Harmony from Havergal.



'Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name.'

f 1 ALL hail! the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call,
Of Jesse's stem extol the Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

mp 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
< Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
f And crown Him Lord of all.

f 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

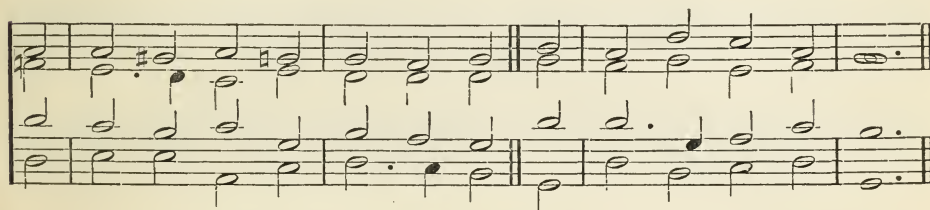
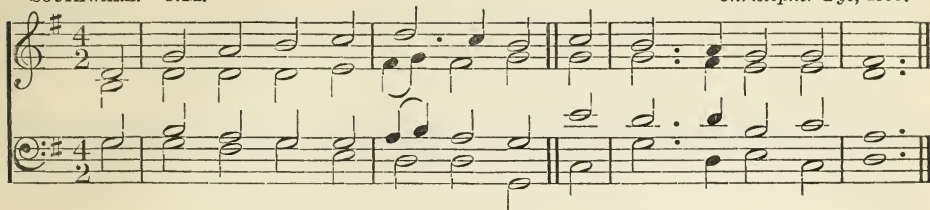
7 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,

ff Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. Amen.

Hymn 94.

SOUTHWARK.—C.M.

Christopher Tye, 1559.



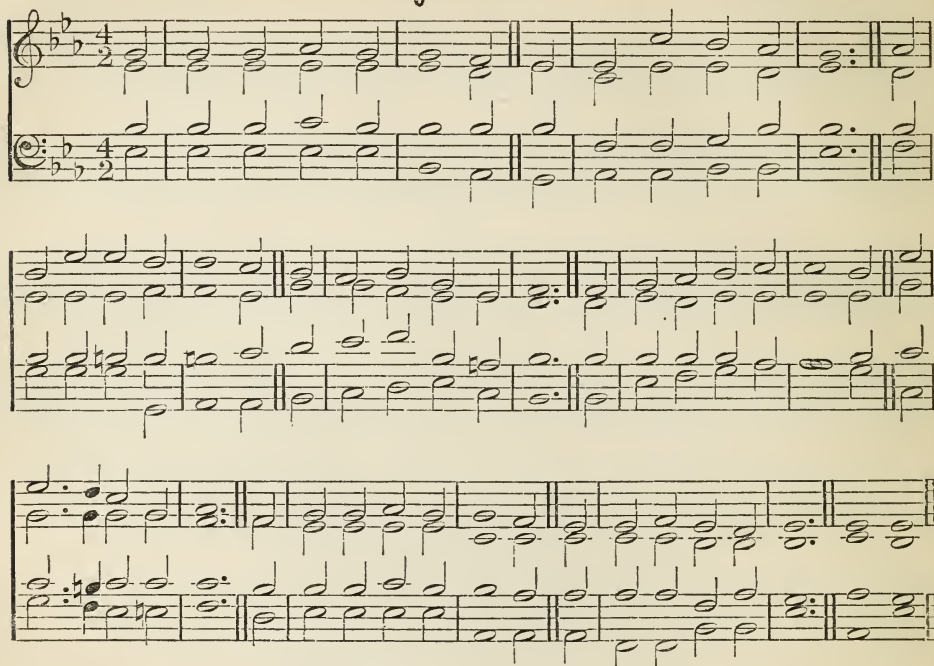
'Thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save His people from their sins.'

- mf* 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,—
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honours of Thy name.
- m* 3 JESUS! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease,
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
 He sets the prisoners free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and listening to His voice
 New life the dead receive;
 The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.
- mf* 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosened tongues employ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 7 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
 Your God, ye fallen race;
 Look, and be saved through faith alone,
 Be justified by grace.

AURELIA—7.6.7.6. D.

Hymn 95.

S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.

*'Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away.'*

m 1 LORD, let Thy Spirit Holy
Come with His sacred fire,
To touch these lips all guilty,
And so my soul inspire
To praise Thee when the day dawns,
When noontide streameth bright,
And when the twilight falling
Veils the fair world in night.

mf 2 My Lord, my God! Effulgence
Of the Eternal Light!
Thou, glory of the Father,
Bearing His image bright,
Sole refuge art of sinners,
Benighted, wrecked, undone,
Our light, our burden-bearer,
Our home, our heaven begun.

mp 3 Thy woes hush all our sorrows,
Thy tears soothe all our pains,
Thy griefs heal all our sadness,
Thy bonds undo our chains,

mp Thy toils are our refreshment,
Thy wounds our balm and cure,
Thy nakedness enrobes us,
Thy wants our wealth ensure.

p 4 Against Thee fainting, wounded,
Nailed to the cursed tree,
The wrath of foes beat ruthless,
Like waves of raging sea.

mf Yea, Death and Hell assailing,
By fury self-decoyed,
Came, as if all-devouring,
There to be self-destroyed.

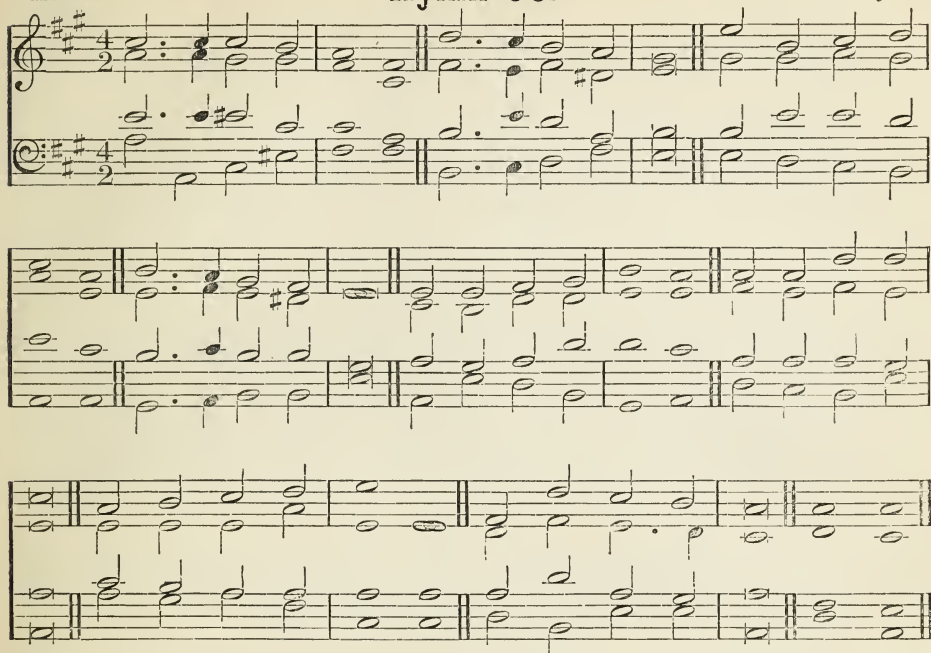
m 5 O give me wings to soar, then,
Where sin can never come,
Where dread, or want, or sorrow
Shall never find a home,

f That, loud among the ransomed,
This human voice may ring
With higher hallelujahs
Than seraphim can sing. Amen.

HERMAS.—6.5.6.5. D.

Hymn 96.

F. R. Havergal.



'Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.'

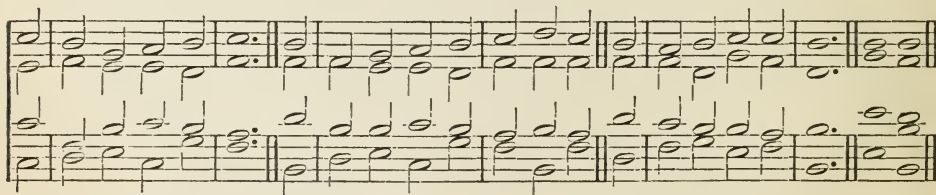
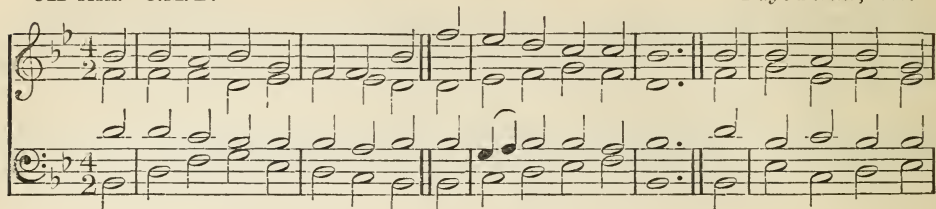
- m* 1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be;
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.
- p* 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee.
- m* Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.
- mf* 3 Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here,
True, and everlasting,
Are the glories there;

- mf* Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known;
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.
- 4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.
- f* 5 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

Hymn 97.

OLD 44TH.—C.M. D.

Day's Psalter, 1563.

*'He treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God.'*

mf 1 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
 We sing—we ever sing!
 For He the lonely wine-press trod,
 Our cup of joy to bring.
 His glorious arm the strife maintained—
 He marched in might from far;
 His robes were with the vintage stained—
 Red with the wine of war.

2 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
 We sing—we ever sing!
 For He invaded Death's abode,
 And robbed him of his sting.
 The house of dust enthalls no more,
 For He, the strong to save,
 Himself doth guard that silent door—
 Great Keeper of the grave.

mf 3 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
 We sing—we ever sing!
 For He hath crushed beneath His rod
 The world's dark rebel king.
 He plunged in His imperial strength
 To gulfs of darkness down;
 He brought His trophy up at length,
 The judged usurper's crown!

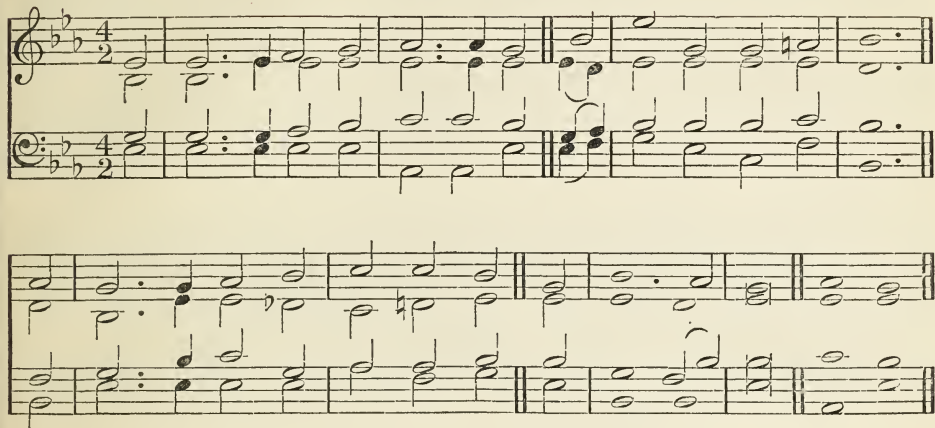
4 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
 We sing—we ever sing!
 For He redeemed us with His blood
 From every evil thing.
 Thy saving strength His arm upbore—
 The arm that set us free;
ff Glory, O God, for evermore
 Be to Thy Christ and Thee! Amen.

III.—THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Hymn 98.

ST. CUTHBERT.—S.G.S.4.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.

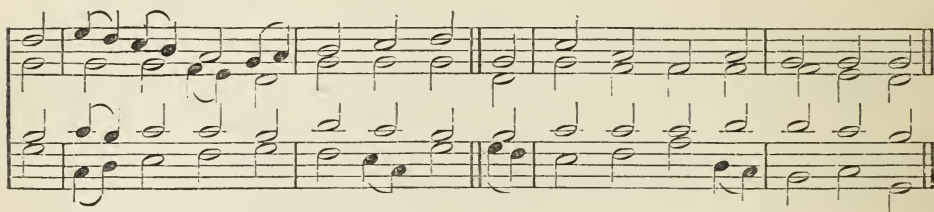
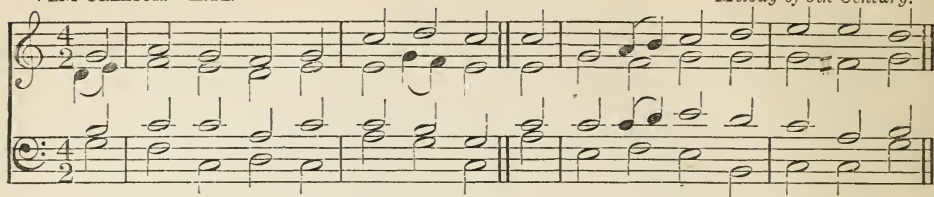


'When the Comforter is come, . . . He shall testify of Me.'

- mp* 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- m* 2 He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.
- m* 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart,
Wherein to rest.
- p* 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- m* 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.
- p* 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee! Amen.

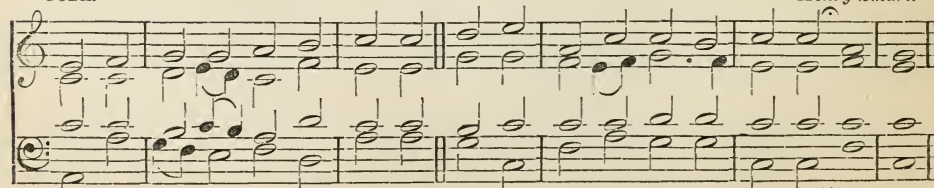
Hymn 99.

VENI CREATOR.—L.M.

Melody of 5th Century.*'The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.'*

- m* 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
- 2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight:
- 3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

CODA.

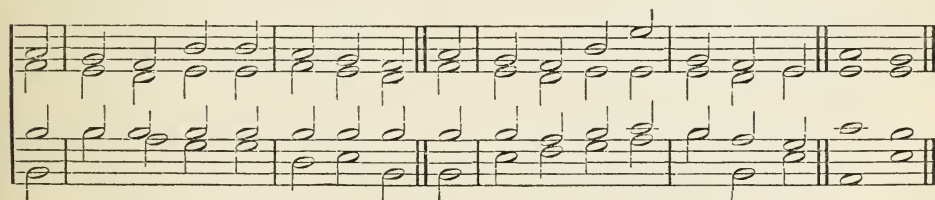
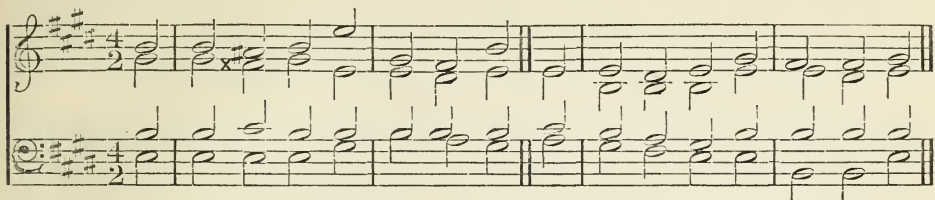
Henry Smart.

f Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - men.

Hymn 100.

DURA.—8.8.8.8.8.8.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?'

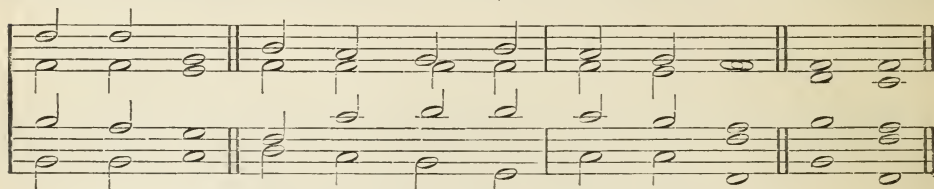
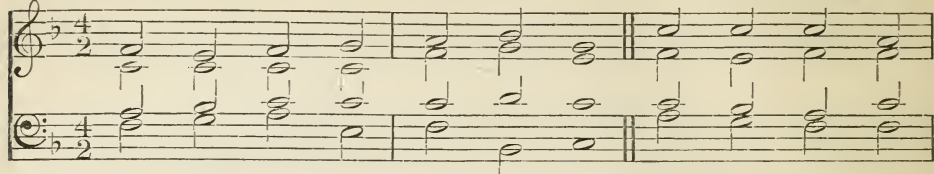
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>m</i> 1 CREATOR SPIRIT! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind,
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.</p> | <p><i>m</i> 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.</p> |
| <p>2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.</p> | <p><i>f</i> 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee. Amen.</p> |

Hymn 101.

EPHESUS.—7.7.7.

FIRST TUNE.

Arranged by Sir John Goss.



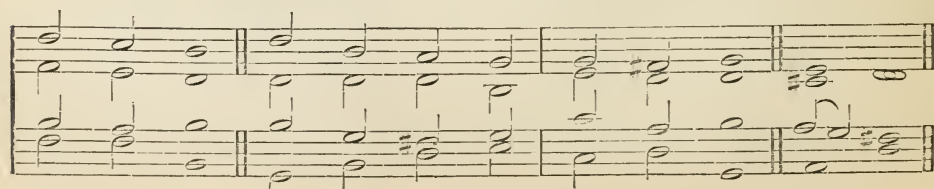
'He shall give you another Comforter, . . . even the Spirit of Truth.'

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>m</i> 1 HOLY SPIRIT, God of light!
Come, and on our inner sight
Pour Thy bright and heavenly ray.</p> <p>2 Father of the lowly! come;
Here, great Giver! be Thy home,
Sunshine of our hearts! for aye.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 3 Inmost Comforter and best!
Of our souls the dearest guest!
Sweetly all their thirst allay.</p> <p>4 In our toils be our retreat;
Be our shadow in the heat;
Come and wipe our tears away.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 5 O Thou Light, all pure and blest!
Fill with joy this weary breast,
Turning darkness into day.</p> | <p><i>mp</i> 6 For without Thee nought we find
Pure or strong in human kind,
Nought that has not gone astray.</p> <p>7 Wash us from the stains of sin;
Gently soften all within;
Wounded spirits heal and stay.</p> <p>8 What is hard and stubborn bend;
What is feeble soothe and tend;
What is erring gently sway.</p> <p><i>m</i> 9 To Thy faithful servants give,
Taught by Thee to trust and live,
Sevenfold blessing from this day.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 10 Make our title clear, we pray,
When we drop this mortal clay;
<i>mf</i> Then—O give us joy for aye! Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

CYPRUS.—7.7.7.

SECOND TUNE.

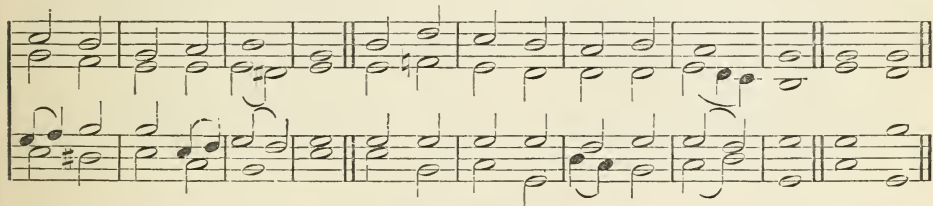
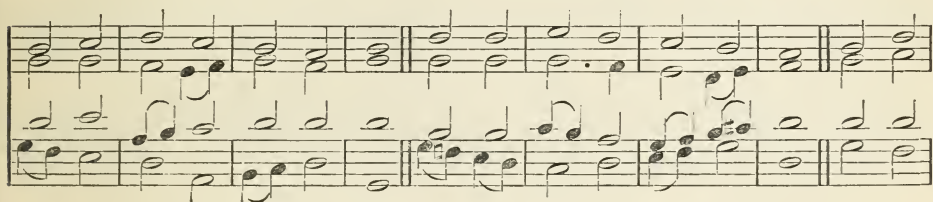
Old Latin.



Hymn 102.

COBLENZ.—8.7;7.7.8.8.

Henry of Orleans, 1542.



'For the kingdom of God is . . . righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

m 1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness.

Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation;
Hear, oh hear our supplication!

m 2 From that height which knows no measure,

As a gracious shower, descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish and God can send.
O Thou glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us Thy illumination;
Rest upon this congregation.

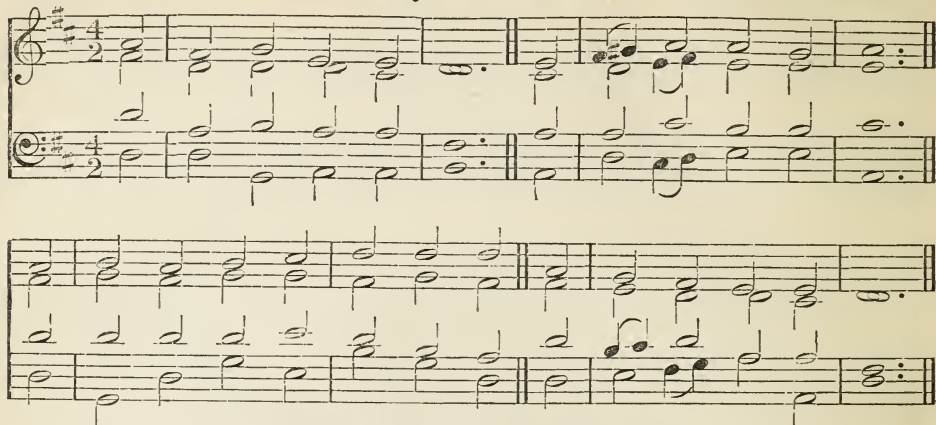
m 3 Come, Thou best of all donations

God can give or we implore;
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.
Come with unction and with power,
On our souls Thy graces shower:
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts Thy habitation. Amen.

SWABIA.—S.M.

Hymn 103.

Ancient German Melody.

*'Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south.'*

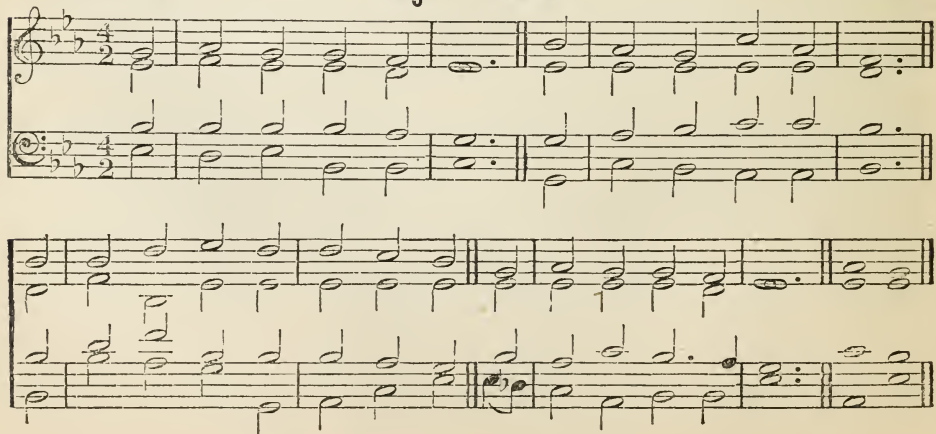
- m* 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence!

- mp* 3 O melt this frozen heart;
'This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
< And form me all anew!
- mf* 4 The profit will be mine,
But Thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

BREDON.—S.M.

Hymn 104.

Dr. Gauntlett.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

'Uphold me with Thy free Spirit.'

m 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-dying love.

m 4 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

mf 5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.

Hymn 105.

EVAN.—C.M.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



'There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.'

m 1 SPIRIT DIVINE! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the dove: and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

3 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

4 Come as the fire: and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;

m Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

mp 5 Come as the dew: and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

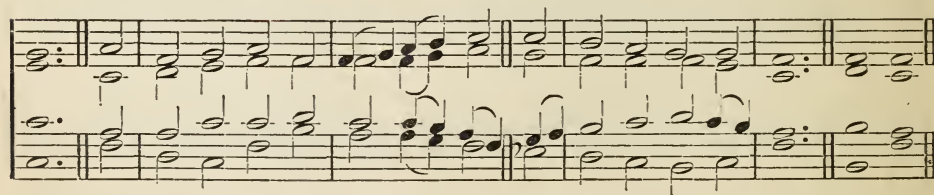
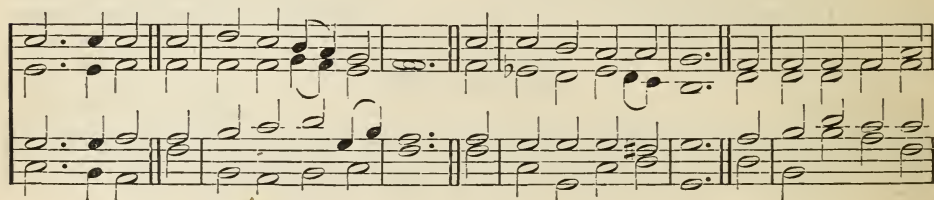
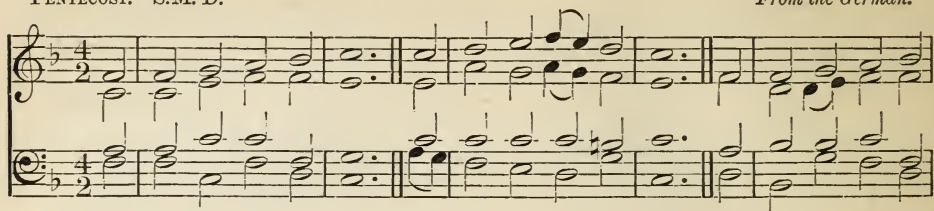
mf 6 Come as the wind: with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come! Amen.

Hymn 106.

PENTECOST.—S.M. D.

From the German.

*'Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost.'*

m 1 LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all Thy power;
 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.

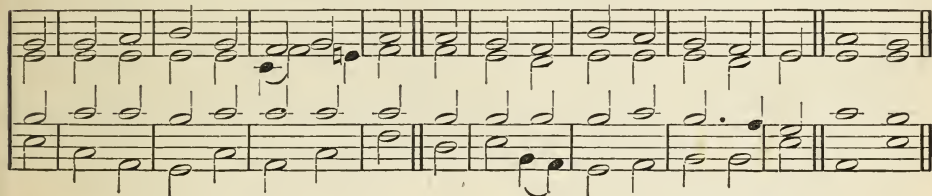
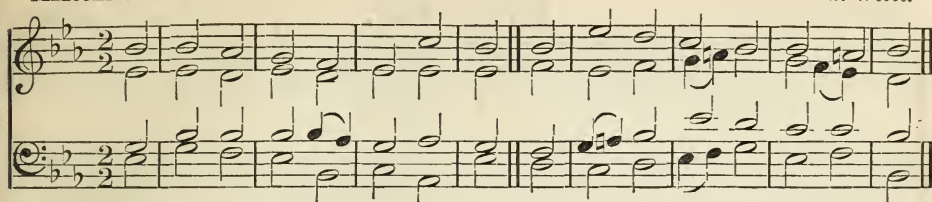
mf 2 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind,
 One soul, one feeling breathe;
 The young, the old inspire
 With wisdom from above;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
 To pray, and praise, and love.

m 3 Spirit of light, explore
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day!
m Spirit of truth, be Thou
 In life and death our guide!
 O Spirit of adoption, now
 May we be sanctified! Amen.

Hymn 107.

MELCOMBE.—L.M.

S. Webbe.



'I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.'

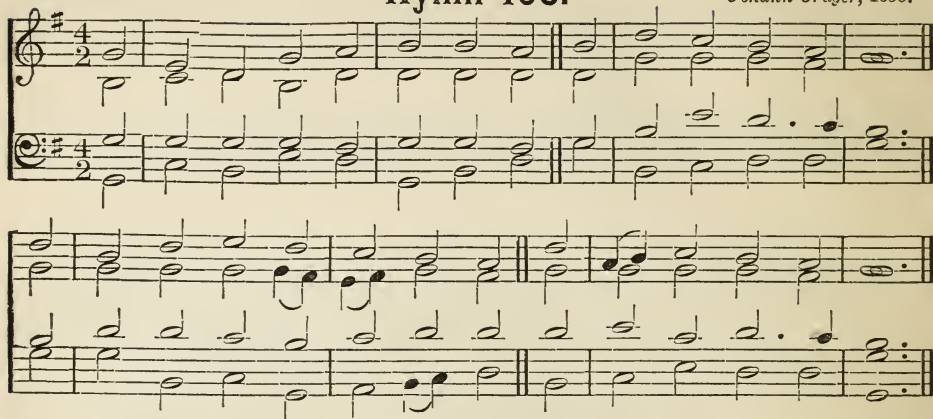
- m* 1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- mf* 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify.
Till every kindred call Him Lord. Amen.

IV.—HOLY SCRIPTURE.

GRAFENBERG.—C.M.

Hymn 108.

Johann Cruger, 1653.



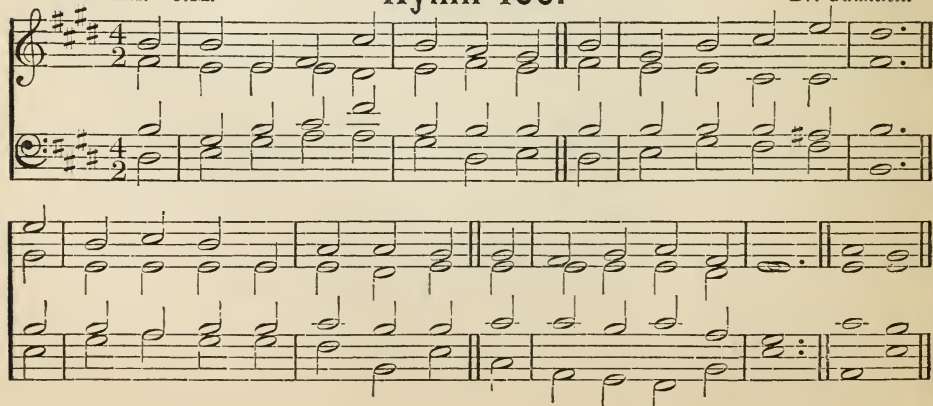
'Thou hast magnified Thy word above all Thy name.'

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>m</i> 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 A glory gilds the sacred page
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.</p> <p><i>m</i> 3 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;</p> | <p><i>m</i> His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.</p> <p><i>f</i> 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.</p> <p>5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.</p> |
|---|---|

ST. FULBERT.—C.M.

Hymn 109.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'The commandment is a lamp, and the law is light.'

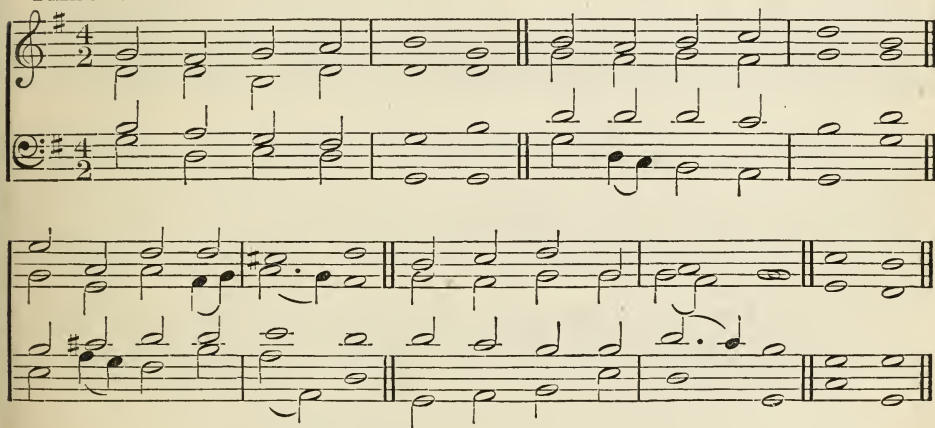
- m* 1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way!
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky!
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;

- m* When waves would whelm our tossing
Our anchor, and our stay! [bark,
- 4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son!
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?
- mp* 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts,
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, child-like hearts. Amen.

Hymn 110.

Freiburg.—6.6.6.6.

C. Kocher.



'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.'

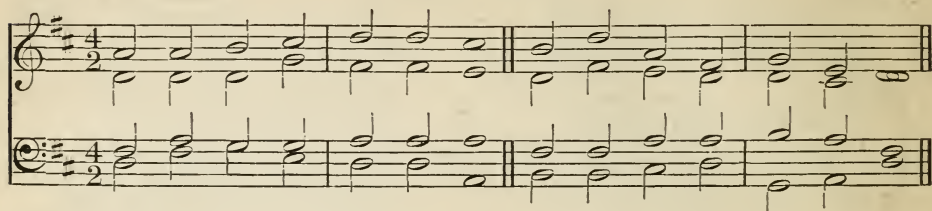
- m* 1 LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- mp* 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
m Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

- m* 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!
- 6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee. Amen.

Hymn 111.

RATISBON.—7.7.7.7.7.7.

German.



'The entrance of Thy words giveth light.'

m 1 HOLY FATHER, Thou hast given
Holy truth from highest heaven;
Words of counsel wise and pure,
Words of promise bright and sure;
Light that guides us back to Thee,
Back to peace and purity.

2 Clearer than the sun at noon,
Fairer than the silver moon,
Through the clouds and through the night,
Shineth aye this heavenly light;

mp Help us, Lord, to lift our eyes,
Take its guidance and be wise.

m 3 Here the wisdom from above,
Beaming holiness and love,
Stirring hope, dispelling fear,
< Shines to save; for Christ is here:
Knowing, trusting Him, we come
From our wanderings gladly home.

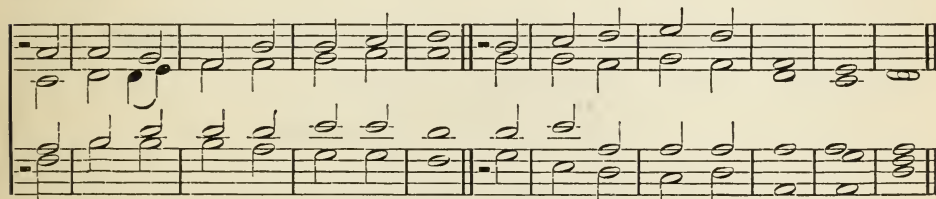
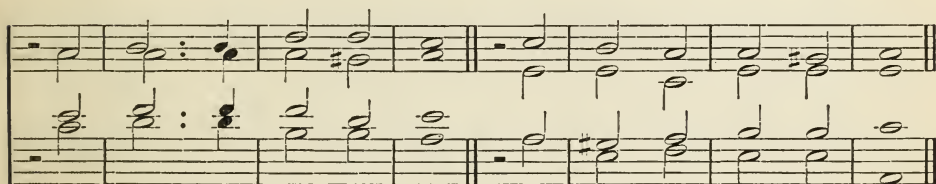
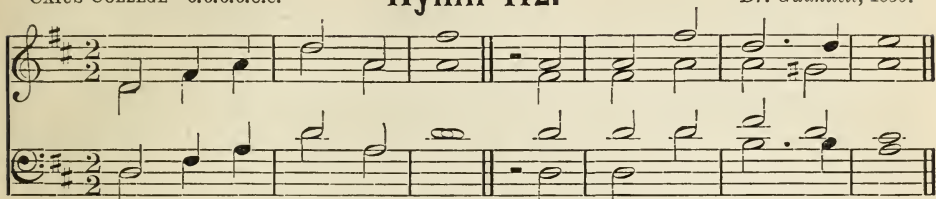
m 4 Blessèd Saviour, Light divine,
Thou hast bid us rise and shine;
Grant Thy grace, and we shall be
Children of the day in Thee,
Showing all around the road
Back to life, and love, and God. Amen.

V.—GOSPEL INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

CAIUS COLLEGE—6.6.6.6.8.8.

Hymn 112.

Dr. Gauntlett, 1850.



'The acceptable year of the Lord.'

f 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

mf 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
mp Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

f 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

mf 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

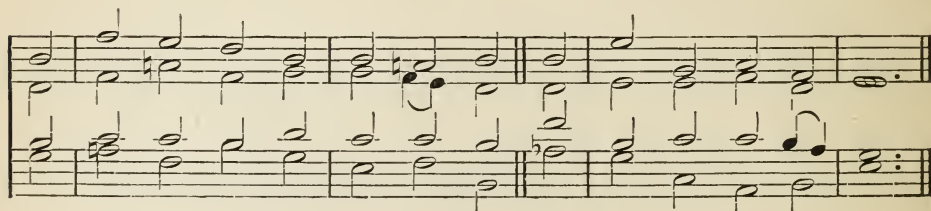
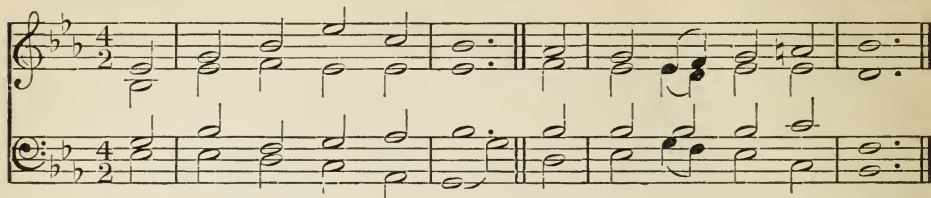
m 5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
mf Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

f 6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
ff The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Hymn 113.

PRAGUE.—S.M.

Rev. L. R. West.



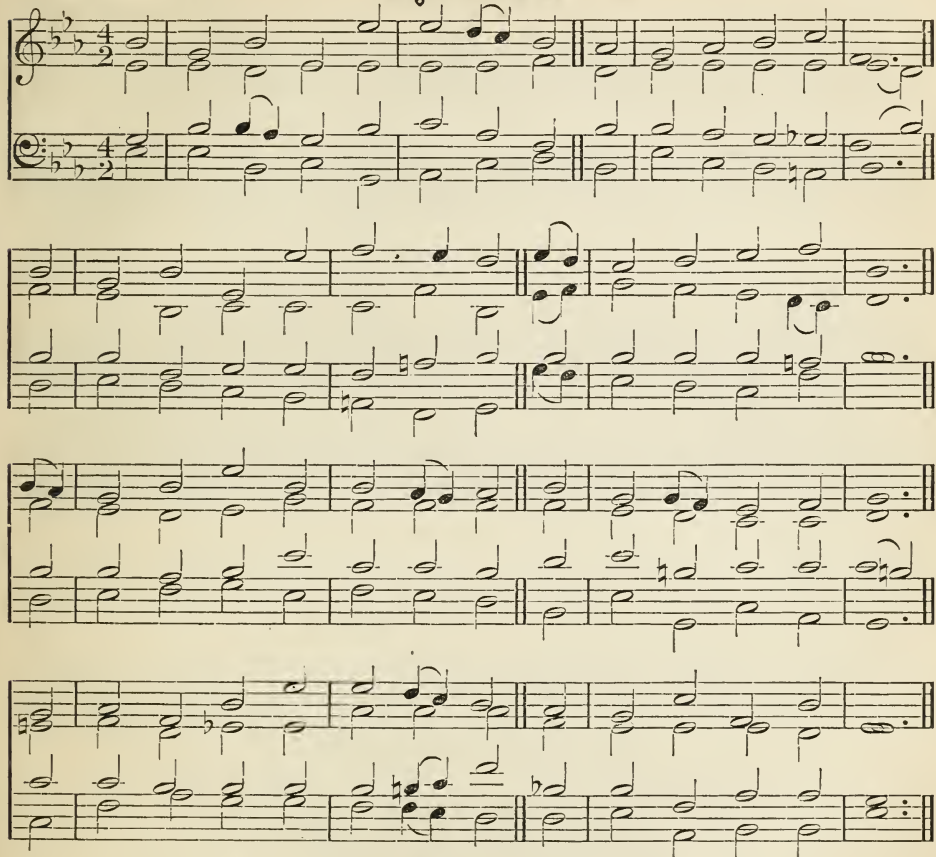
'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!'

- mf* 1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
- f* Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.
- mf* 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited **for**,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
f Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- f* 6 The Lord makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

FLensburg.—C.M. D.

Hymn 114.

Spohr.



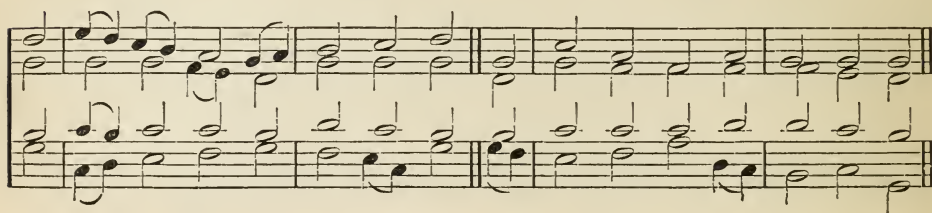
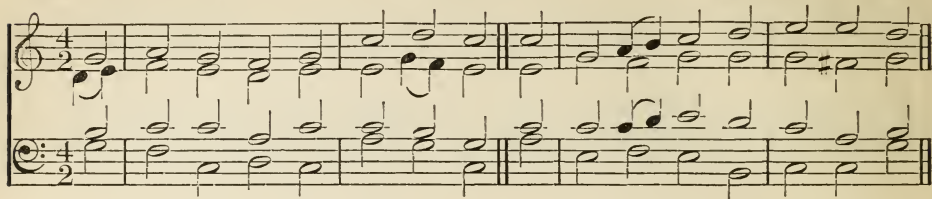
'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

m 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
mp 'Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 'Thy head upon My breast.'
m I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
mf I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.
m 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
mf 'Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live.'

f I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
m 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
mf 'I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright.'
f I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.

Hymn 115.

VENI CREATOR.—L.M.

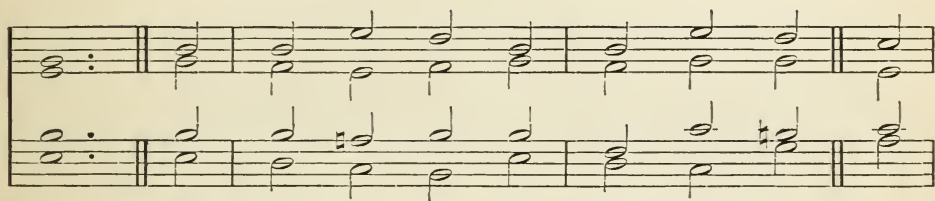
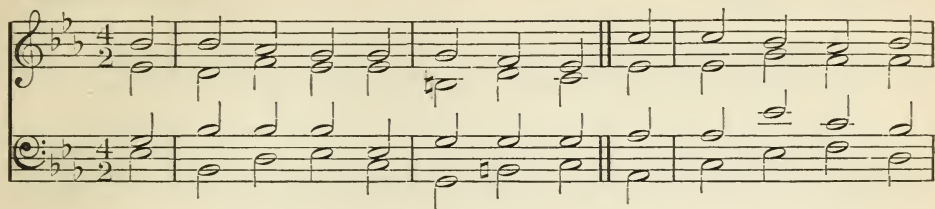
Melody of 5th Century.*'Return unto the Lord thy God.'*

- mp* 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek an injured Father's face;
 Those warm desires that in thee burn
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 He heard thy deep repentant sigh;
 He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
 Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear;
 'Tis God who says—'No longer mourn;'
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Hymn 116.

MIDIAN—8.6.8.6.4.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



'Let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him.'

mp 1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,

Thy Father calls for thee;

No longer now an exile roam

In guilt and misery:

p Return, return.

m 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,

'Tis Jesus calls for thee;

The Spirit and the bride say, Come;

< O now for refuge flee:

Return, return.

m 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,

'Tis madness to delay;

p There are no pardons in the tomb,

And brief is mercy's day:

pp Return, return.

Hymn 117.

GODESBERG.—8.7;7.7.

H. Albert. Arranged by Havergal.



*'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, . . . yea,
come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.'*

m 1 COME to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall ;

Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,

mf In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

mp 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defil'd without, within ;

From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,

f Wash your robes, and make them white ;
Ye shall walk with God in light.

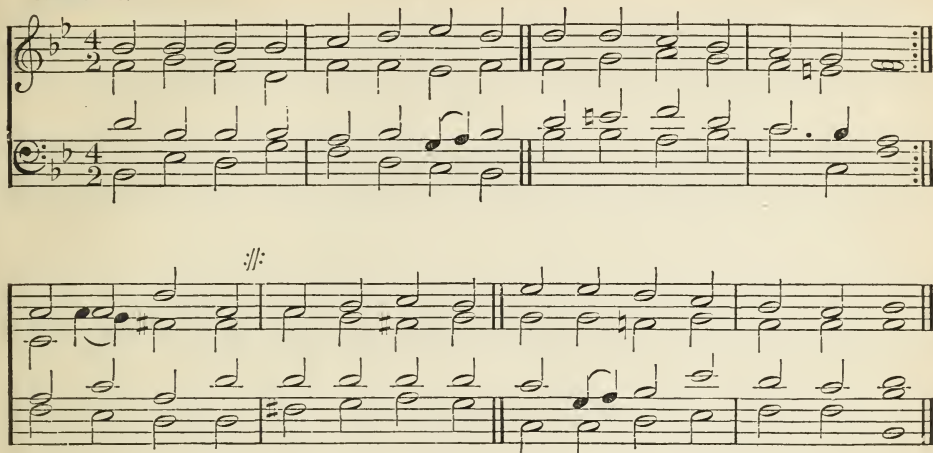
p 3 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;

m Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find ;

f Health this fountain will restore ;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

Hymn 118.

ORIEL.—8.7.4.



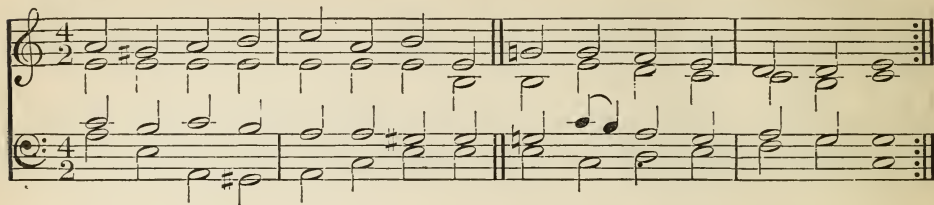
'A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench.'

- p* 1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
 Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
 By the broken law convicted,
 Through the cross behold the crown ;
mf Look to Jesus !
 Mercy flows through Him alone.
- m* 2 Take His easy yoke and wear it ;
 Love will make obedience sweet ;
 Christ will give you strength to bear it,
 While His wisdom guides your feet
mf Safe to glory,
 Where His ransomed captives meet.
- mf* 3 Blessèd are the eyes that see Him,
 Blest the ears that hear His voice ;
 Blessèd are the souls that trust Him,
 And in Him alone rejoice ;
 His commandments
 Then become their happy choice.
- mp* 4 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
 Light to newly opened eyes,
 Or full springs in deserts dreary,
 Is the rest the cross supplies ;
mf All who taste it
 Shall to rest immortal rise.

Hymn 119.

MELANTHON.—8.7.4.

Neander's Liedern, 1680.



'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.'

mp 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;

mf Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

m 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him!

mf This He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

pp 3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!

< f Hear Him cry before He dies,
'It is finished!'
> Sinners, will not this suffice?

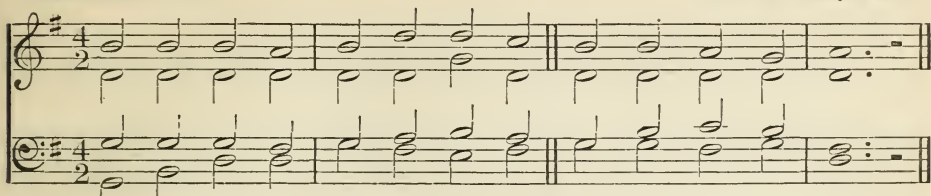
mf 4 Lo! the Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merits of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture fully;
Let no other trust intrude:

f None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Hymn 120.

STEPHANOS.—8.5.8.3.

Rev. Sir Henry Baker.



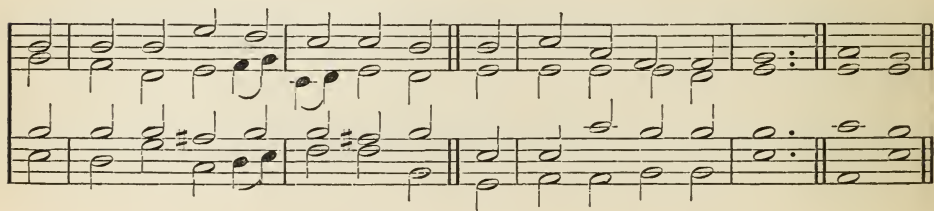
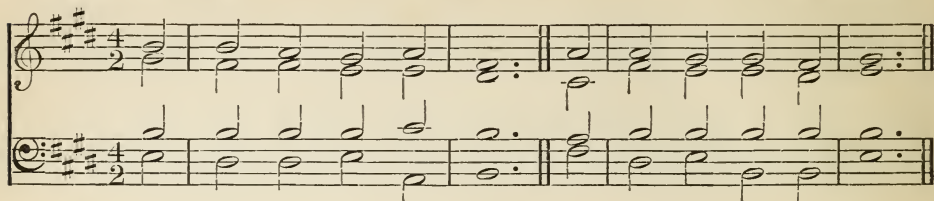
'If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.'

- p* 1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
mf 'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
p Be at rest.'
- m* 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
p 'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.'
- mf* 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns!'
- m* 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p 'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'
- m* 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
f 'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!'
- mp* 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f 'Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!'

Hymn 121.

ST. METHODIUS.—S.M.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation.'

m 1 Now is th' accepted time :
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time :
The Saviour calls to-day ;
p To-morrow you may be too late ;
'Tis madness to delay.

m 3 Now is th' accepted time :
The Gospel bids you come ;
And every promise of His word
Declares there yet is room.

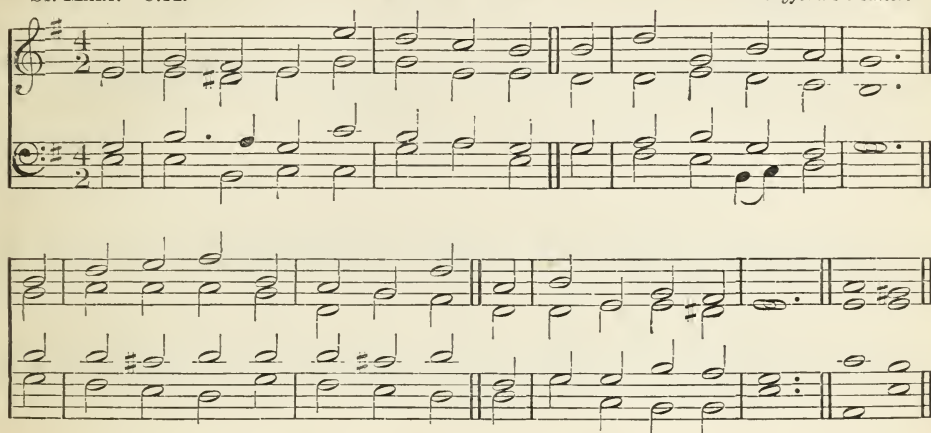
p 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls
To seek a Father's love !
mf Then shall attendant angels bear
The joyful news above. Amen.

VI.—THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Hymn 122.

ST. MARY.—C.M.

Playford's Psalter.



'God be merciful unto us, and bless us ; and cause His face to shine upon us.'

p 1 O LORD, turn not Thy face from us,
Who lie in woful state,
Lamenting sore our sinful life,
Before Thy mercy's gate ;

m 2 A gate which opens wide to those
That truly mourn their sin :
< Oh shut it not against us, Lord,
> But let us enter in.

m 3 We need not to confess our life
To Thee, who best canst tell
What we have been ; and what we are,
O Lord, Thou knowest well ;

p 4 Wherefore to beg and to entreat,
With tears, we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

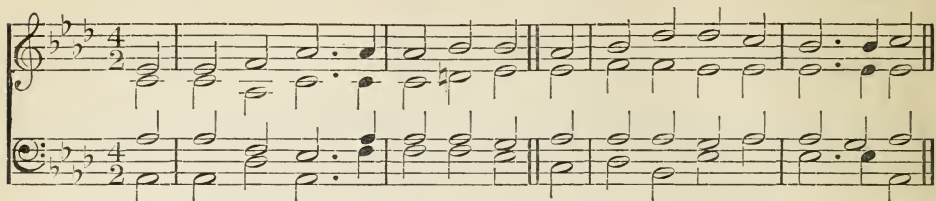
m 5 O Lord, we need not to repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we ask,
The thing that we would have.

6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,—
This is our humble prayer ;
< For mercy, Lord, is all our suit ;
> O let Thy mercy spare. Amen.

Hymn 123.

RISEHOLME.—8.8.8.4.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'A contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.'

m 1 THERE is a holy sacrifice,
Which God in heaven will not despise,
Yea, which is precious in His eyes,—
p The contrite heart.

mf 2 That lofty One, before whose throne
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own,—
p The contrite heart.

m 3 The Holy One, the Son of God,
His pardoning love will shed abroad,
And consecrate as His abode
p The contrite heart.

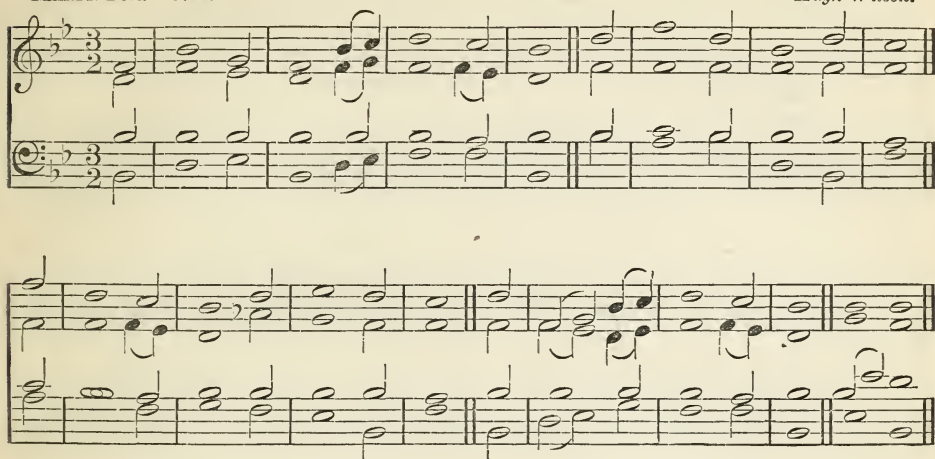
m 4 The Holy Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest sigh,
< And cheer, and bless, and purify
The contrite heart.

mp 5 Saviour, I cast my hopes on Thee;
Such as Thou art I fain would be;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
> The contrite heart. Amen.

Hymn 124.

MARTYRDOM.—C.M.

Hugh Wilson.

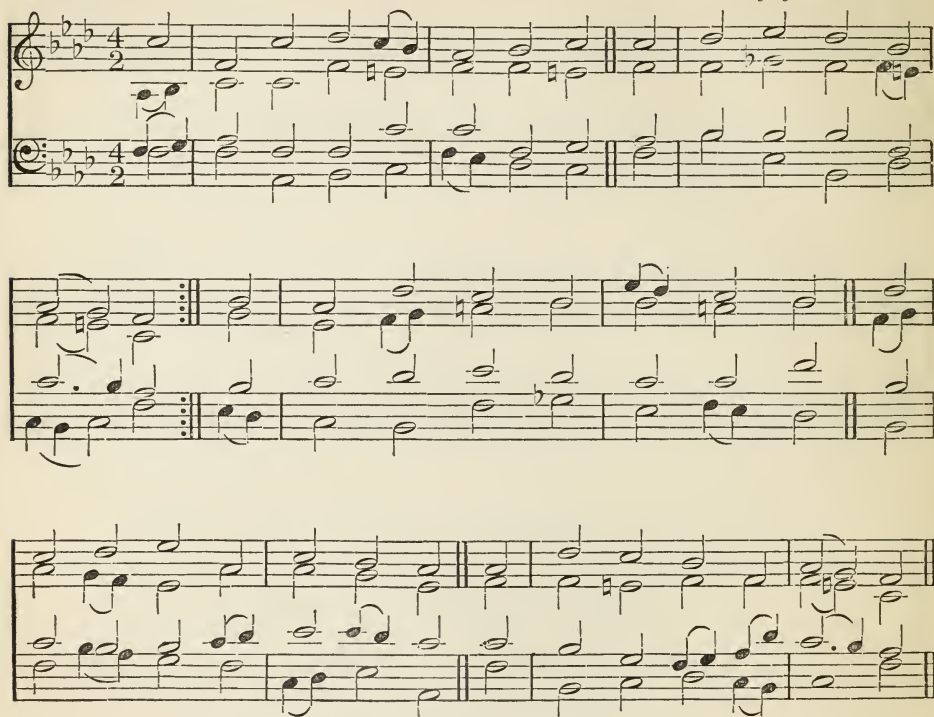
*'Be merciful unto me, O God.'*

- mp* 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh,
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye ;
- p* 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn ;
- m* Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?
 Hast Thou not said, 'Return ?'
- mp* 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from Thy feet ?
 Oh ! let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat !
- p* 4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way !
- mf* 5 Oh ! shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine !
 And let Thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine !
- 6 Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy ;
 Be this my solace here below,
 And my eternal joy ! Amen.

Hymn 125.

LUTHER'S 130TH.—8.7; 8.8.7.

Luther. Harmony by Mendelssohn.



'Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.'

mp 1 FROM depths of woe I raise to Thee
The voice of lamentation;
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me,
And hear my supplication:
If Thou shouldst be extreme to mark
Each secret sin and misdeed dark,
p Oh! who could stand before Thee!

m 2 To wash away the crimson stain,
Grace, grace alone availeth;
Our works, alas! are all in vain,
In much the best life faileth:
No man can glory in Thy sight,
All must alike confess Thy might,
And live alone by mercy.

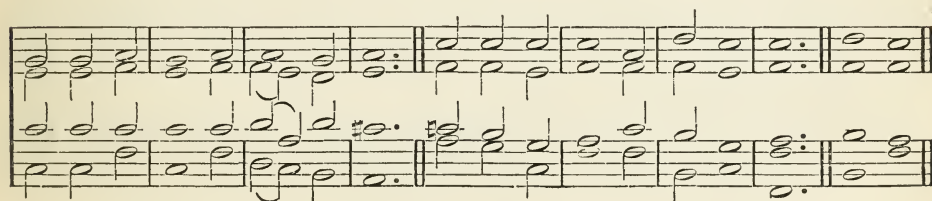
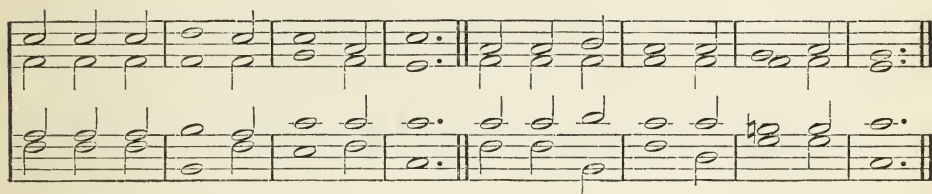
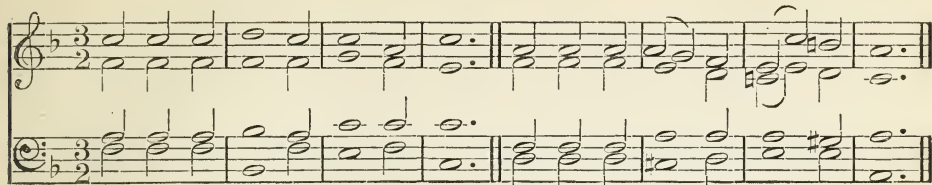
mf 3 Therefore my trust is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit;
On Him my soul shall rest, His word
Upholds my fainting spirit:
His promised mercy is my fort,
My comfort and my sweet support;
> I wait for it with patience.

mp 4 Although our sin is great indeed,
mf God's mercies far exceed it;
His hand can give the help we need,
However much we need it:
He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who Israel doth guard and keep,
< And shall from sin redeem him.

Hymn 126.

PALESTRINA.—8.8.8.8.8.8.

From Palestrina.



'O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?'

p 1 WHERE shall I lay my weary head?
Where shall I hide me from my shame,
From all I feel, and all I dread,
And all I have, and all I am,
< Swift to outstrip the stormy wind,
> And leave this wretched self behind?

m 2 Give me Thy wings, celestial Dove,
And help me from myself to fly;
mf Then shall my soul far off remove,
The tempest's idle rage defy,
From sin, from sorrow, and from strife
Escaped, and hid in Christ, my Life.

mp 3 Stranger on earth, I sojourn here;
Yet O! on earth I cannot rest,
< Till Thou, my hidden Life, appear,
> And sweetly take me to Thy breast;
m To Thee my wishes all aspire,
And sighs for Thee my whole desire.

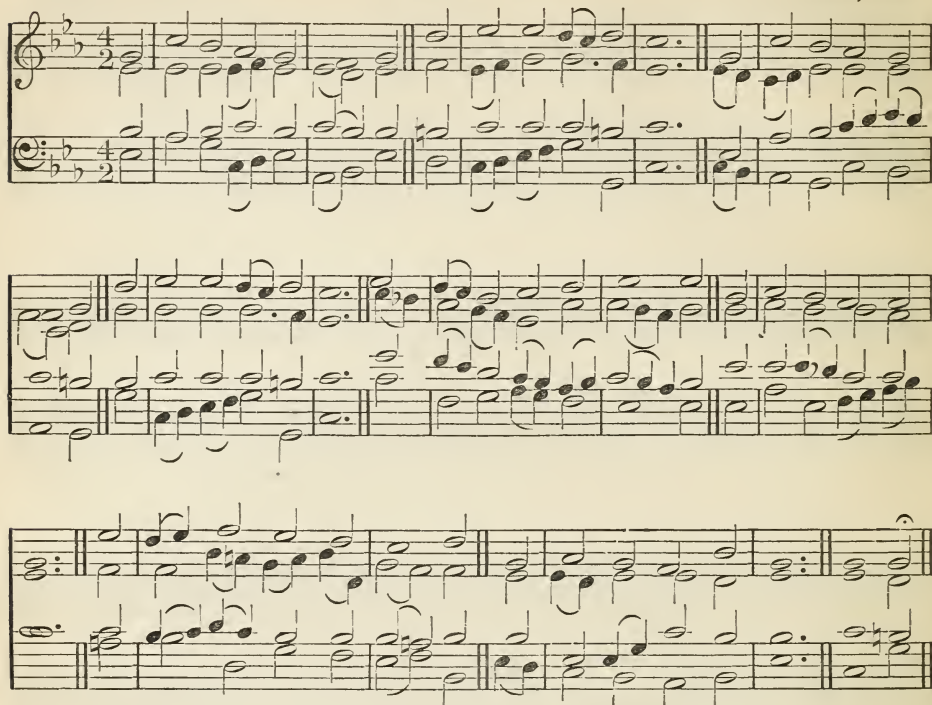
mf 4 Search and try out my panting heart;
Surely, my Lord, it pants for Thee:
Jealous lest earth should claim a part,
Thine, wholly Thine, I long to be.
Thou know'st 'tis all I live to prove;
Thou know'st I only want Thy love.

Amen.

Hymn 127.

STUTT GART.—7.6.7.6. D.

J. Leo Hassler, 1601.



'Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress.'

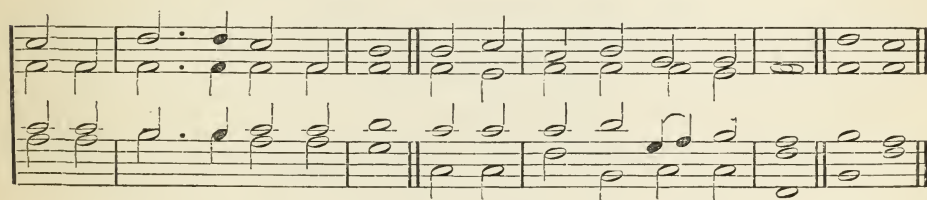
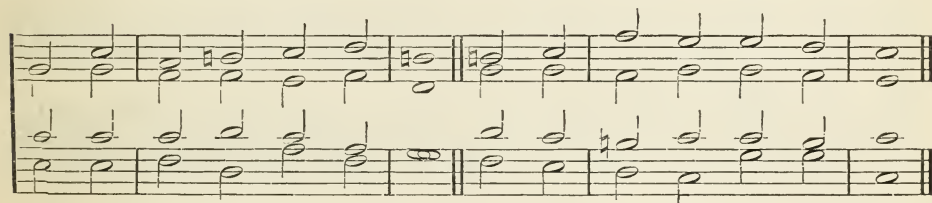
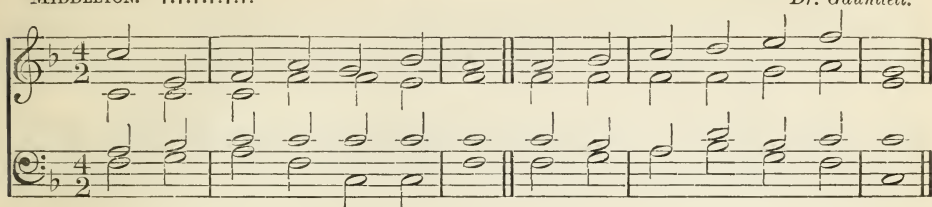
m 1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
p My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
m I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.
2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

m 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrow share.
mf 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
f There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. Amen.

Hymn 128.

MIDDLETON.—7.7.7.7.7.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory.'

m 1 NOT in anything we do,
Thought that's pure, or word that's true,
Saviour, would we put our trust:
Frail as vapour, vile as dust,
All that flatters we disown:
mf Righteousness is Thine alone.

m 2 Though we underwent for Thee
Perils of the land and sea,
Though we cast our lives away,
Lying for Thee day by day,
Loast we never of our own:
mf Grace and strength are Thine alone.

m 3 Native cumberers of the ground,
All our fruit from Thee is found:
Grafted in Thine olive, Lord,
New-begotten by Thy word,
All we have is Thine alone:
Life and power are not our own.

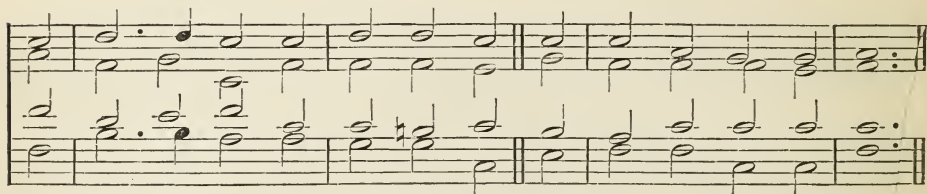
mf 4 And when Thy returning voice
Calls Thy faithful to rejoice,
When the countless throng to Thee
Cast their crown of victory,
f We will sing before the throne,
'Thine the glory, not our own!'

Amen.

Hymn 129.

ST. JEROME.—S.M.

Dr. Gauntlett.



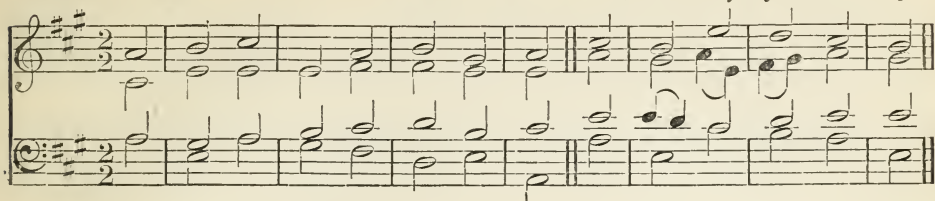
'By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified.'

- m* 1 NOR what these hands have done
 Can save the guilty soul;
 Not what this toiling flesh has borne
 Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do
 Can give me peace with God;
mp Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
 Can bear my awful load.
- mf* 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
 Can ease this weight of sin;
 Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
 Can give me peace within.
- 4 Thy love to me, O God,
 Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
 Can rid me of this dark unrest,
 And set my spirit free.
- 5 I bless the Christ of God,
 I rest on love divine;
 And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
 I call this Saviour mine.
- 6 I praise the God of grace:
 I trust His truth and might;
f He calls me His, I call Him mine,
 My God, my Joy, my Light.

Hymn 130.

ST. PAUL.—C.M.

Scotch Tune of Eighteenth Century.



'Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.'

m 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer,
And humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
p And such, O Lord, am I.

p 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

m 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

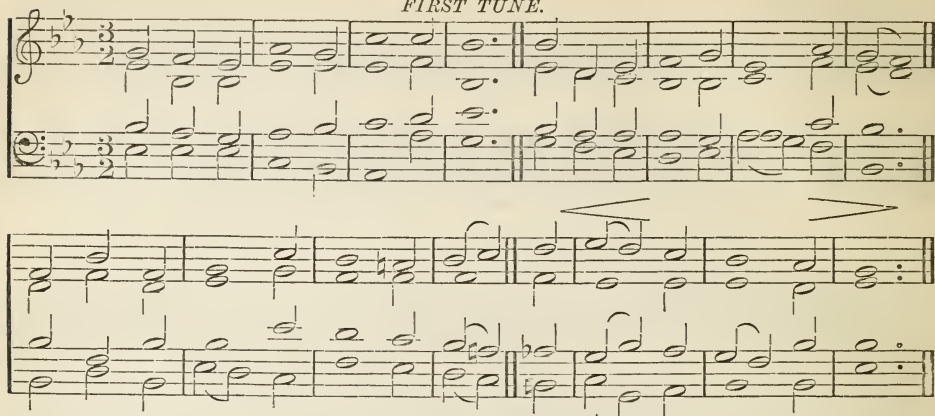
mf 5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die!
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

MISERICORDIA.—S.S.S.G.

Hymn 131.

Henry Smart.

FIRST TUNE.

*'God be merciful to me a sinner.'*

p 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

p 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

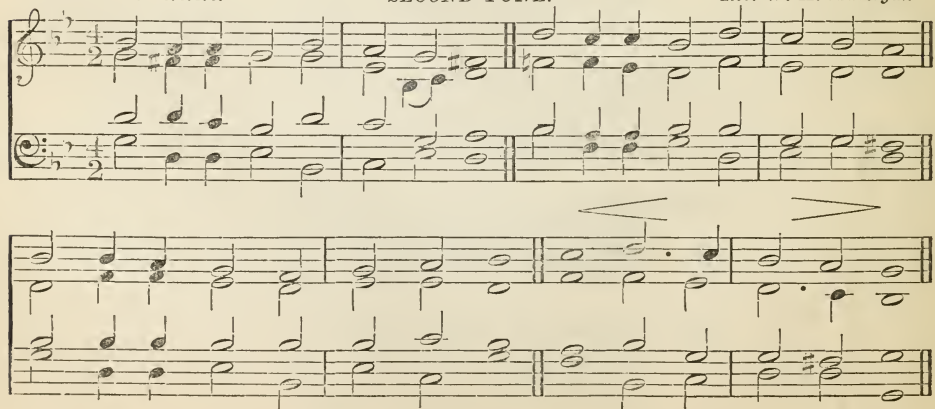
p 5 Just as I am—*mf* Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

p 6 Just as I am—*mf* Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
f Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone!
O Lamb of God, I come!

BETHABARA.—S.S.S.G.

SECOND TUNE.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.

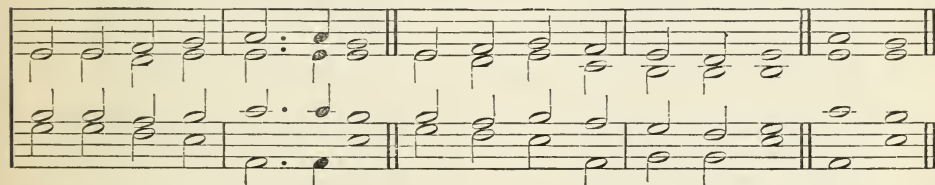
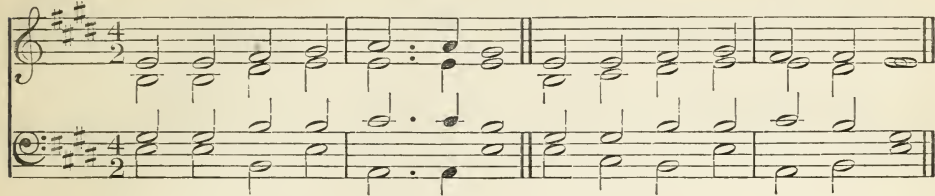


Hymn 132.

PETRA.—7.7.7.7.7.7.

FIRST TUNE.

Richard Redhead.



'That Rock was Christ.'

m 1 ROCK OF AGES! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
mf Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

m 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
f All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

p 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

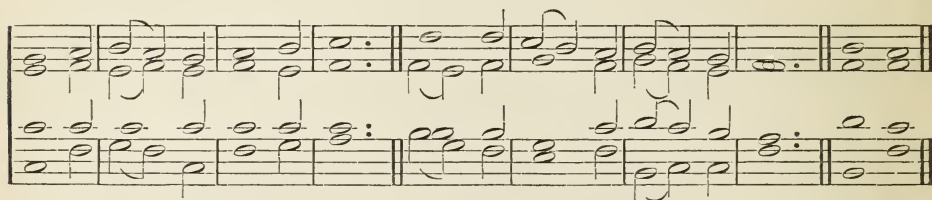
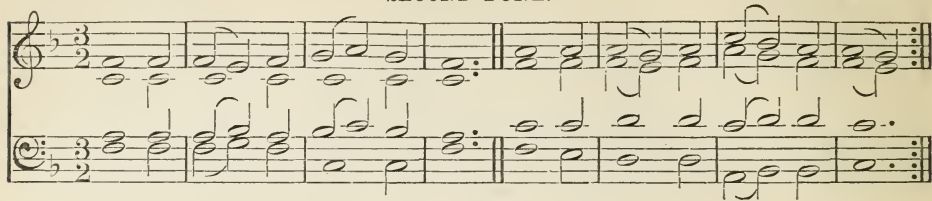
pp 4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
m When I soar through tracts unknown,
f See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
ROCK OF AGES! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

Hymn 132.

PASCAL.—7.7.7.7.7.7.

SECOND TUNE.

French Melody.



'That Rock was Christ.'

m 1 ROCK OF AGES! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
mf Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

m 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;

f Thou must save, and Thou alone.

p 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

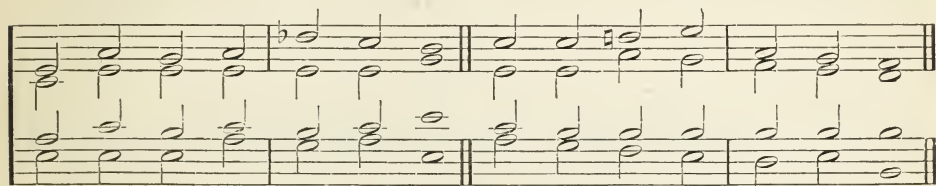
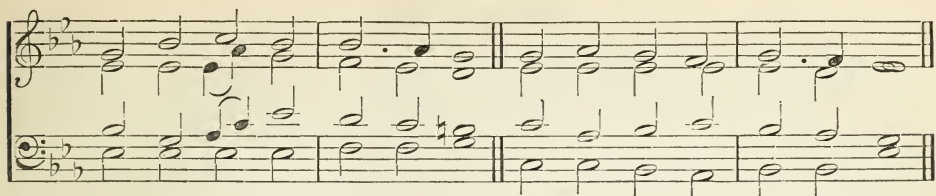
pp 4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
m When I soar through tracts unknown,
f See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
ROCK OF AGES! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

Hymn 133.

HOLLINGSIDE.—7.7.7.7. D.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.





'Christ is all, and in all.'

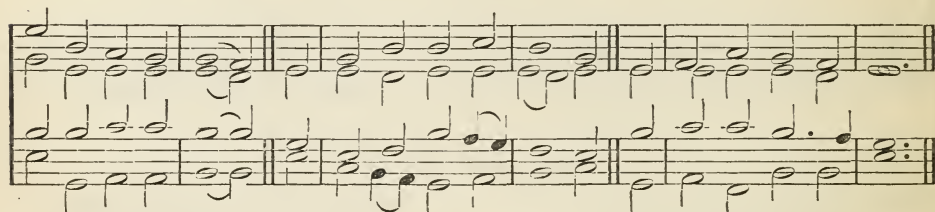
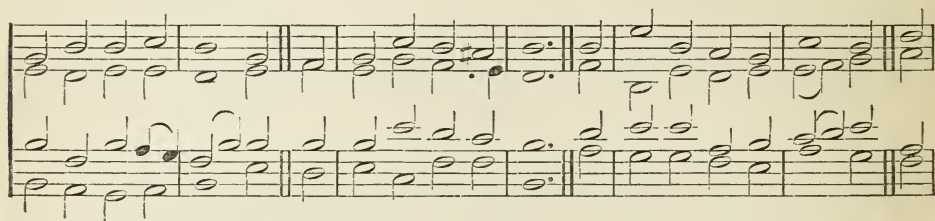
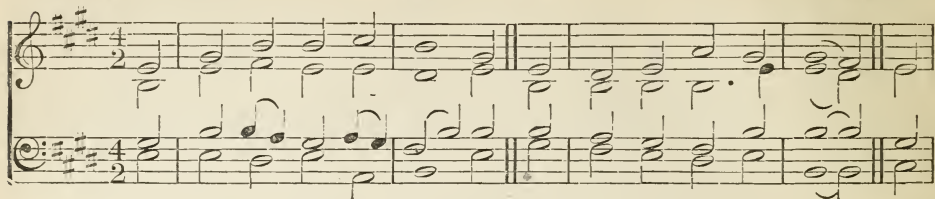
mp 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
mf Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last !
m 2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me.
f All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
mp 3 Wilt Thou not regard my call ?
 Wilt Thou not accept my prayer ?
p Lo ! I sink, I faint, I fall,
 < Lo ! on Thee I cast my care,

m \ Reach me out Thy gracious hand ;
f While I of Thy strength receive,
 Hoping against hope I stand,
 Dying, and behold I live !
mf 4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find,
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;
 Just and holy is Thy name,
mp I am all unrighteousness ;
 False and full of sin I am,
mf Thou art full of truth and grace.
mf 5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within.
f Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity ! Amen.

Hymn 134.

MISSIONARY.—7.6.7.6. D.

L. Mason.

*'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.*

m 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 'The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all and frees us
 From the accursèd load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
 All fulness dwells in Him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases.
 He all my sorrows shares.

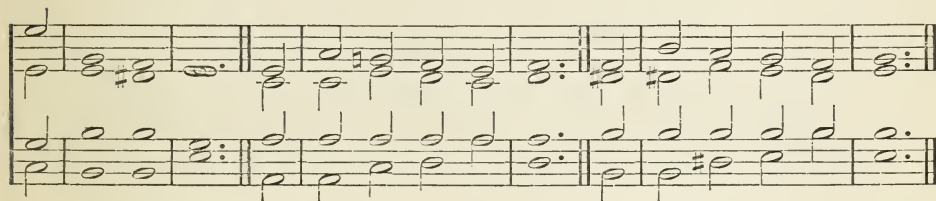
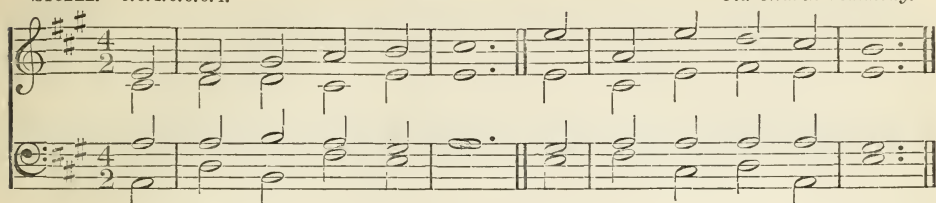
mp 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on His breast recline.
mf I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is poured.

mp 4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child;
mf I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

Hymn 135.

STOBEL.—6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Old Church Psalmody.



'Be not afraid, only believe.'

mf 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine :

mp Now hear me when I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !

m 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;

As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

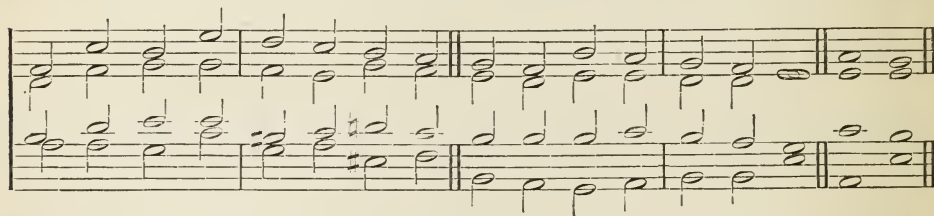
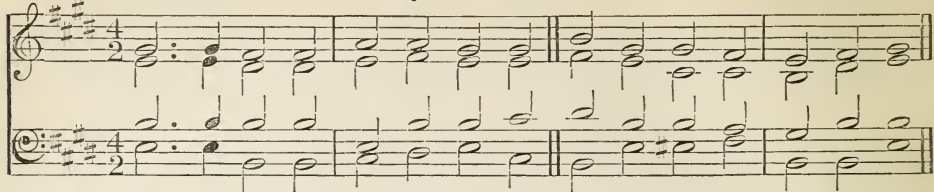
mp 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

p 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
f O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul. Amen.

LITANY—8.7.8.7.8.7.

Hymn 136.

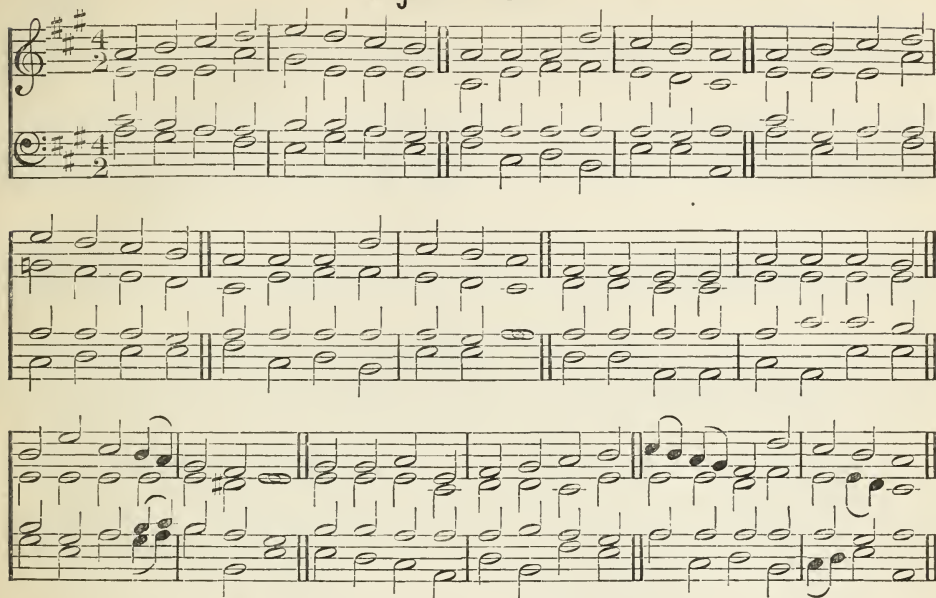
Walter Newport.

*'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.'*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>m</i> 1 HERE behold me, as I cast me
At Thy throne, O glorious King!</p> <p><i>mp</i> Tears fast thronging, child-like longing,
Son of man, to Thee I bring;</p> <p><i>mf</i> Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!</p> <p><i>p</i> Me, a poor and worthless thing.</p> <p><i>m</i> 2 Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,
Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine;</p> <p><i>mf</i> Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought
Only Thee to know I pine; [me,
<i>mf</i> Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
Take my heart, and grant me Thine.</p> | <p><i>m</i> 3 Nought I ask for, nought I strive for,
But Thy grace so rich and free,
That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,
And who truly cleave to Thee;</p> <p><i>mf</i> Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
He hath all things who hath Thee.</p> <p><i>p</i> 4 In the hour when grief hath power,
And hath weighed me to the dust,
Haste to hear me, help and cheer me,
Thou most loving, as most just,
<i>mf</i> Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
Whom I yearn for, whom I trust.</p> |
| <p><i>m</i> 5 Earthly treasure, mirth, and pleasure,
Glorious name, or richest hoard
Are but weary, void, and dreary,
To the heart that longs for God;</p> <p><i>mf</i> Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
I am ready, mighty Lord. Amen.</p> | |

CORINTH.—8.7.8.7. D.

Hymn 137.

*'Lo, we have left all, and have followed Thee.'*

m 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee :
mp Destitute, despised, forsaken,
< Thou from hence my all shall be.
mf Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,—
God and heaven are still my own !

mf 2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
Thou art not, like man, untrue :
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright !

f 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain !
In Thy service, pain is pleasure ;
With Thy favour, loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba, Father ;
I have stayed my heart on Thee :
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me.

I

p 4 Man may trouble and distress me ;
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast :
Life with trials hard may press me ;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me !
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee !

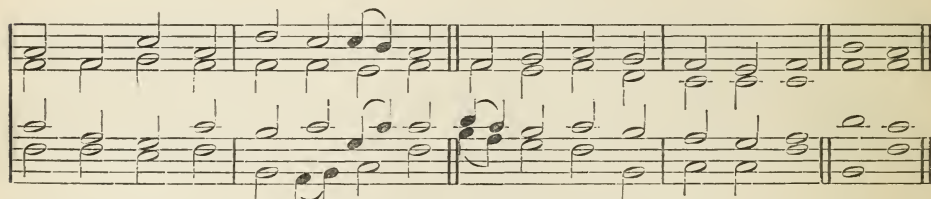
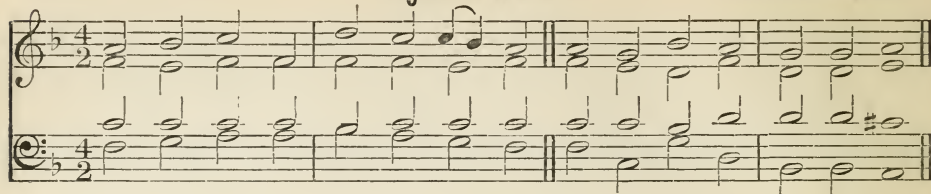
f 5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear !
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What thy Saviour died to win thee !
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

6 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

WINTER.—8.7.8.7.

Hymn 138.

Adapted from Winter.

*'I will arise and go to my Father.'*

m 1 TAKE me, O my Father! take me;
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.

mp 2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary, come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God!

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;

mp At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

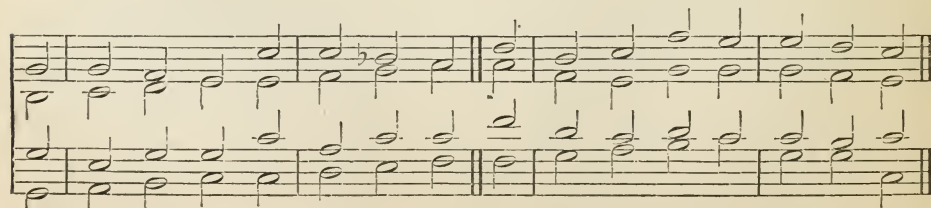
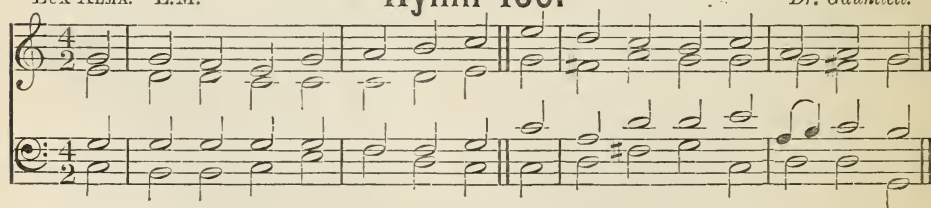
m 4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

mf 5 Father! take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest! Amen.

LUX ALMA.—L.M.

Hymn 139.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.'

mf 1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

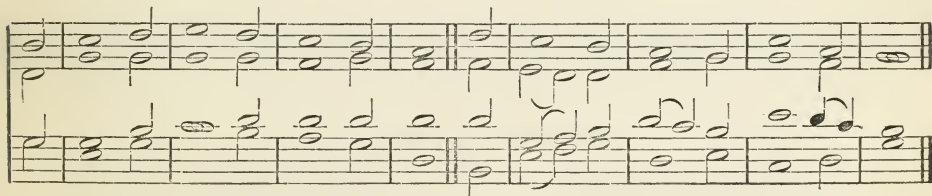
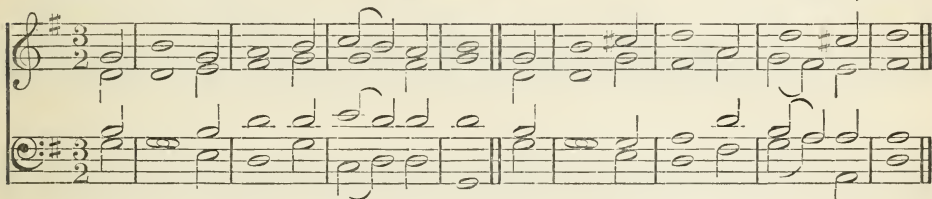
mf 3 Now rest my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast!

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Hymn 140.

ANGELS' HYMN.—L.M.

Dr. O. Gibbons, 1623.



'Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'

m 1 Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

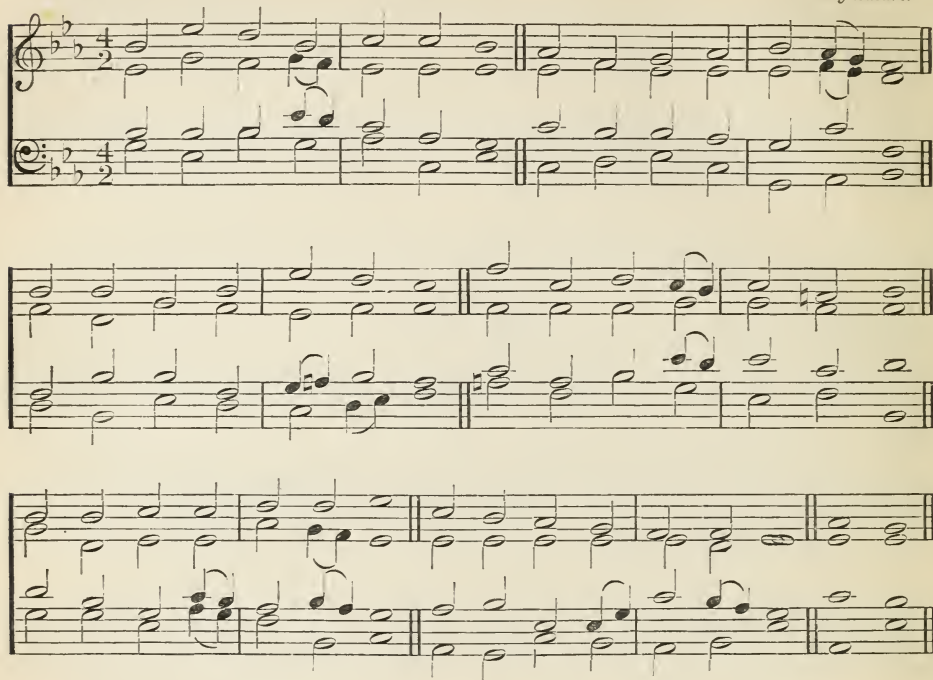
2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of His agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew;
And saints and angels join, to sing
The growing empire of their King.

Hymn 141.

HEATHLANDS.—7.7.7.7.7.

Henry Smart.

*'Whose I am, and whom I serve.'*

m 1 JESUS, Master, whose I am,
 Purchased Thine alone to be,
 By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
 Shed so willingly for me,
mf Let my heart be all Thine own,
 Let me live to Thee alone.

m 2 Other lords have long held sway;
 Now, Thy name alone to bear,
 Thy dear voice alone obey,
 Is my daily, hourly prayer;
mf Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
 Nothing else my joy can be.

m 3 Jesus, Master! I am Thine;
 Keep me faithful, keep me near;
 Let Thy presence in me shine,
 All my homeward way to cheer.
 Jesus! at Thy feet I fall,
 Oh! be Thou mine All in all.

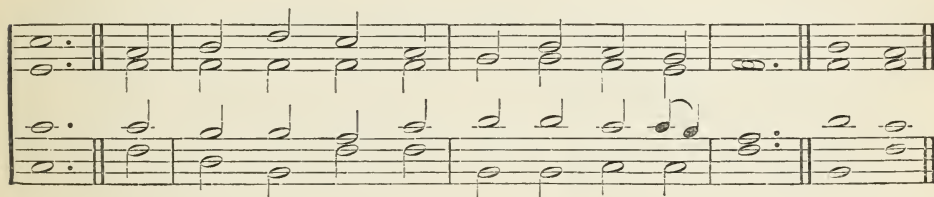
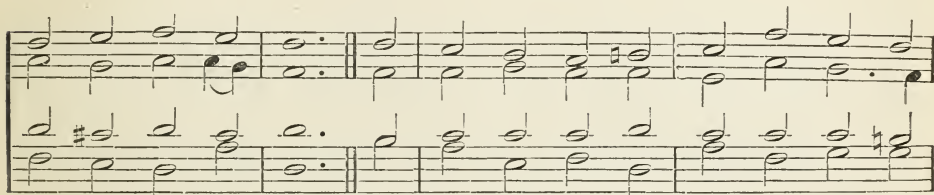
4 Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
 Though so feebly and so ill,
 Strengthen hand, and heart, and nerve,
 All Thy bidding to fulfil;
 Open Thou mine eyes to see
 All the work Thou hast for me.

m 5 Jesus, Master! wilt Thou use
 One who owes Thee more than all?
 As Thou wilt! I would not choose.
 Only let me hear Thy call.
mf Jesus! let me always be
 In Thy service glad and free. Amen.

Hymn 142.

MONSELL.—10.10.10.10.

Hegier.



'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'

m 1 YES! I do feel, my God, that I am 'Thine!
 Thou art my joy, myself mine only grief;
p Here my complaint, low bending at Thy shrine—
mf 'Lord, I believe; *p* help 'Thou mine unbelief!'

mp 2 Unworthy even to approach so near,
 My soul lies trembling like a summer leaf;
 Yet oh forgive; I doubt not, though I fear;
mf 'Lord, I believe; *p* help 'Thou mine unbelief!'

mp 3 True, I am weak, and poor, and blind, but then
mf I know the source whence I can draw relief;
 And, though repulsed, I still can plead again—
 'Lord, I believe; *p* help 'Thou mine unbelief!'

mp 4 Oh draw me nearer! for too far away
 The beamings of Thy brightness are too brief,
 While faith, though fainting, still hath strength to pray—
< 'Lord, I believe; *p* help 'Thou mine unbelief!' Amen.
mf

Hymn 143.

DELHI.—8.8.8.

Edward F. Rimbault.



'Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil?'

mf 1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
< Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

mf 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either flee or yield,
< Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

mp 3 When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
f Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

mp 4 Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

m 5 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
< But Jesus knows, and will provide.

mp 6 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

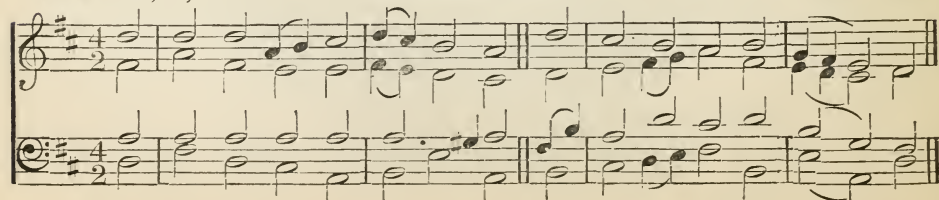
p 7 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My stedfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

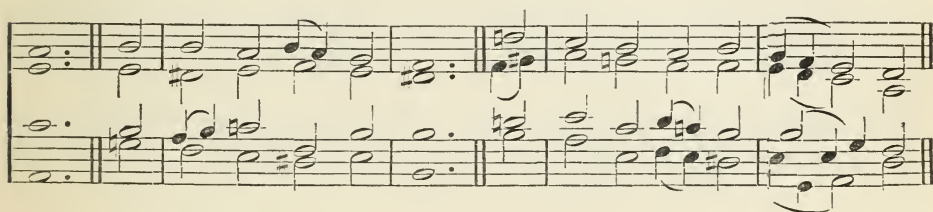
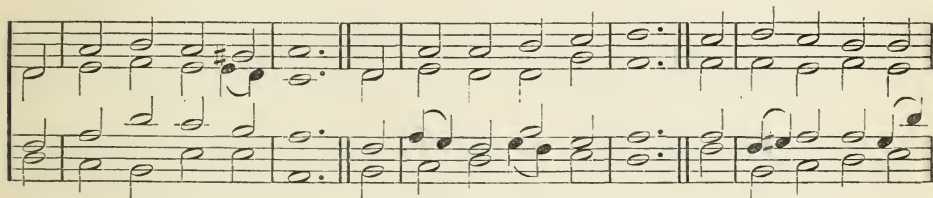
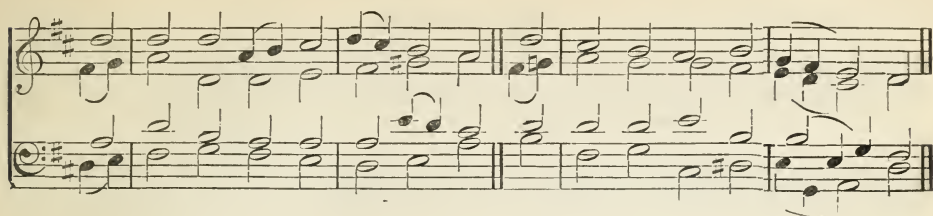
m 8 Against me earth and hell combine,
f But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

Hymn 144.

WORMS.—8.7; 6.6; 7.

Luther, 1529.





'God is our refuge and strength.'

f 1 A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

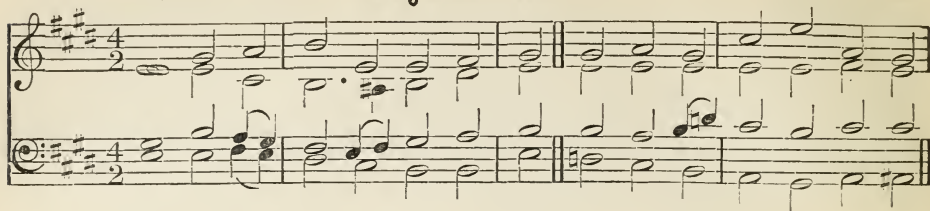
ff 3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

f 4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course,
'Tis written by His finger.
And, though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

ST. LAWRENCE, NEW.—8.8.8.4.

Hymn 145.

E. H. Thorne.



'Leaning upon her Beloved.'

m 1 LEANING on Thee, my Guide and Friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blest;
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

p
mp 2 Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step in life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

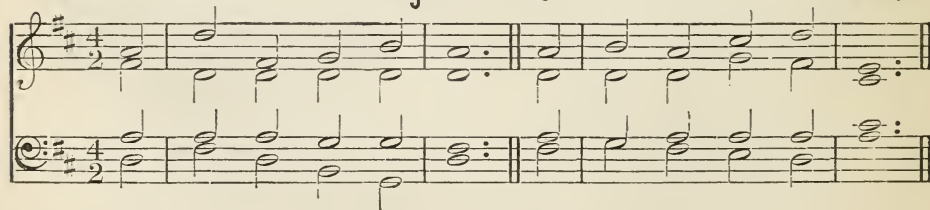
p 3 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear.
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,—
'Be of good cheer.'

mp 4 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;
mf I feel the everlasting arms:—
I cannot sink.

DONCASTER.—S.M.

Hymn 146.

S. Wesley.



'We walk by faith.'

m 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
mf Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

m 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

< 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
f Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

mp 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

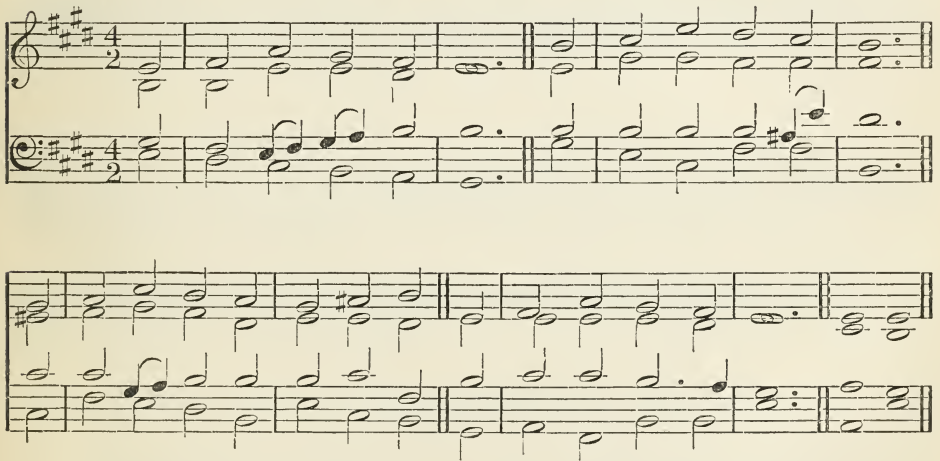
m 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

mf 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays Himself on Thee!
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Hymn 147.

POTSDAM.—S.M.

From Bach.



'Precious faith.'

m 1 FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

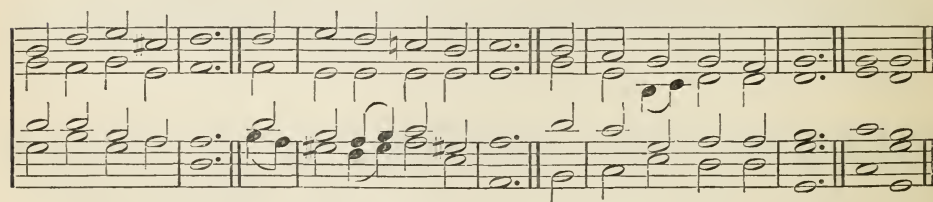
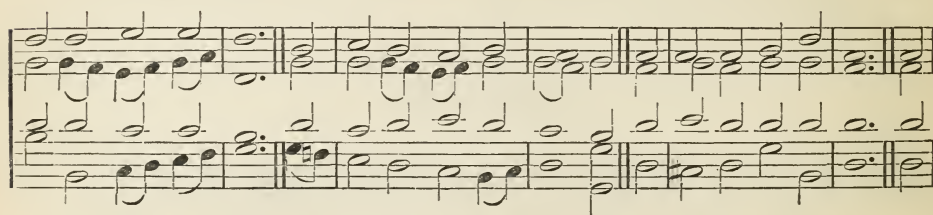
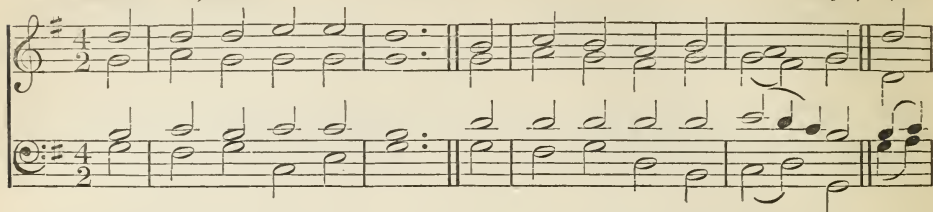
m 3 On Him it safely leans,
In times of deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.

4 Lord, 'tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,
To work this faith in me. Amen.

Hymn 148.

WITTEMBERG.—6.7; 6.6.6.6.

J. Cruger, 1649.



'Now therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name.'

mf 1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

m 2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us,

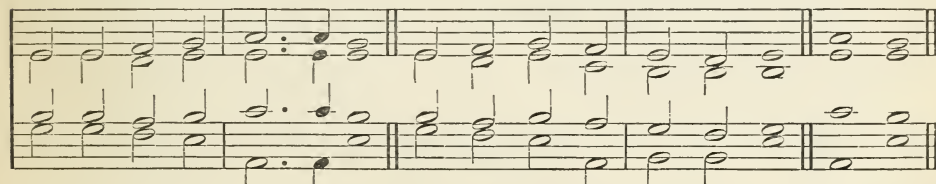
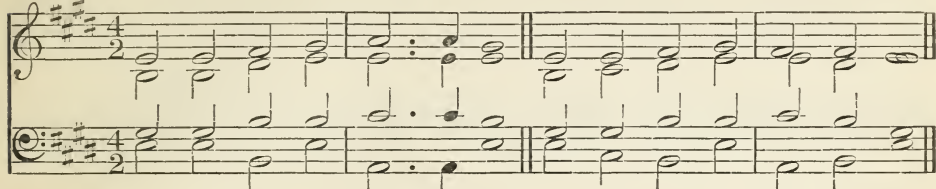
m And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

f 3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven.
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore:
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore! Amen.

Hymn 149

PETRA.—7.7.7.7.7.7.

Richard Redhead.

*'I am debtor.'*

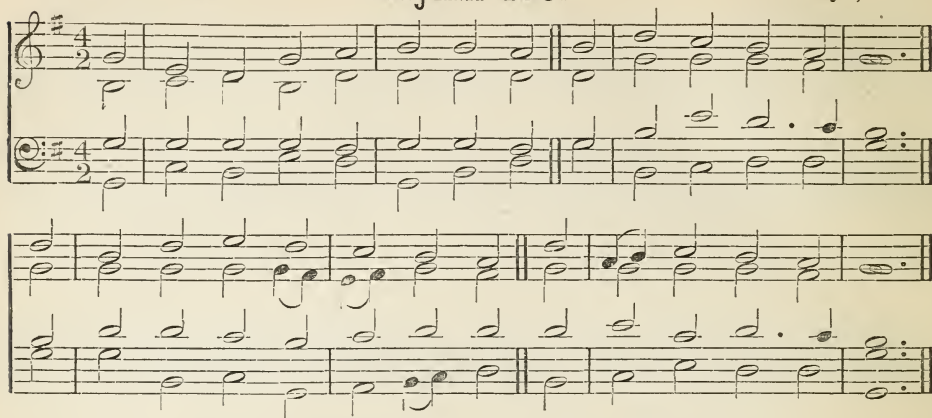
- p* 1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
m When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
mf Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.
- m* 2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty, not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
mf Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

- mf* 3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
p Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
mf Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.
- m* 4 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
mf Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe. Amen.

GRAFENBERG.—C.M.

Hymn 150.

Johann Crüger, 1658.



'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?'

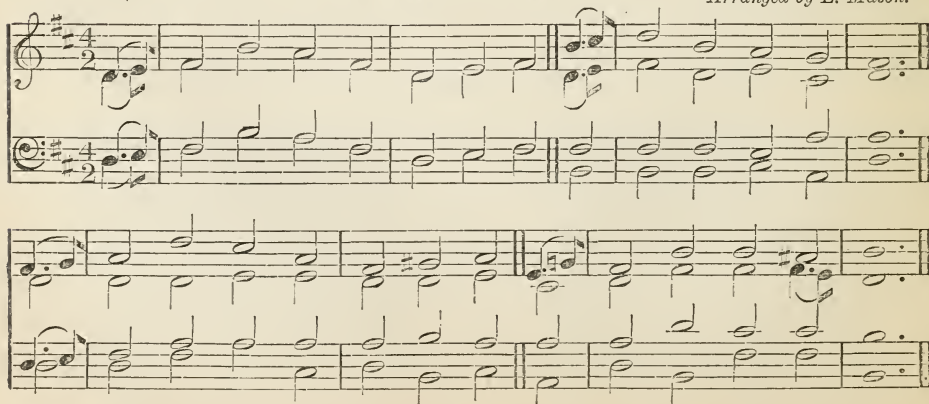
- m* 1 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?
- mp* 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
- mf* 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed;

- Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
- m* 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.
- m* 5 I cannot serve Him as I ought;
No works have I to boast;
mf Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe Him most.

FELIX.—C.M.

Hymn 151.

Mendelssohn.
Arranged by L. Mason.



'I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

m 1 No strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright,
And what she has she misapplies
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toiled the precept to obey,
But toiled without success.

3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.

m 4 'Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose His ways.

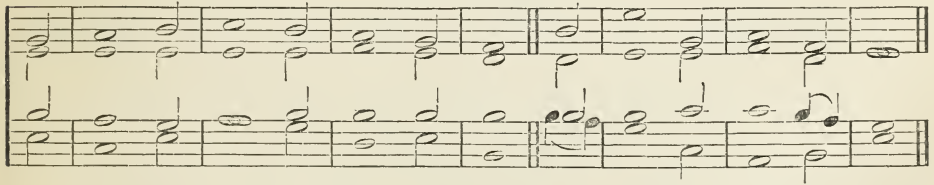
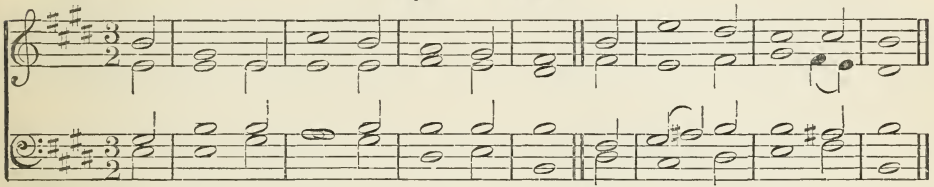
5 'What shall I do,' was then the word,
'That I may worthier grow?'
'What shall I render to the Lord?'
Is my enquiry now.

mf 6 To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
And hear His pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

BEDFORD.—C.M.

Hymn 152.

W. Wheal, 1745.



'Ye are bought with a price.'

mf 1 LET Him, to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert;
To Him we owe the grateful song,
To Him the loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for His own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

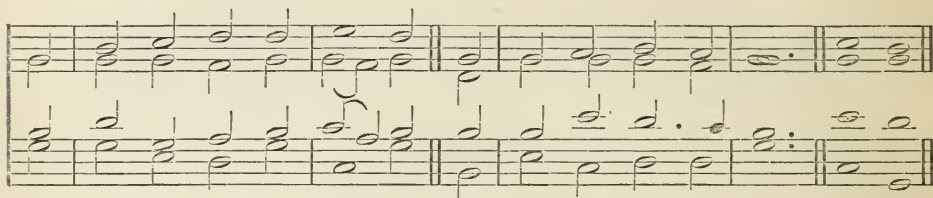
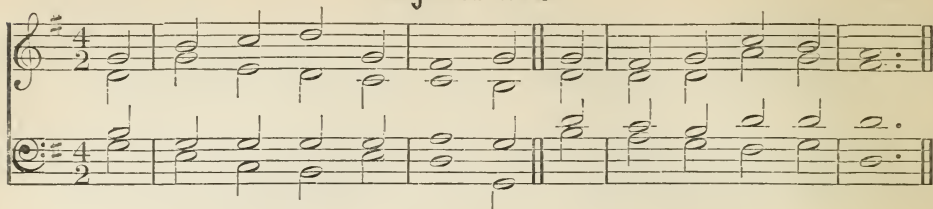
m 3 Jesus! Thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire;
And let us to Thy glory live,
And in Thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render Thee
Our all, no longer ours, but Thine
To all eternity.

ST. ALPHEGE.—7.6.7.6.

Hymn 153.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'Whom have I in heaven but Thee?'

mf 1 O THOU, whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With three-fold cords to Thee!

2 Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Saviour, mine!

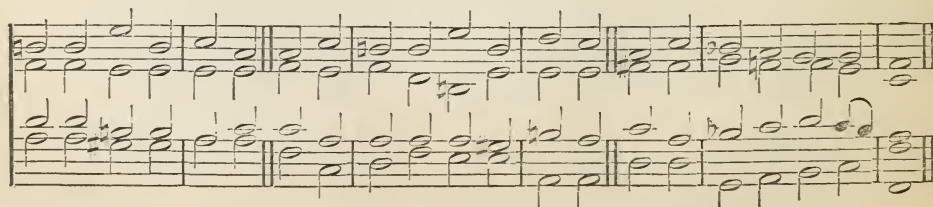
m 3 O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee,
In deed, or word, or thought!

4 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above! Amen.

Hymn 154.

THEODORE.—8.7.8.8.7.

Henry Smart.



'Christ is all.'

p 1 OH the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
m 'All of self, and none of Thee!'

mf 2 Yet He found me; *mp* I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree:
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father!'
And my wistful heart said faintly,
p 'Some of self, and some of Thee.'

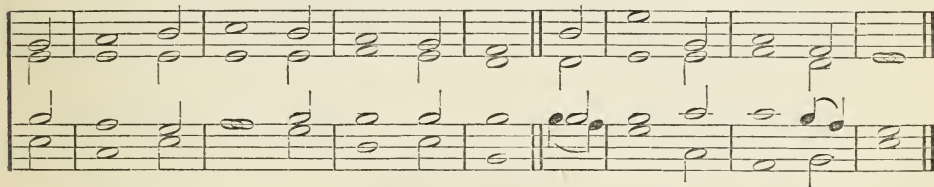
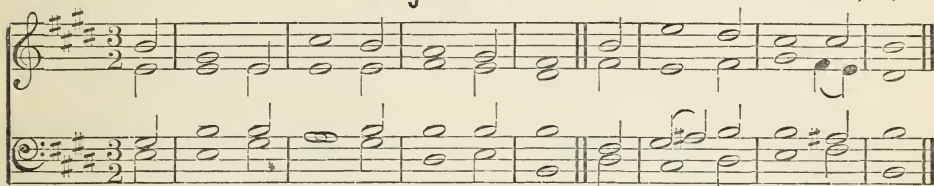
m 3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
p 'Less of self, and more of Thee.'

mf 4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
f 'None of self, and all of Thee.'

BEDFORD.—C.M.

Hymn 155.

W. Wheal, 1745.



'There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light
of Thy countenance upon us.'

mf 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

m 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

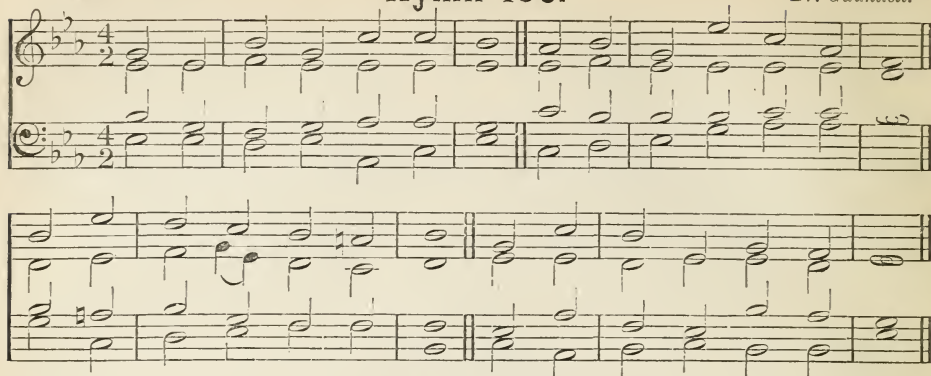
mf 4 Now, Lord! I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee;
mp But may I hope that Thou wilt own
A worthless one like me?

mf 5 Yes: though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt Thy will;
For, if Thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused Thee still.

ST. MALO.—7.7.7.7.

Hymn 156.

Dr. Gauntlett.

*'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'*

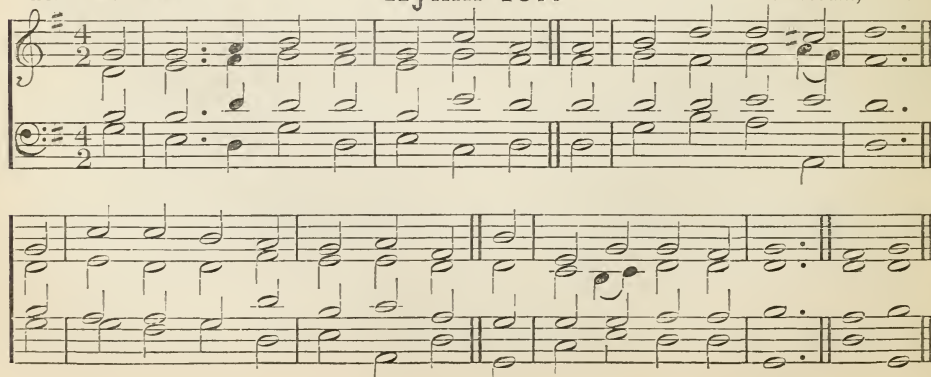
- mf* 1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
 Christ, the spring of all my joy,
 Still in Thee may I be found,
 Still for Thee my powers employ.
- 2 Let Thy love my heart inflame;
 Keep Thy fear before my sight;
 Be Thy praise my highest aim;
 Be Thy smile my chief delight.
- 3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
 Freely from Thy fulness give;
 Till I close my earthly race,
 May I prove it 'Christ to live.'
- f* 4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
 Nothing shall my heart confound;

- f* Safely I shall pass the flood,
 Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
- mp* 5 Thus, O thus an entrance give
 To the land of cloudless sky!
 Having known it 'Christ to live,'
 Let me know it 'gain to die:'—
- mf* 6 Gain, to part from all my griefs;
 Gain, to bid my sins farewell;
- f* Gain, of all my gains the chief,
 Ever with the Lord to dwell.
- m* 7 This, Thy people's favoured lot,
 Peace on earth, and bliss on high;
 This, the heritage they've got,
 'Christ to live, and gain to die.'

FARRANT.—C.M.

Hymn 157.

R. Farrant, 1585.



'Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.'

m 1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

mp 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
p 'Father, Thy will be done!'

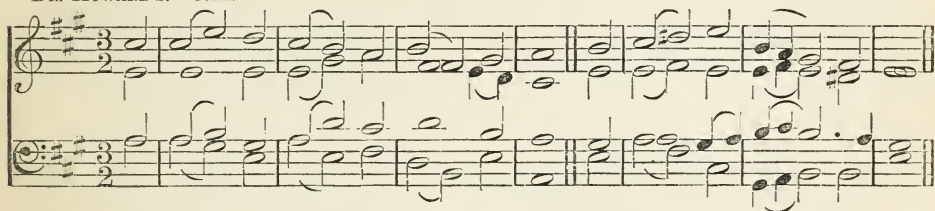
m 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven! Amen.

Hymn 158.

DR. HOWARD'S.—C.M.

Dr. Howard.



'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.'

m 1 WITH love the Saviour's heart o'erflowed,
Love spake in every breath;
Supreme it reigned throughout His life,
And triumphed in His death.

2 Behold! this new command He gives
To those who bear His name,
That they shall one another love,
As He hath loved them.

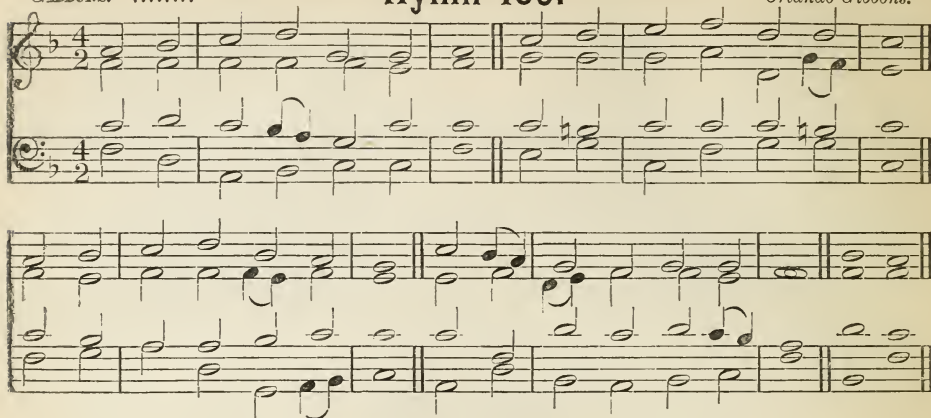
m 3 In every action, every thought,
Be this great law fulfilled;
Forgotten be each selfish aim,
Each angry passion stilled.

4 Let all who bear the name of Christ,
While they His sufferings view,
'Think of His words, 'Each other love,
As I have loved you.'

GIBBONS.—7.7.7.7.

Hymn 159.

Orlando Gibbons.



'Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace.'

1 JESUS, Lord! we look to Thee;
Let us in Thy name agree;
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our strifes for ever cease.

2 By Thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread Thy banner here!

3 Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,

m Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

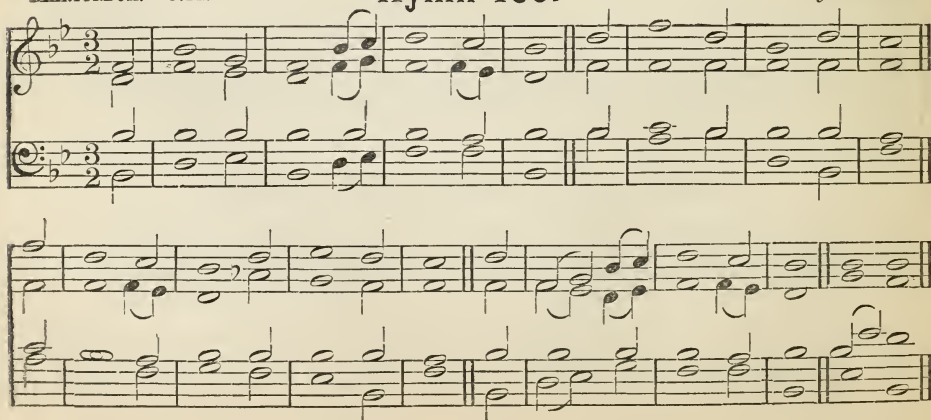
4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To Thy Church a pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

mf 5 Let us then with joy remove
To Thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die. Amen.

MARTYRDOM.—C.M.

Hymn 160.

Hugh Wilson.



'Renew a right spirit within me.'

m 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely spilt for me ;—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone !

m 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within ;—

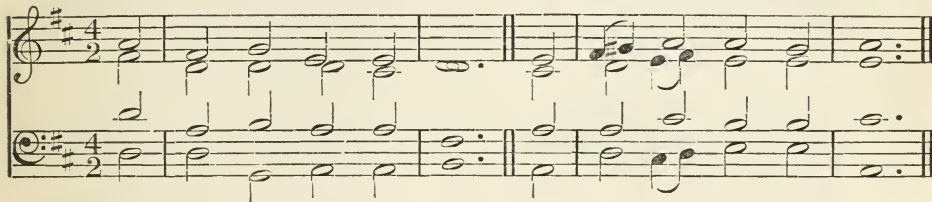
m 4 A heart, in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine !

m 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love. Amen.

Hymn 161.

SWABIA.—S.M.

Ancient German Melody.



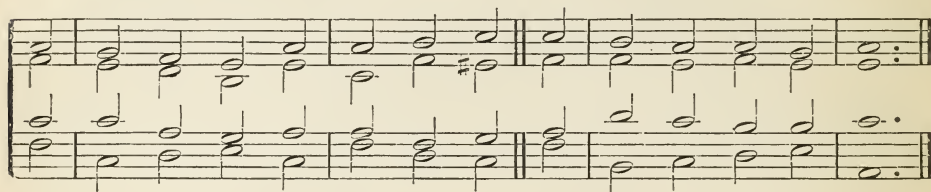
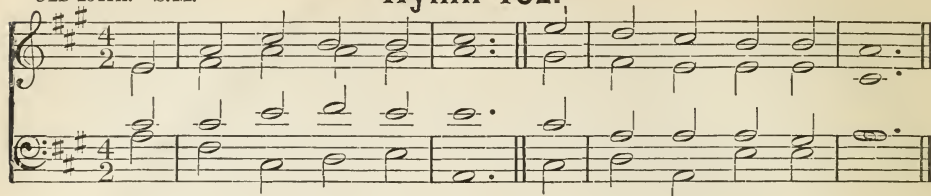
'Keep the charge of the Lord, that ye die not.'

m 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky,
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil ;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will !

m 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live ;
And oh ! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give !
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
> Assured, if I my trust betray,
p I shall for ever die.

OLD 134TH.—S.M.

Hymn 162.



'I say unto all, Watch.'

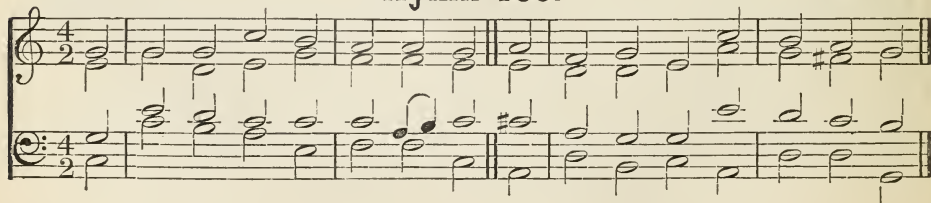
- m* 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- mf* 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- p*
- m* 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak He's near;

- m* Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- mf* 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

MAINZER.—L.M.

Hymn 163.

Dr. Mainzer.



'I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed.'

mf 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight blush to think of noon,
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

mf 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I so feebly love His name.

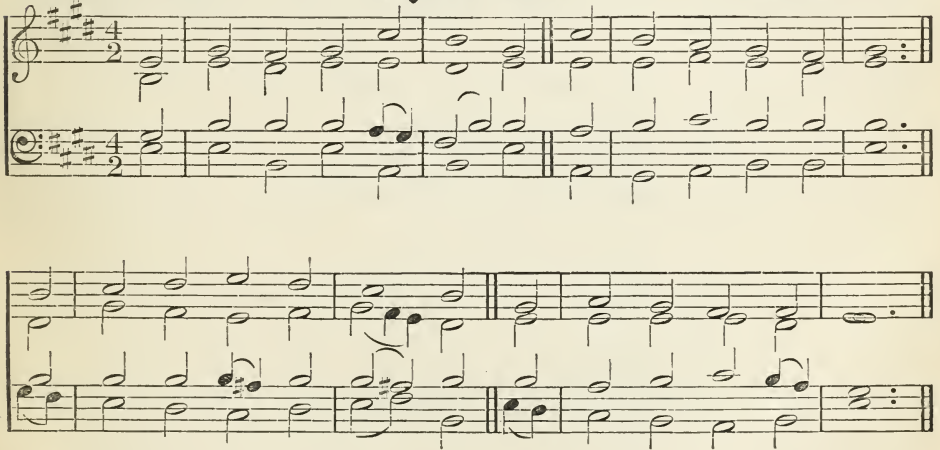
m 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no sins to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

f 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me! Amen.

HEIDELBERG.—7.6.7.6.

Hymn 164.

M. Vulpus, 1609.



'The Lord is my light and my salvation.'

mf 1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near.

2 Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;

f What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

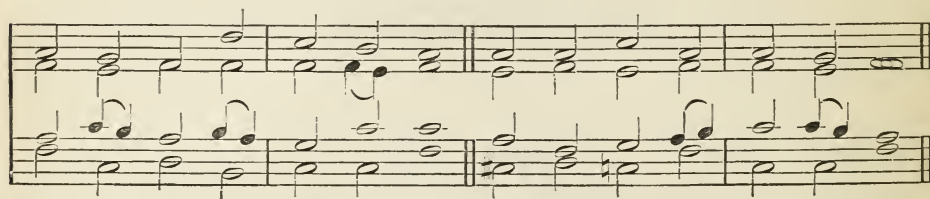
m 3 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
> When faint and desolate.

mf 4 His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

Hymn 165.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—7.7.7.7.

Dr. Gauntlett.



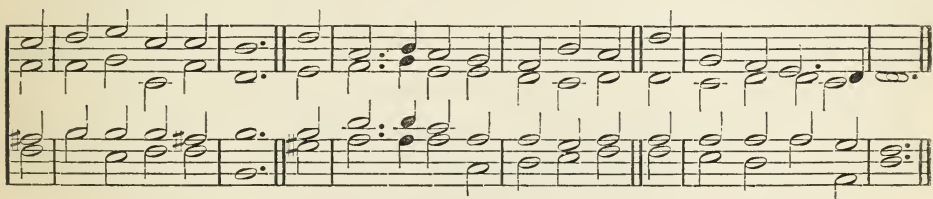
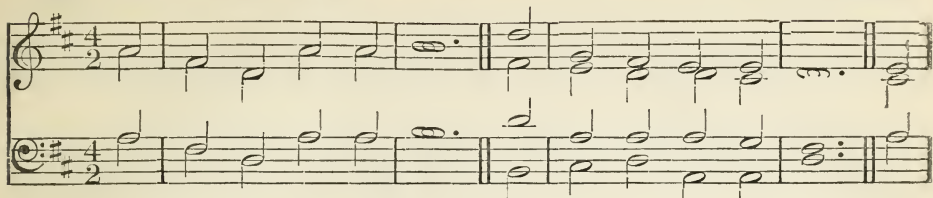
'Fight the good fight of faith.'

- mp* 1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
mf Onward, Christians! onward go;
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the Bread of Life.
- mf* 2 Onward, Christians! onward go;
 Join the war, and face the foe;
 Faint not, much doth yet remain,
 Dreary is the long campaign.
- mf* 3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
 Will ye quit the painful field?
 Will ye flee in danger's hour?
 Know ye not your Captain's power?
- 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
 March, in heavenly armour clad;
 Fight, nor think the battle long;
f Victory soon shall tune your song.
- mf* 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
 Soon shall every tear be dry:
 Let not woe your course impede:
 Great your strength, if great your need.
- f* 6 Onward, then, to battle move,
 More than conquerors ye shall prove;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go!

Hymn 166.

CERTA CLARUM CERTAMEN.—S.M. D.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'Put on the whole armour of God.'

mf 1 SOLDIERS of Christ! arise
And put your armour on!
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son,
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

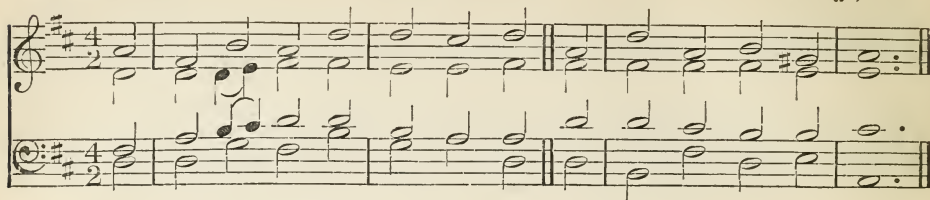
mf 2 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

mf 3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;—
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

Hymn 167.

ST. ANN.—C.M.

Dr. Croft, 1721.



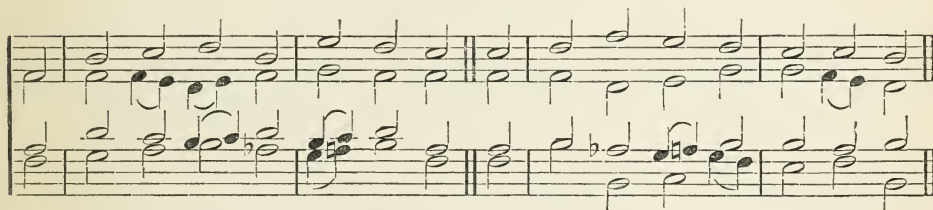
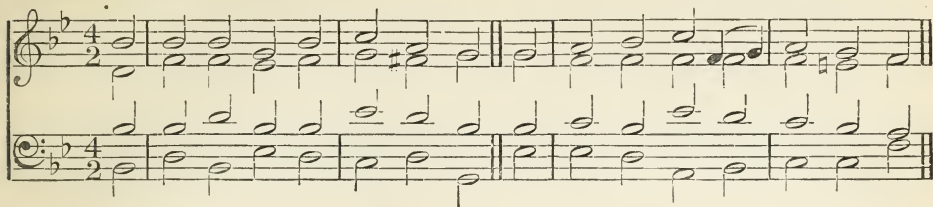
'So run that ye may obtain.'

- mf* 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ;—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun ;
f And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay mine honours down.

Hymn 168.

BRESLAU.—L.M.

Clauder's Psalmody, 1636.



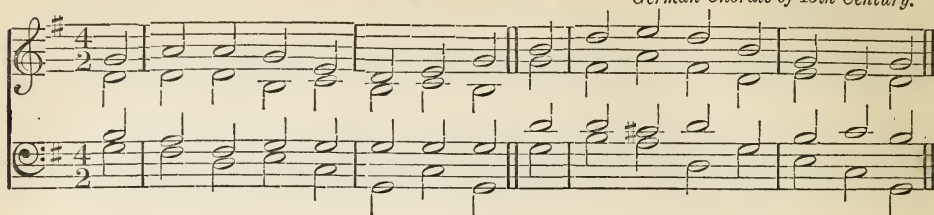
'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.'

- m* 1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.
- 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
mf His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
- m* 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
mp Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- m* 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
mf 'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.
- m* 5 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

SOLDAU.—L.M.

Hymn 169.

H. Dibdin, from an old
German Chorale of 13th Century.



'Clouds and darkness are round about Him.'

mp 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still!

Nor let a murmuring thought arise:

mf His ways are just, His counsels wise.

mp 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs His work, the cause conceals;

And, though His footsteps are unknown,

mf Judgment and truth support His throne.

mf 3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,

He executes His wise decrees;

And by His saints it stands confessed,

That what He does is ever best.

mp 4 Then, O my soul, submissive wait!

With reverence bow before His seat;

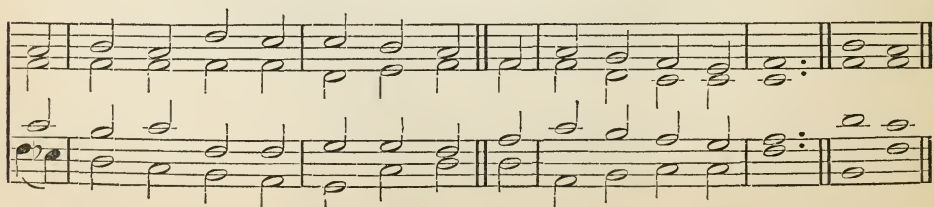
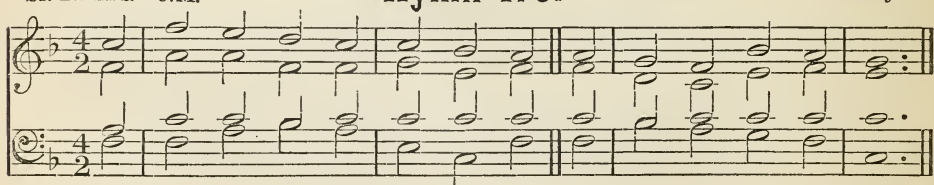
And, 'midst the terrors of His rod,

Trust in a wise and gracious God.

ST. PETER'S.—C.M.

Hymn 170.

A. Reinagle.



'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.'

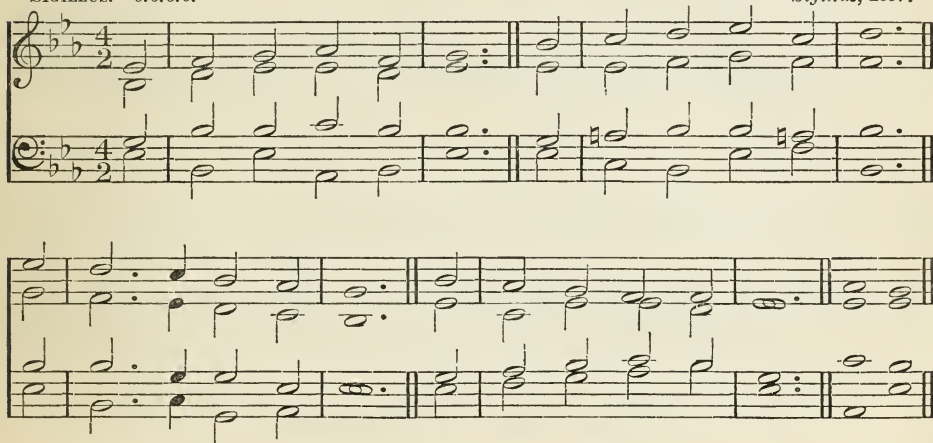
- m* 1 I BOW me to Thy will, O God!
And all Thy ways adore,
And, every day I live, I seek
To love Thee more and more.
- 2 I have no cares, O blessed God!
For all my cares are Thine;
mf I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

- m* 3 Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.
- 4 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will. Amen.

Hymn 171.

SIGILLUS.—6.6.6.6.

Sigillus, 1657.



'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.'

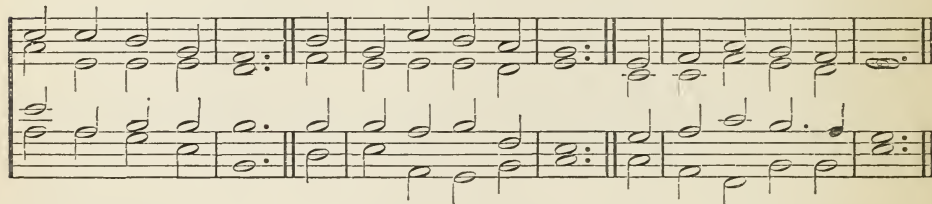
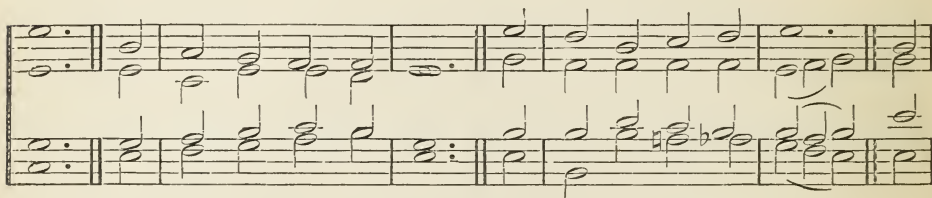
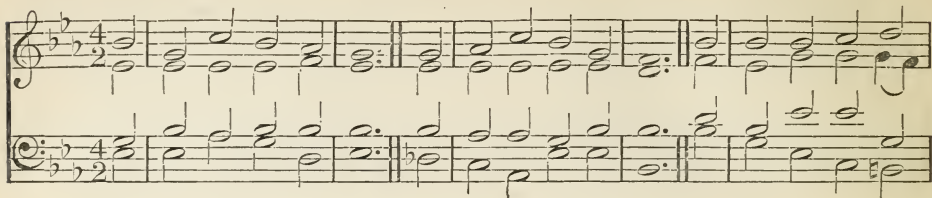
- m* 1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way

- That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill;
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
- mf* 7 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all. Amen.

Hymn 172.

BROADLANDS.—6.6.6.6. D.

Lausanne Psalter.



'It is the Lord; 'let Him do what seemeth Him good.'

m 1 My Saviour, as Thou wilt:
Oh, may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

m 2 My Saviour, as thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
p My Lord, Thy will be done!

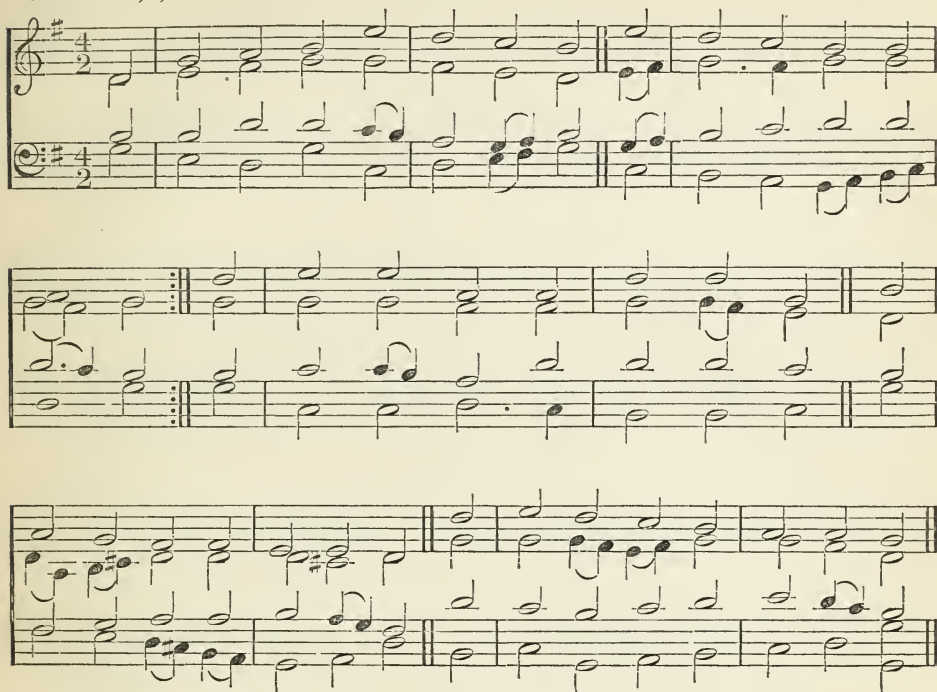
m 3 My Saviour, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
p My Lord, Thy will be done!

mf 4 My Saviour, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life and death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

Hymn 173.

BADEN—8.7; 4; 8.8.

Gastorius, 1676.



'It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.'

m 1 WHATE'ER my God ordains is right:
 Holy His will abideth;
 I will be still, whate'er He do'th,
 And follow where He guideth.
mf He is my God;
 Though dark my road,
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

m 2 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
 He never will deceive me;
 He leads me by the proper path;
 I know He will not leave me,
 And take content
 What He hath sent;
 His hand can turn my grief away,
 And patiently I wait His day.

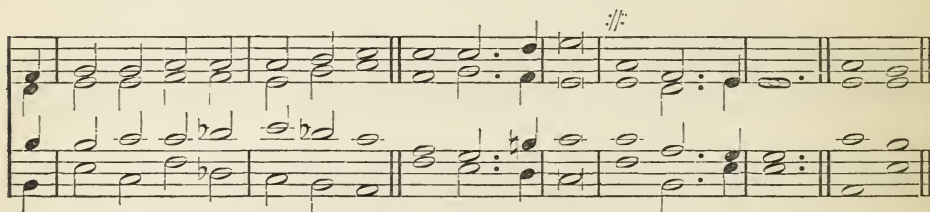
m 3 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
 Though now this cup in drinking
 May bitter seem to my faint heart,
 I take it, all unshrinking;
mf Tears pass away
 With dawn of day;
 Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
 And pain and sorrow shall depart.

mf 4 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
 Here shall my stand be taken;
 Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
 Yet am I not forsaken;
 My Father's care
 Is round me there;
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 And so to Him I leave it all.

Hymn 174.

AGATHA.—8.8.8.4.

W. Macfarren.

*'Thy will be done.'*

m 1 My God and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,

p 'Thy will be done.'

mp 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,

pp 'Thy will be done.'

mp 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,

pp 'Thy will be done.'

mp 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
< I only yield Thee what was Thine;

p 'Thy will be done.'

mp 5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,

pp 'Thy will be done.'

m 6 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest.
< My God, to Thee I leave the rest;

p 'Thy will be done.'

m 7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,

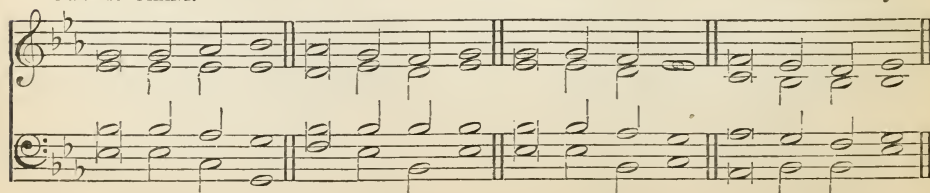
'Thy will be done.'

mp 8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
mf I'll sing upon a happier shore,

'Thy will be done.'

OR THIS CHANT.

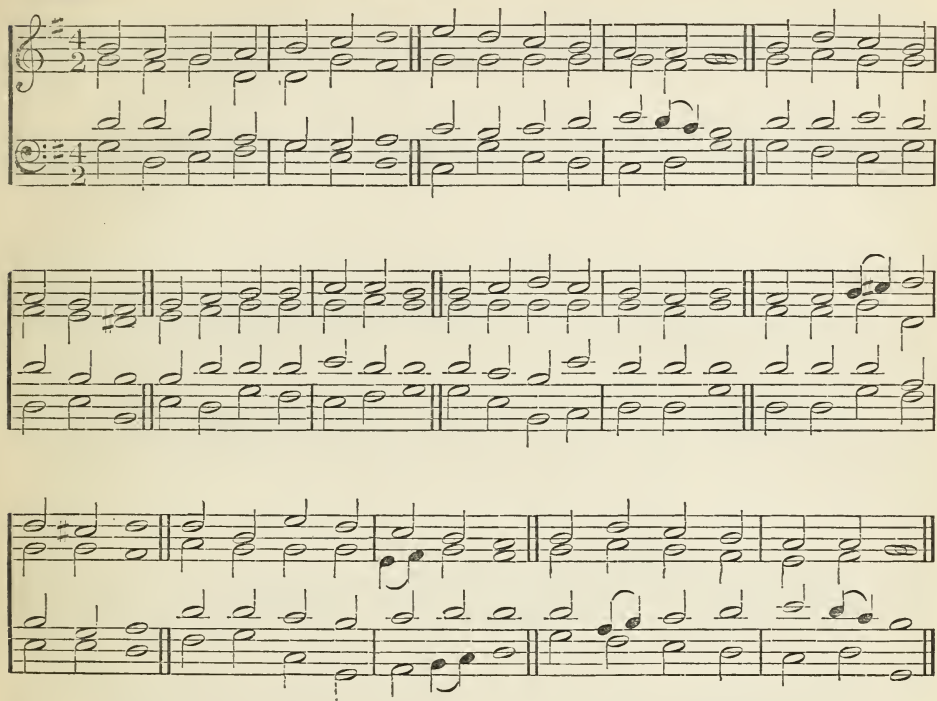
A. H. D. Troyte.



Hymn 175.

HEBRON.—7.7.7.7. D.

J. S. Bach.

*'My times are in Thy hand.'*

m 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise,
 All my times are in Thy hand;
 All events at Thy command.
 He that formed me in the womb,
 He shall guide me to the tomb;
 All my times shall ever be
 Ordered by His wise decree.

m 2 Times of sickness, times of health,
 Times of penury and wealth,
 Times of trial and of grief,
 Times of triumph and relief,
 Times the tempter's power to prove,
 Times to taste a Saviour's love,—
 All must come, and last, and end,
 As shall please my heavenly Friend.

mp 3 Plagues and death around me fly;
mf Till He bids I cannot die;
 Not a single shaft can hit
 Till the God of love sees fit.

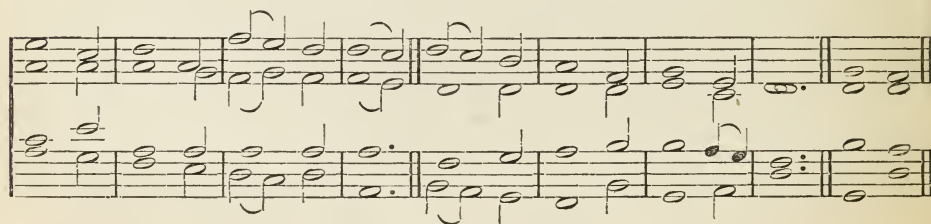
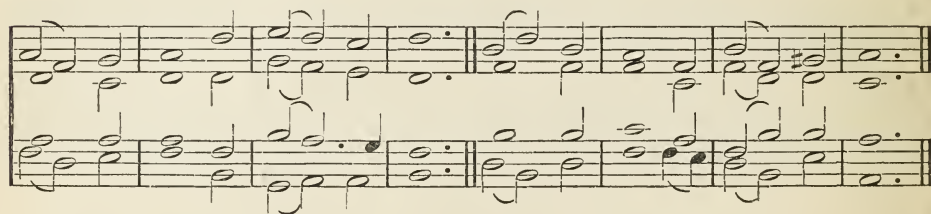
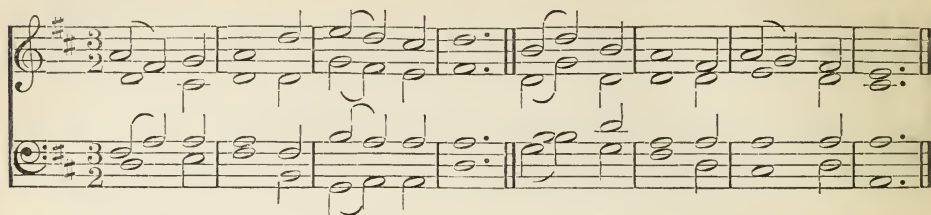
m O Thou, gracious, wise, and just,
 In Thy hands my life I trust;
 Have I somewhat dearer still?
 I resign it to Thy will.

m 4 May I always own Thy hand,
 Still to the surrender stand,
 Know that Thou art God alone;
 I and mine are all Thy own.

mf Thee at all times will I bless;
 Having Thee, I all possess:
 How can I bereaved be,
 Since I cannot part with Thee!

Hymn 176.

WELLS.—7.7.7.7.7.7.



'My soul is even as a weaned child.'

mp 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art;
 Make me as a weaned child,
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

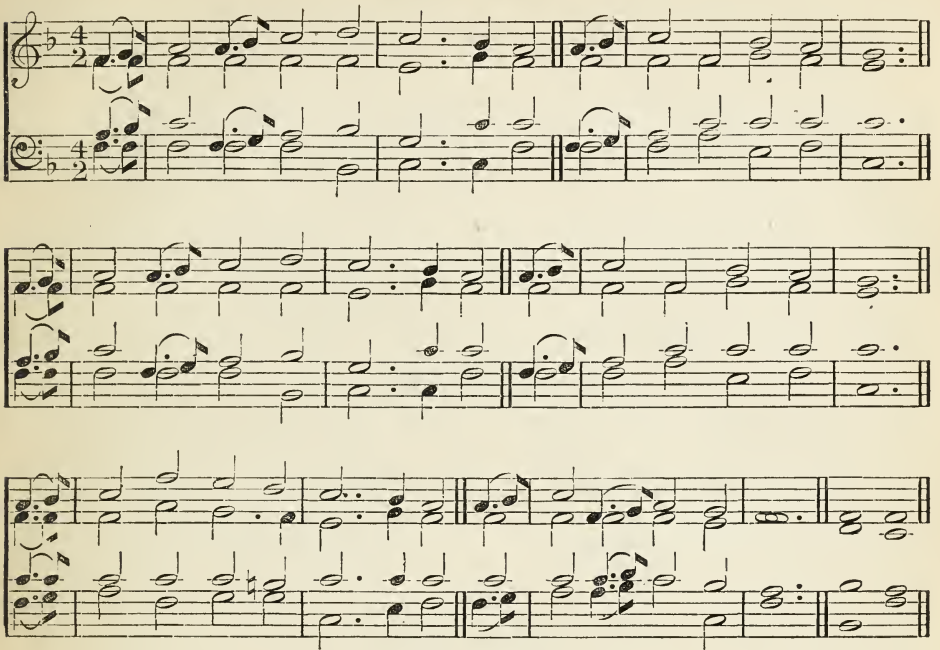
m 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide.
 Let me as a child receive;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
 Why should I the burden bear?

m 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
mf Fears to stir a step alone;
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

m 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon Thy smiles,
 Till the promised hour appears,
mf When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love. Amen.

Hymn 177.

LAVINGTON.—S.G.S.G.S.G.



'My times are in Thy hand.'

m 1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

m 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

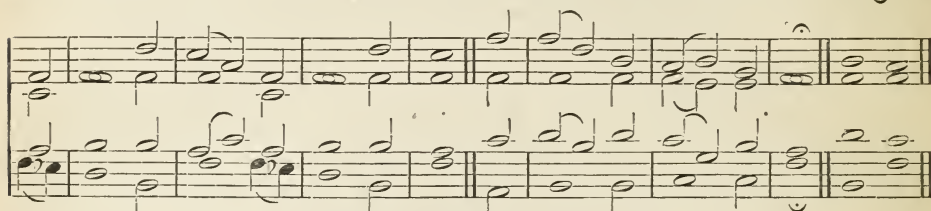
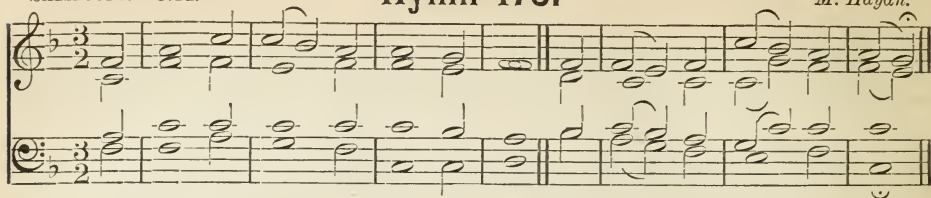
4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

m 5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified. Amen.

SALZBOURG.—C.M.

Hymn 178.

M. Haydn.

*'Godliness with contentment is great gain.'*

m 1 LORD, teach me to adore Thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow;
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

2 And oh! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise,—

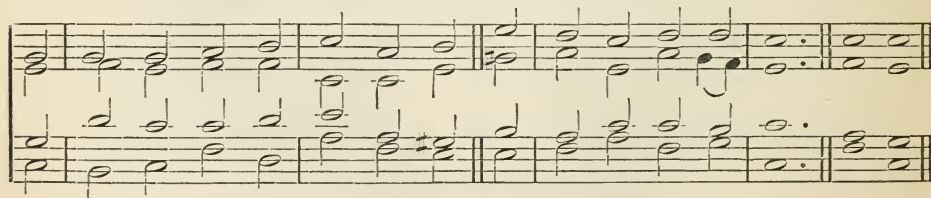
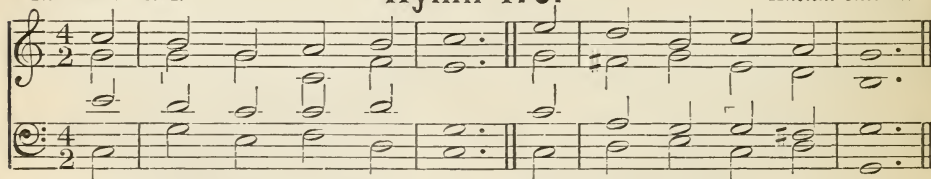
mp 3 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

4 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end. Amen.

NARENZA.—S.M.

Hymn 179.

Ancient Chorale.

*'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.'*

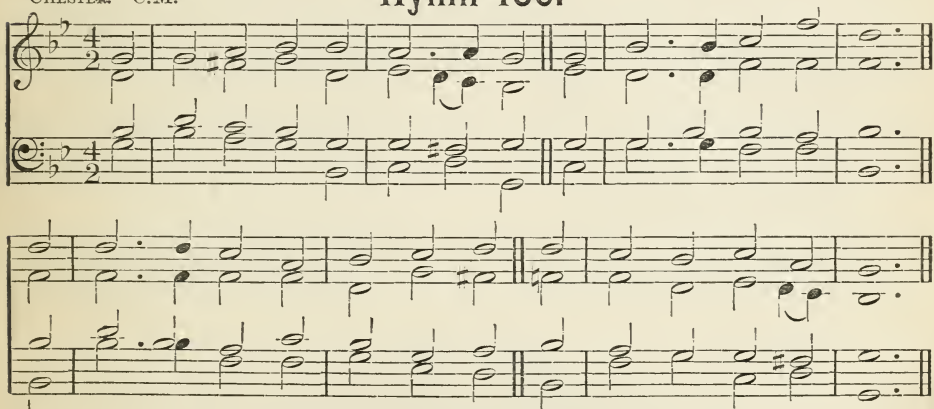
m 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth, and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

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| <p><i>m</i> 3 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 4 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thysighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.</p> <p>5 Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 6 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose, and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way
How wise, how strong His hand!</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 7 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear;
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 8 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!</p> <p><i>m</i> 9 Thou everywhere hast way,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 10 Let us, in life and death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care. Amen.</p> |
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CHESTER.—C.M.

Hymn 180.



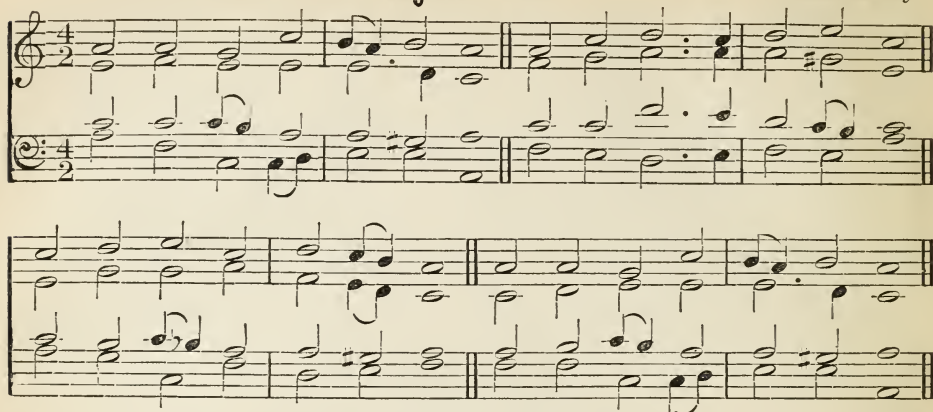
'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'

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| <p><i>m</i> 1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.</p> <p>2 If death shall bruise this springing seed
Before it come to fruit,
The will with Thee goes for the deed;
Thy life was in the root.</p> <p>3 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To rise to endless day?</p> <p>4 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before:</p> | <p><i>m</i> He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 5 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessed face to see; [meet
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?</p> <p>6 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing JEHOVAH's praise.</p> <p><i>m</i> 7 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
<i>mf</i> But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.</p> |
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LIGURIA.—7.7.7.7.

Hymn 181.

Ancient Melody.

*'What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?'*

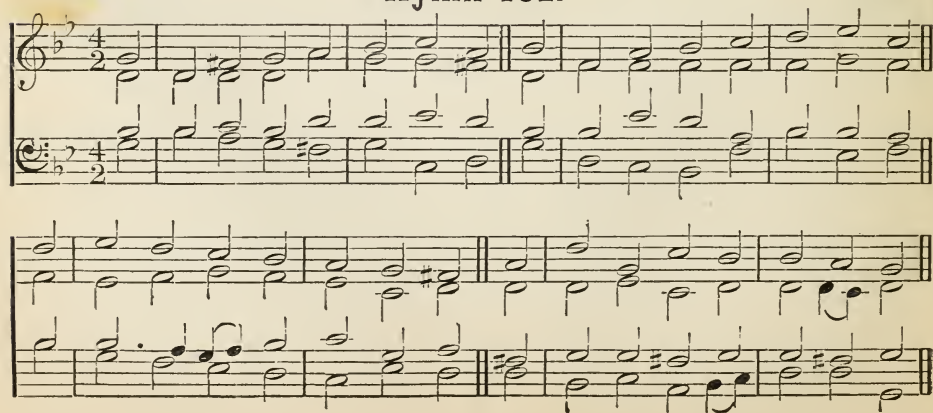
- m 1 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must, and will befall:
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;

- m Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 4 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway?
- 5 Aliens may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

CANNONS.—L.M.

Hymn 182.

Handel.



'I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me.'

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| <p><i>p</i> 1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.</p> <p><i>p</i> 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?</p> <p><i>mp</i> 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?</p> | <p><i>Δ</i> Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?</p> <p><i>m</i> 4 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with Thee;
They, whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.</p> <p><i>m</i> 5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
<i>mf</i> And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.</p> |
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Hymn 183.

FIDUCIA.—7.7.7.7.

S. S. Wesley.



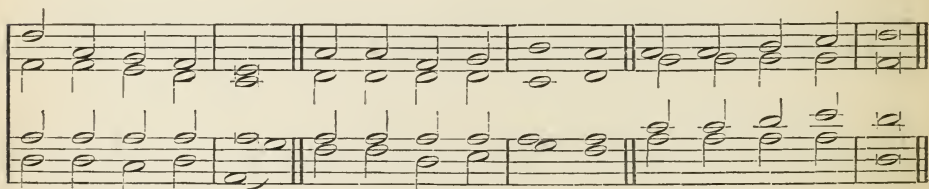
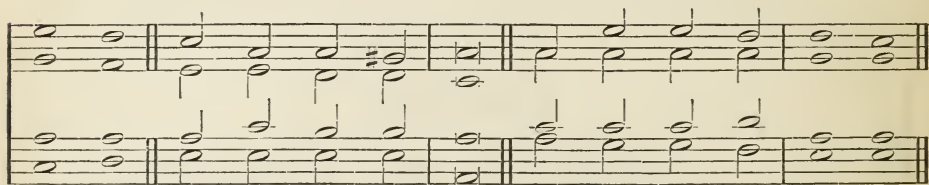
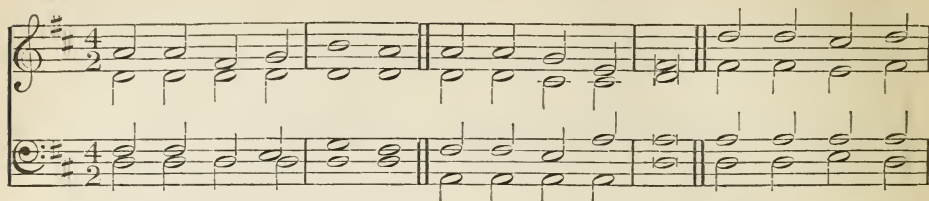
'It is I; be not afraid.'

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| <p><i>p</i> 1 WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul—
<i>f</i> 'It is I; be not afraid.'</p> <p><i>mp</i> 2 When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm—
<i>f</i> 'It is I; be not afraid.'</p> <p><i>p</i> 3 When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart—
<i>f</i> 'It is I; be not afraid.'</p> | <p><i>p</i> 4 When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
Oh may then the mourner hear—
<i>pp</i> 'It is I; be not afraid.'</p> <p><i>p</i> 5 When with wearing hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain—
<i>pp</i> 'It is I; be not afraid.'</p> <p><i>p</i> 6 When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
< May the voice be strong and clear—
<i>f</i> 'It is I; be not afraid.' Amen.</p> |
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Hymn 184.

DAMASCUS.—6.5.6.5. D

E. R. B.



'As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.'

mp 1 Oh, let him whose sorrow
 No relief can find,
 < Trust in God and borrow
 Ease for heart and mind.
p Where the mourner, weeping,
 Sheds the secret tear,
m God His watch is keeping,
 Though none else be near.

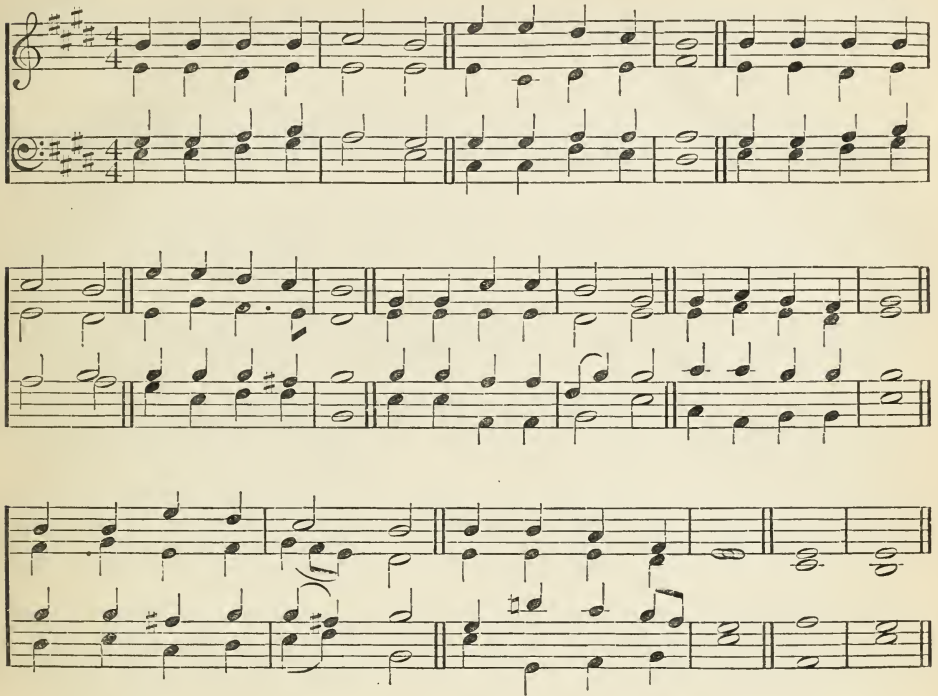
m 2 God will never leave thee;
 All thy wants He knows.
 Feels the pains that grieve thee,
 Sees thy cares and woes:
 If in grief thou languish
 He will dry the tear,
 Who His children's anguish
 Soothes, with succour near.

mp 3 All thy woe and sadness,
 In this world below,
 Balance not the gladness
 Thou in heaven shalt know,
mf When thy gracious Saviour,
 In the realms above,
 Crowns thee with His favour,
 Fills thee with His love.

Hymn 185.

BOHEMIA.—6.5.6.5. D.

German.



'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.'

m 1 In the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee :
When 'Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

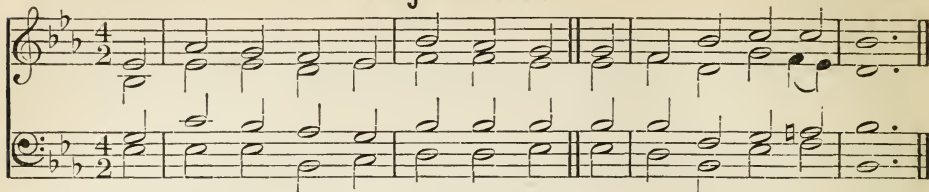
mf 2 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice ;
Then, upon 'Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

p 3 When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
mf While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life. Amen.

St. FRANCES.—C.M.

Hymn 186.

G. A. Löhr



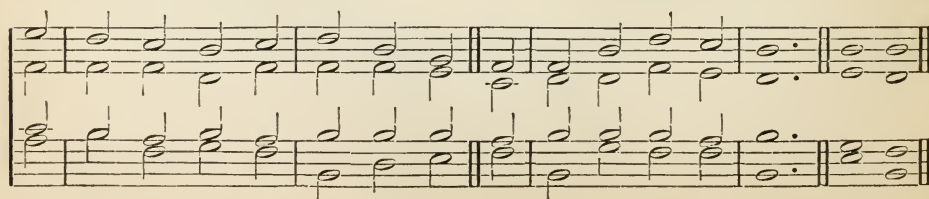
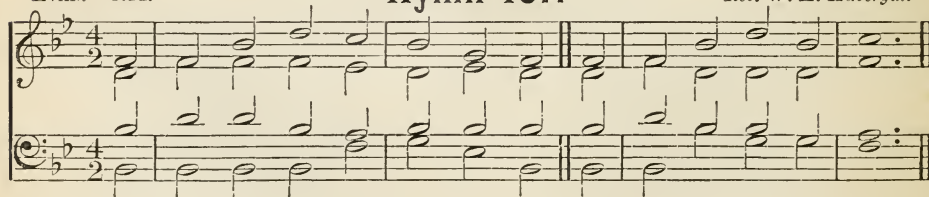
'Remember Thou me, for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.'

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| <p><i>m</i> 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
<i>p</i> In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
<i>p</i> 2 When, groaning, on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
< My pardon speak, new peace impart ;
> In love, remember me.
<i>mp</i> 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee ;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day ;
For good, remember me.</p> | <p><i>p</i> 4 Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Hear, and remember me.
<i>mp</i> 5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
<i>mf</i> All hail ! reproach, and welcome ! shame,
If Thou remember me.
<i>pp</i> 6 The hour is near ; consigned to death,
I own the just decree ;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, 'Remember me.' Amen.</p> |
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EVAN.—C.M.

Hymn 187.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



'Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.'

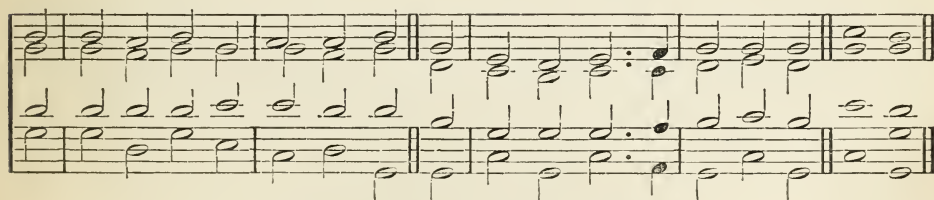
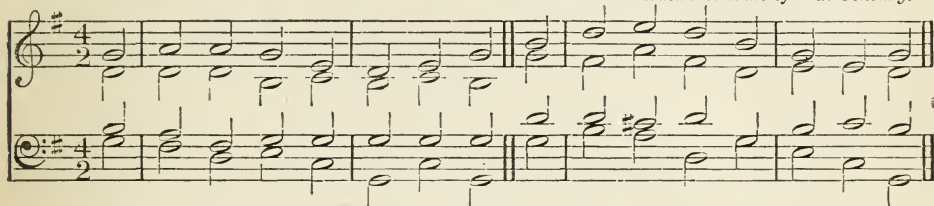
- mp* 1 Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- m* 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
- p* But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

- mp* 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
< I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- m* 5 The dearest idol I have known,
What'e'r that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne.
And worship only Thee.
- m* 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
- mf* So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

SOLDAU.—L.M.

Hymn 188.

*H. Dibdin, from an old
German Chorale of 13th Century.*



'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'

- m* 1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my Almighty Friend!
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- mp* 2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

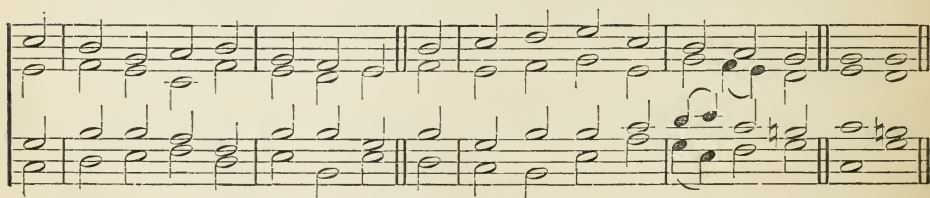
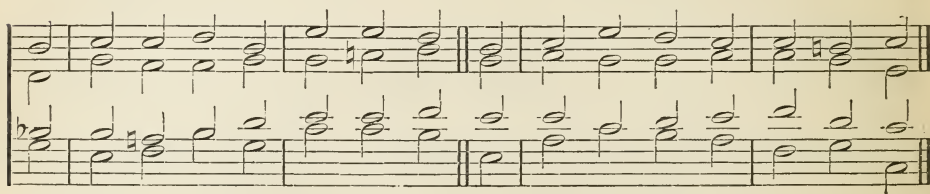
- mf* 3 Eternal life Thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While Thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of Thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

- mp* 5 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
f Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine. Amen.

Hymn 189.

Eber.—S.S.S.S.S.S.

Ulenberg, Psalmen 1582.

*'Return unto Me, and I will return unto you.'*

mp 1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear and bow me to the rod;
 For Thee, not without hope, I mourn;
mf I have an Advocate above,
 A Friend before the throne of love.

m 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin,
 Yet once again I seek Thy face;
 Open Thine arms, and take me in,
 And freely my backslidings heal.
 And love the faithless sinner still.

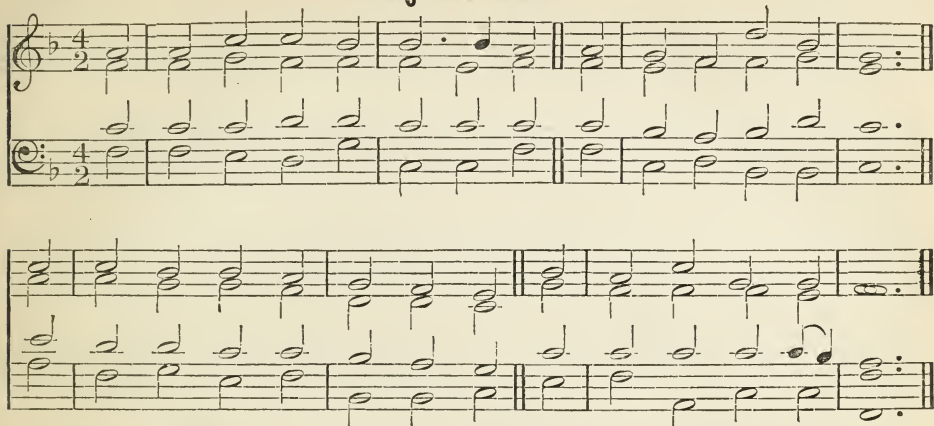
m 3 Thou knowest the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore;
 Oh! for Thy truth and mercy's sake
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at the approach of sin;
 A godly fear of sin impart,
 Implant and root it deep within,
 That I may dread Thy gracious power,
 And never dare offend Thee more. Amen.

SOUTHWOLD.—C. M.

Hymn 190.

Dr. Gauntlett.



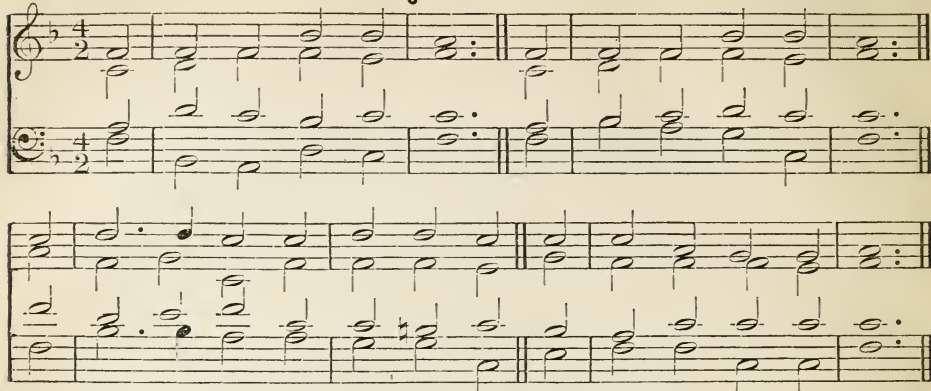
'In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.'

- m* 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.
- p* 3 Dear dying Lamb! *m* Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- m* 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- mf* 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.
- m* 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
 Unworthy though I be,
 For me a blood-bought, free reward,
 A golden harp for me.
- f* 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
 And formed by power divine,
 To sound, in God the Father's ears,
 No other name but Thine.

ST. JEROME.—S.M.

Hymn 191.

Dr. Gauntlett.

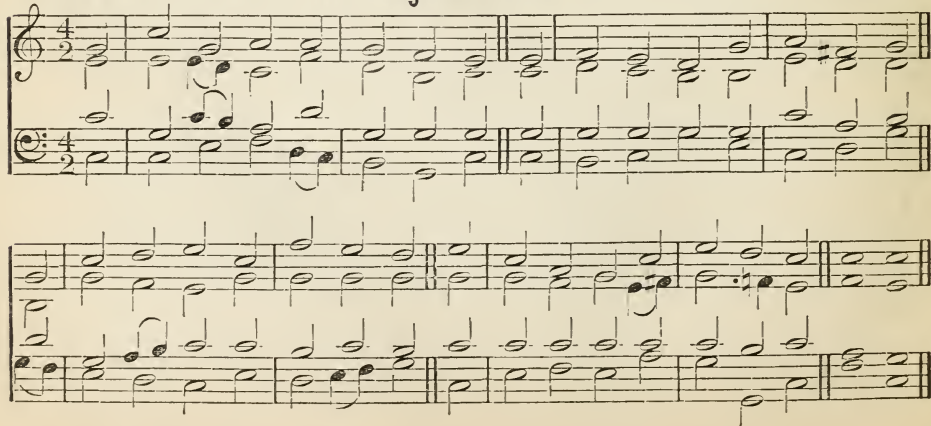
*'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'*

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| <p><i>mp</i> 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,</p> | <p><i>mp</i> While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.</p> <p><i>p</i> 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.</p> |
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WINCHESTER or CRASSLIUS.—L.M.

Hymn 192.

Crassellius.



'And this is His name whereby He shall be called, **THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.**'

mf 1 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

m 3 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
mf Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

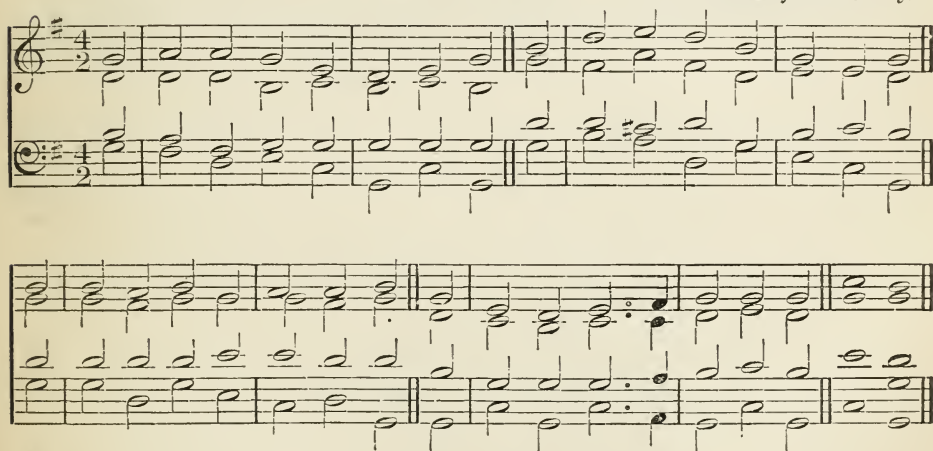
f 4 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me—
For me, a full atonement made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

f 5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness. Amen.

SOLDAU.—L. M.

Hymn 193.

*H. Dibdin, from an old
German Chorale of 13th Century.*



'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'

m 1 And dost Thou say, Ask what thou wilt?
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of Thine image let me bear;
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

m 3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from Thy joy to draw my strength;
To have Thy boundless love revealed
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

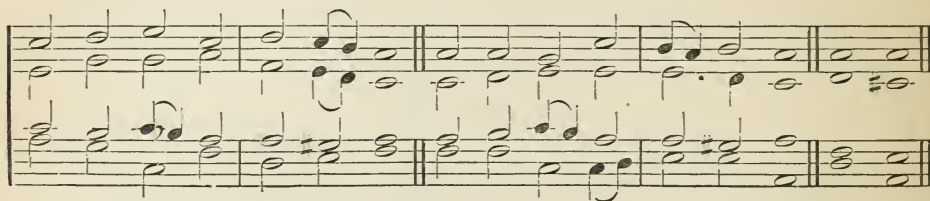
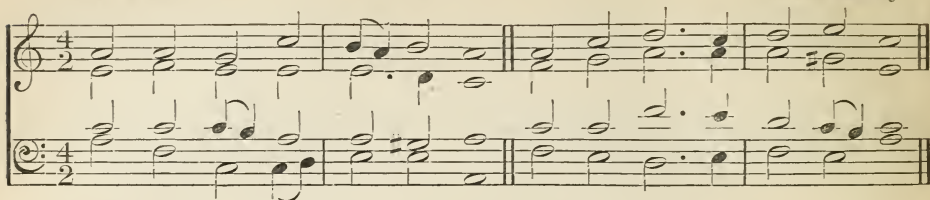
m 4 Grant these requests; I ask no more,
But to Thy care the rest resign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if Thou art mine.

Amen.

Hymn 194.

LIGURIA.—7.7.7.7.

Ancient Melody.



'Ask, and it shall be given you.'

m 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore, will not say thee nay.

mf 2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

p 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt

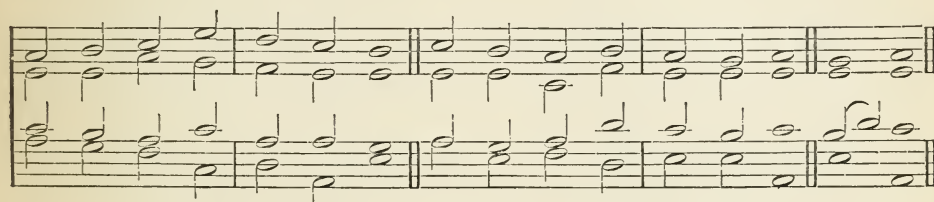
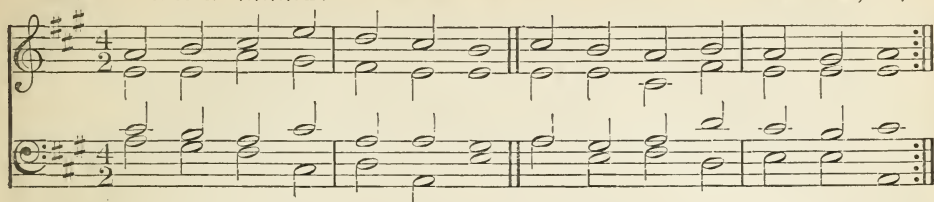
p 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
m Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

m 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end! Amen.

Hymn 195.

LUCERNE or CASSEL.—7.7.7.7. D.

Moravian, 1784.



'For to me to live is Christ.'

m 1 OBJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus, crucified for me!
 All to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in Thee:
mf Thee to please, and Thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below;
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.

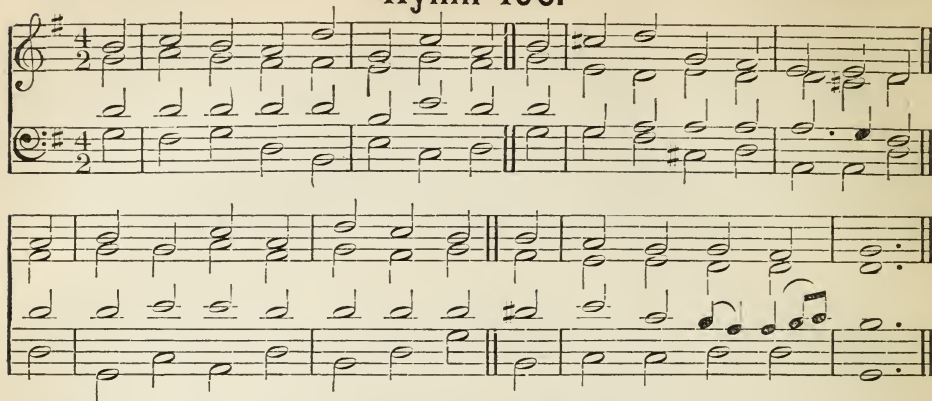
mp 2 Lord! it is not life to live,
 If Thy presence 'Thou deny;
mf Lord! if 'Thou Thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die.
m Source and giver of repose,
 Singly from Thy smile it flows:
 Peace and happiness are Thine;
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

mf 3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
 Every object teems with joy;
 Here, O may I walk with Thee,
 Then into Thy presence die!
> Let me but Thyself possess,
mf Total sum of happiness!
 Real bliss I then shall prove,
 Heaven below, and heaven above. Amen.

CROYLAND.—8.8.8.6.

Hymn 196.

Dr. Gauntlett.

*'My soul followeth hard after Thee: Thy right hand upholdeth me.'*

m 1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen!
 Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,
 Help me throughout life's varying scene,
 By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
 Even as the branches to the vine,
 My soul would cling to Thee.

3 Without a murmur I dismiss
 My former dreams of earthly bliss,

mf My joy, my consolation this,
 Each hour to cling to Thee.

mp 4 What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and joys remove,

With patient, uncomplaining love
 Still would I cling to Thee.

5 Oft when I seem to tread alone [grown,
 Some barren waste, with thorns o'er-
 Thy voice of love in gentlest tone
 Whispers, 'Still cling to Me.'

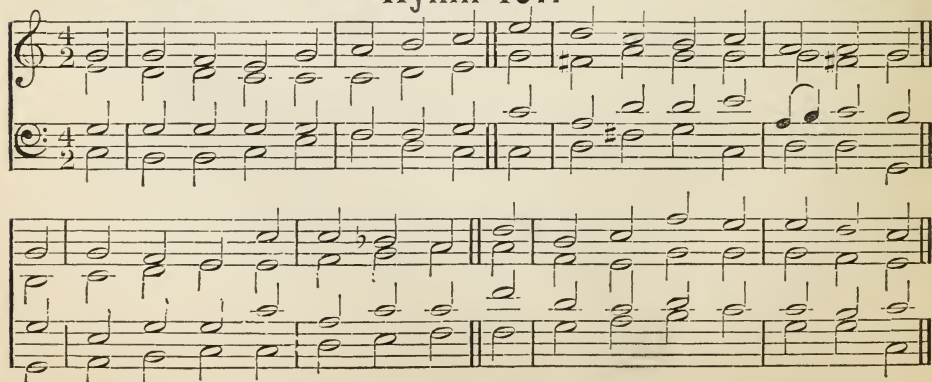
m 6 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
 I ask not, need not aught beside;
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The souls that cling to Thee!

mf 7 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall,
 What can disturb me, who appal,
 While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
 Saviour, I cling to Thee!

LUX ALMA.—L.M.

Hymn 197.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'Nevertheless I am continually with Thee.'

m 1 O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment.

2 All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

m 3 To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

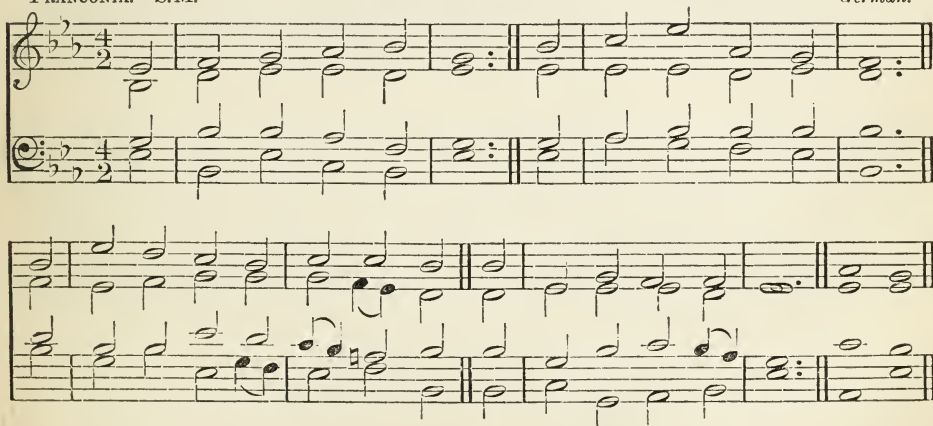
mp 5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot !

mf But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Hymn 198.

FRANCONIA. — S.M.

German.



'I am continually with Thee.'

m 1 STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee :

2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer :

3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice where time's is loud,
M Speak softly to my heart :

m 4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind ;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee, my heart would find :

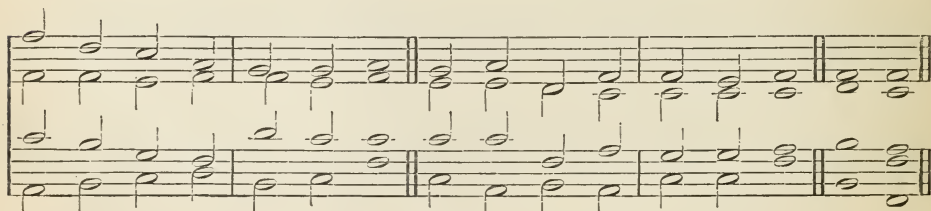
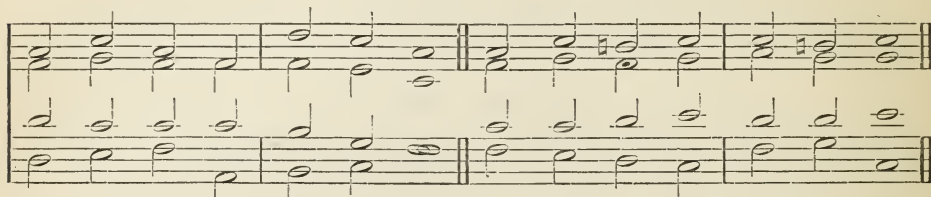
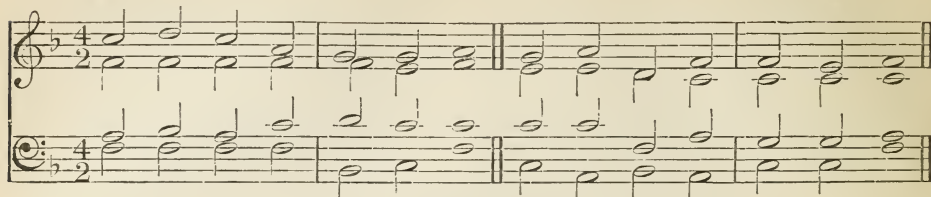
mp 5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose ;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

m 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee. Amen.

Hymn 199.

ST. CLEMENT.—7.7.7.7.7.7.

C. Steggall, Mus. Doc.



'I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.'

mp 1 Son of God, to Thee I cry;
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.

p 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.

mf 3 Prince of life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
mp Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.

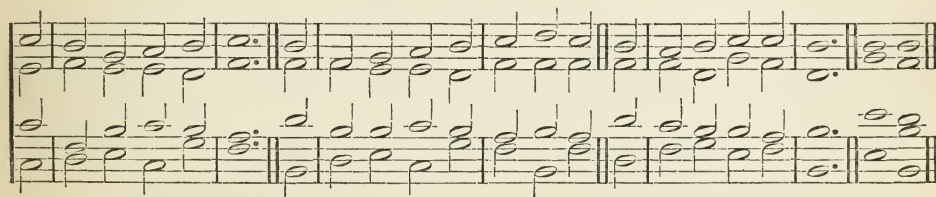
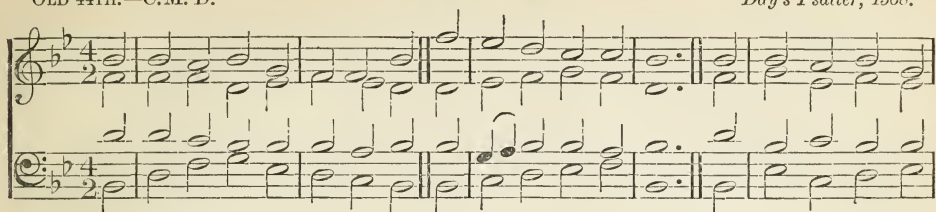
f 4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see;
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

Amen.

Hymn 200.

OLD 44TH.—C. M. D.

Day's Psalter, 1568.



'My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.'

mf 1 O! who is like the Mighty One,
Whose throne is in the sky,
Who compasseth the universe
With His all-searching eye,
At whose creative word appeared
The dry land and the sea?
mp My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee!

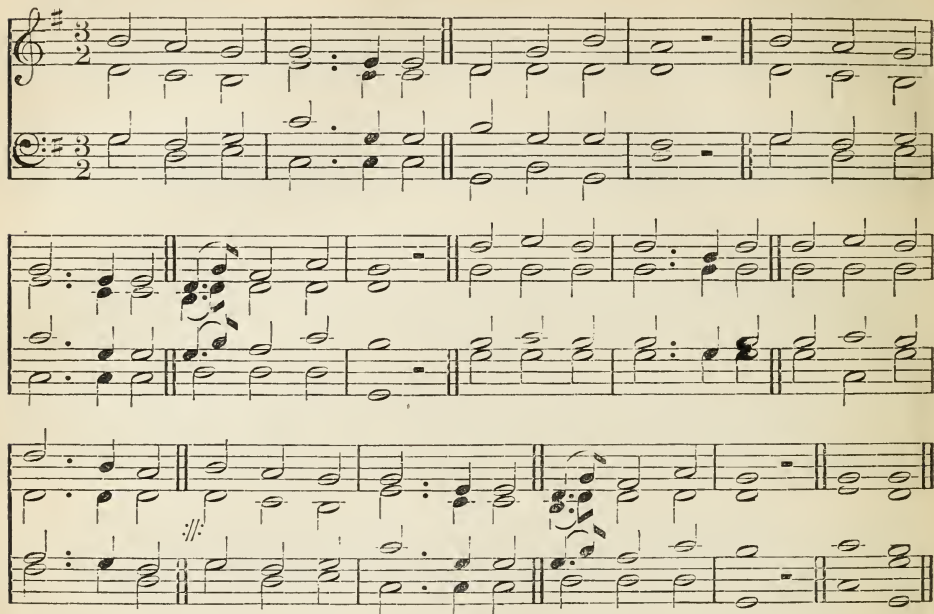
mf 2 Around Him suns and systems swim
In harmony and light;
Beside Him harps angelic hymn
His praises day and night;
mp Yet to the contrite in the dust
For mercy turn will He:
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee!

m 3 Yes! though unlimited His works,
His power upholds them all;
He clothes the lilies of the field,
And marks the sparrow's fall;
The ravens young cry not in vain,
Then will He pass not me:
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee! Amen.

Hymn 201.

BETHANY.—6.4; 6.6.4.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

*'My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.'*

p 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
< Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
mf Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

p 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
< Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

m 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

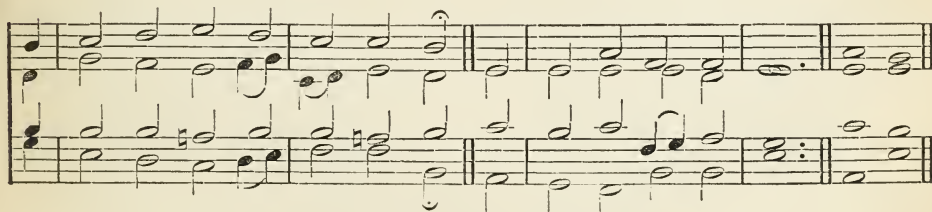
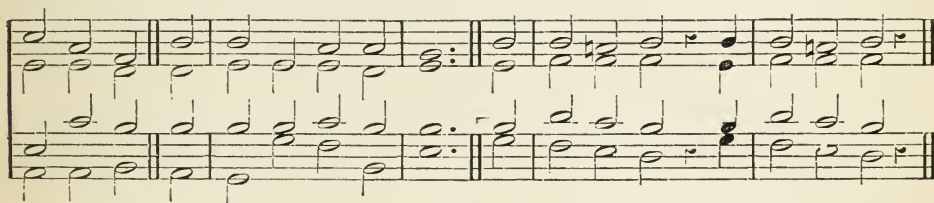
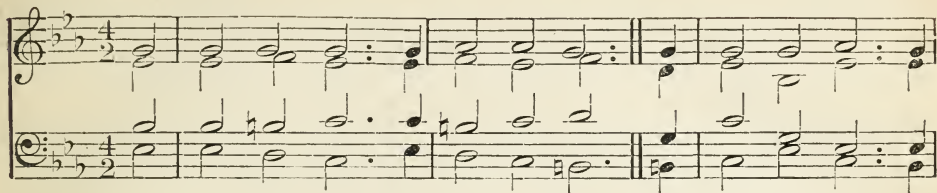
mf 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

f 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, still my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee! Amen.

Hymn 202.

GAUNTLETT.—S.S.G.S.S.G.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.'

m 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?

p I thirst, I pant, I faint to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

mf 2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The firstborn sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
p The length, and breadth, and height.

m 3 God only knows the love of God;
< Oh that it now were shed abroad
> In this poor stony heart!

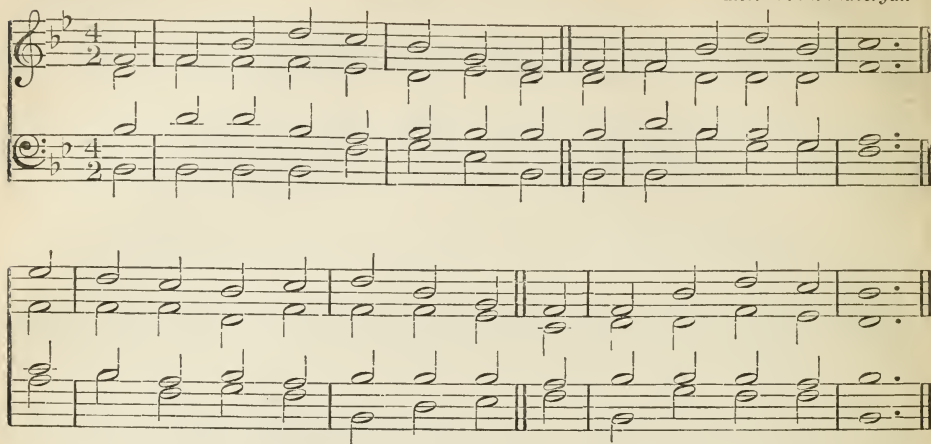
mf For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
p Be mine this better part.

mf 4 Oh that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice. Amen.

Hymn 203.

EVAN.—C.M.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



'He went up into a mountain apart to pray.'

mp 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem, by Thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow Thee.

mp 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
< O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

m 4 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

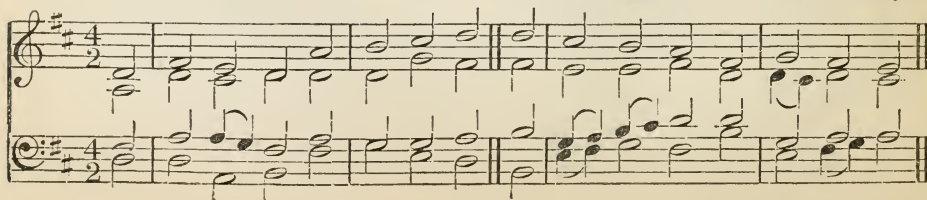
mf 5 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

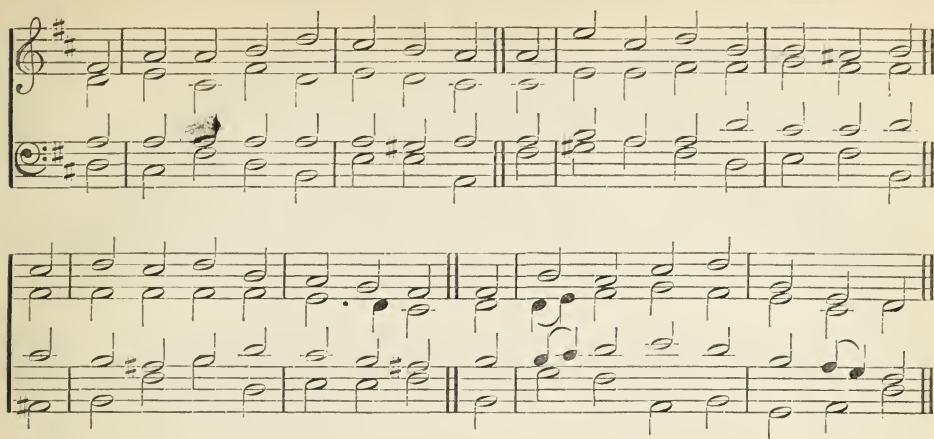
Hymn 204.

ROMSDAL.—8.8.8.8.8.8.

Lindeman.

Melodier til Landstads Salmebog.





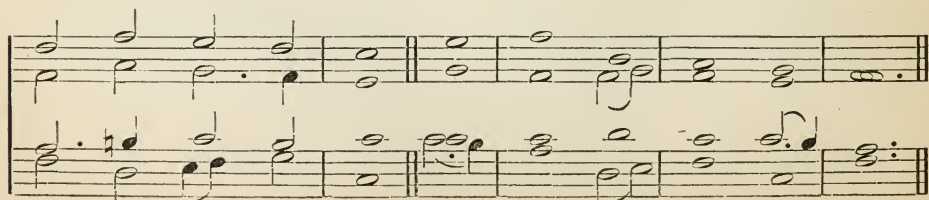
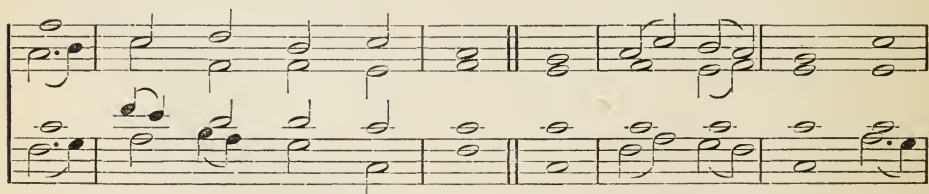
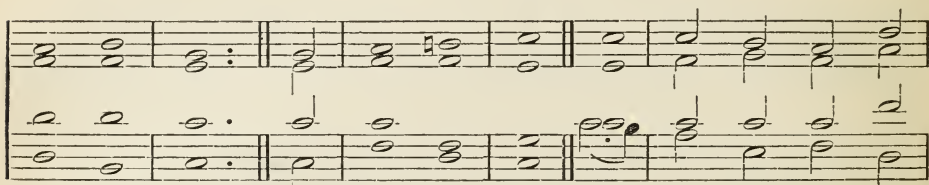
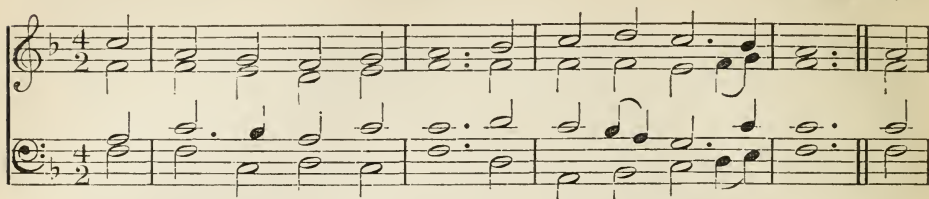
'There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.'

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p><i>m</i> 1 COME, O Thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.</p> <p><i>m</i> 2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands and read it there:
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.</p> <p><i>m</i> 3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art Thou the man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold:
<i>mf</i> Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.</p> <p><i>m</i> 4 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.</p> <p><i>m</i> 9 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
<i>mp</i> All helplessness, all weakness, I
<i>mf</i> On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move;
Thy nature, and Thy name is Love.</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 5 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
<i>f</i> Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
<i>ff</i> Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
<i>p</i> And tell me, if Thy name is Love?</p> <p><i>f</i> 6 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! <i>p</i> Thou didst for
I hear Thy whisper in my heart; [me!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art;
To me, to all Thy bowels move;
Thy nature, and Thy name is Love.</p> <p><i>m</i> 7 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature, and Thy name is Love.</p> <p><i>m</i> 8 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in His wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from
Thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature, and Thy name is Love.</p> |
|---|--|

Hymn 205.

PENUEL.—12.4.4.10.6.6.10.6.

Leipsic Melody.



'I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.'

mf 1 I WILL not let Thee go, Thou Help in time of need!

Heap ill on ill,

I trust Thee still,

> E'en when it seems that 'Thou wouldst slay indeed!

f Do as 'Thou wilt with me;

I yet will cling to Thee;

Hide Thou Thy face, yet, Help in time of need,

I will not let Thee go!

mf 2 I will not let Thee go; should I forsake my bliss?

No, Lord, 'Thou'rt mine,

And I am 'Thine;

'Thee will I hold when all things else I miss.

Though dark and sad the night,

Joy cometh with Thy light,

O 'Thou my Sun; should I forsake my bliss?

I will not let Thee go!

f 3 I will not let Thee go, my God, my Life, my Lord!

Not death can tear

Me from His care,

Who for my sake His soul in death outpour'd;

mp Thou diedst in love to me:

^ I say in love to Thee,

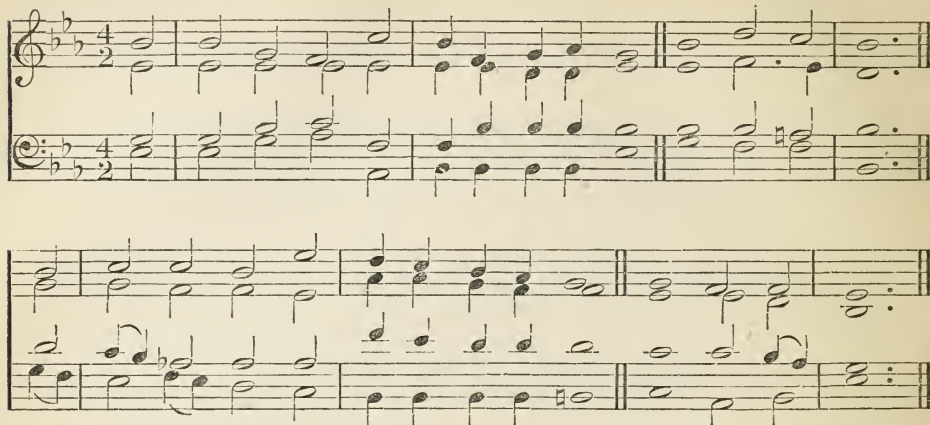
E'en when my heart shall break, my Life, my Lord,

f I will not let Thee go!

Hymn 206.

ASHGROVE.—10.4.10.4.

Henry Smart.

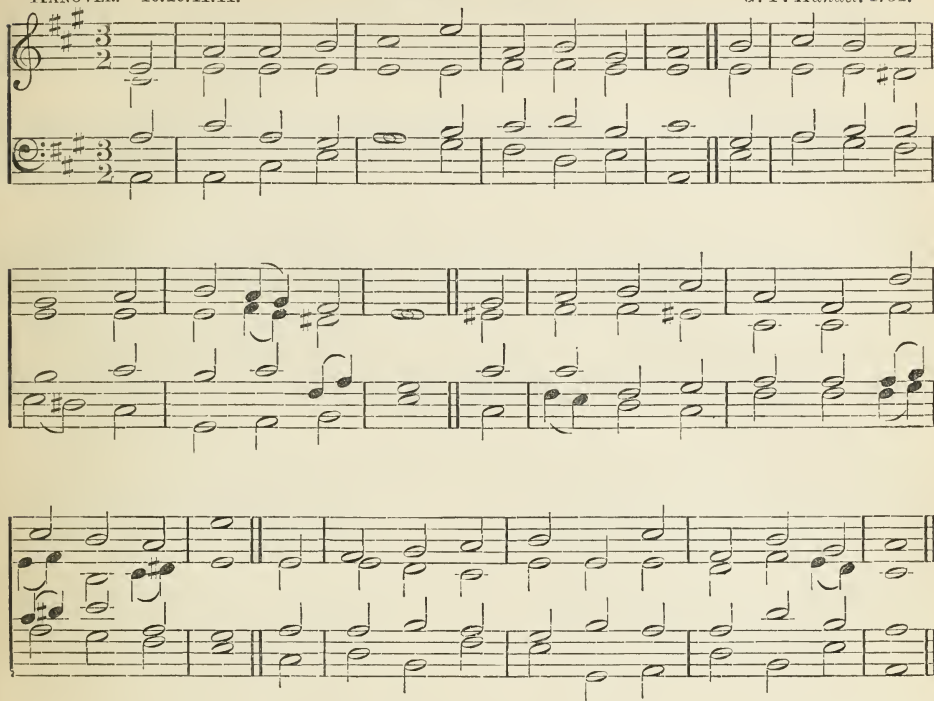
*'I will not let Thee go.'*

- m* 1 I CANNOT, no, I will not let Thee go,
 I love Thee so:
 Far less Thy love will ever suffer Thee
 To part with me.
- 2 I know Thou lovest me, but cannot tell
 How long, how well;
 And all the love that fills this heart of mine
 Is drawn from Thine.
- mf* 3 I feel no sorrow, and I fear no fear
 When Thou art near:
mp And all my sinful feelings droop and die
 Beneath Thine eye.
- 4 O let my weary head sink down to rest
 Upon Thy breast;
 And let me drink, in loving words, my fill
 Of Thy sweet will.
- mp* 5 When my weak spirit cannot rise in song,
mf O make me strong!
mp And when uneasy murmurings will not cease,
p O whisper peace!
- mp* 6 Upon Thy bosom leaning, let me there
 Lose all my care;
 \bigwedge And, gazing on Thy glory, let me be
 Transformed like Thee.
- m* 7 O love of Christ, that I can never know,
 Nor yet let go!
 \bigwedge With Thee, all sorrow from my life is driven,
 And death is heaven.

Hymn 207.

HANOVER.—10.10.11.11.

G. F. Handel, 1751.



'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.'

m 1 THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail.
And foes all unite;
mf Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
'The Lord will provide.'

m 2 The birds, without barn
Or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
'The Lord will provide.'

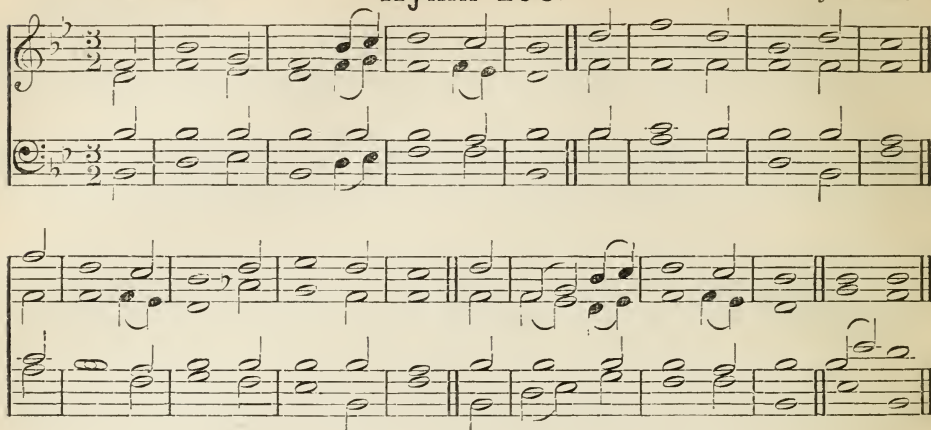
m 3 His call we obey,
Like Abram of old.
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold;
mf For, though we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
'The Lord will provide.'

m 4 No strength of our own,
Nor goodness we claim;
mf Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide,—
f The Lord is our power;
'The Lord will provide.'

MARTYRDOM.—C.M.

Hymn 208.

Hugh Wilson.



'Then came she, and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me!'

m 1 O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

mp 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

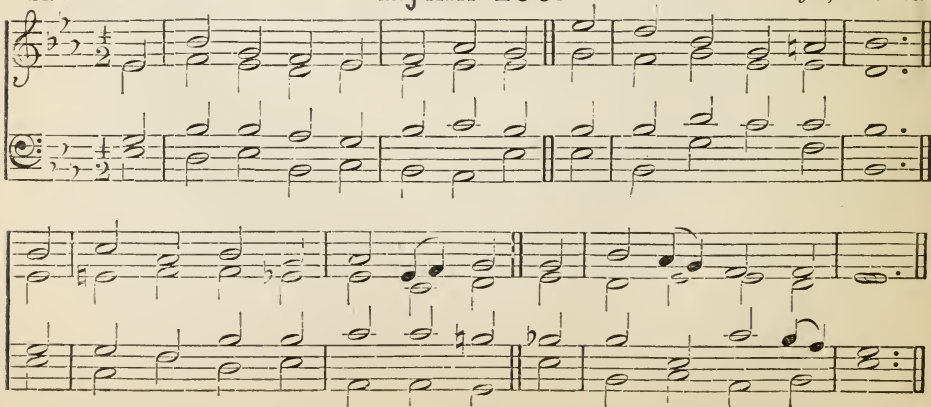
m 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

mf 4 O help us, Jesus, from on high;
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.

ST. MARGARET.—C.M.

Hymn 209.

Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.



*'From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed;
lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.'*

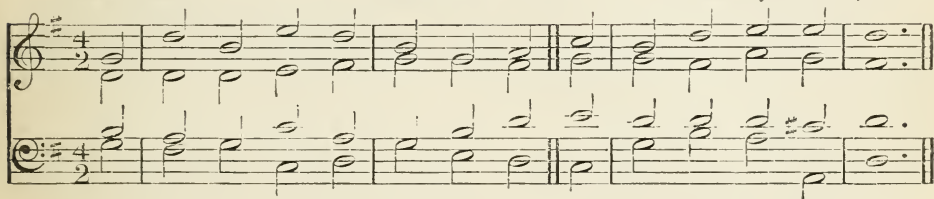
- mp* 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- p* 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
m Thou art my only trust,

- m* And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No; still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

Hymn 210.

DURHAM.—C.M.

Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.



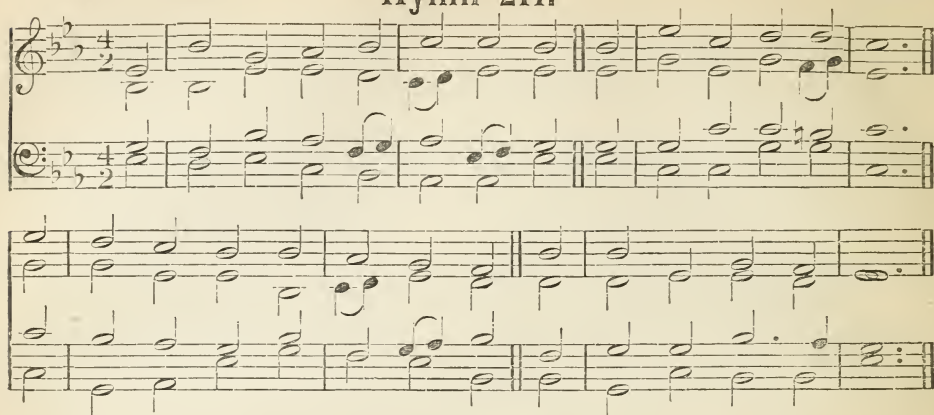
'I will bless the Lord at all times.'

- mf* 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example courage take.
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
- mf* Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.
- 4 O make but trial of His love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

ST. MATTHIAS.—C.M.

Hymn 211.

German.

*'I have all, and abound.'*

m 1 O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things and abound.
While God is God to me.

m 4 Oh that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

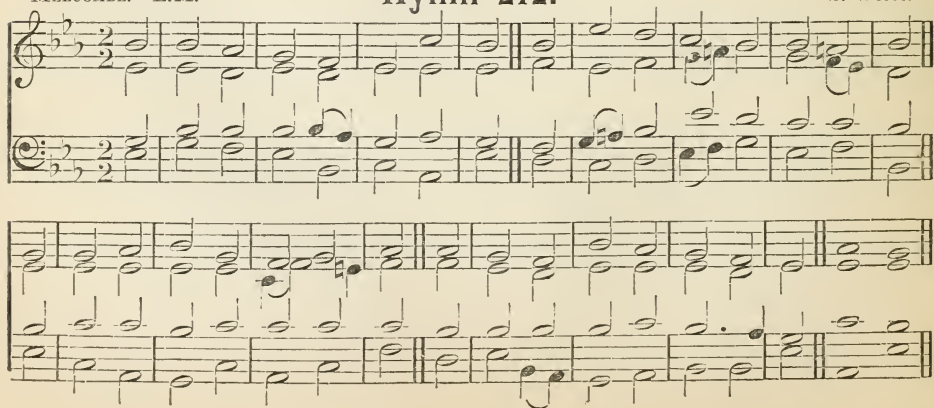
5 He who has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

mf 6 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

MELCOMBE.—L.M.

Hymn 212.

S. Webbe.



'O that Thou wouldst bless me indeed!'

m 1 O God of Israel, hear my prayer!
Let me Thy richest blessing share;
Thy blessing shall my portion be;
O let that blessing rest on me!

mf 2 If shining suns my path attend,
And all their cheering influence lend,
Thy blessing still I'll most desire;
To that my highest hopes aspire.

mp 3 Or if affliction's storm should lower,
I'll trust Thee in the darkest hour;
On Thee I'll rest my anxious mind,
And in Thy blessing comfort find.

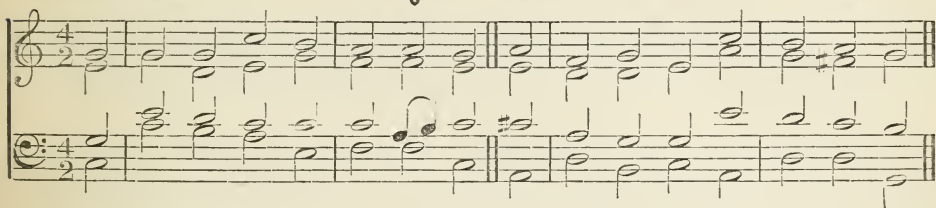
4 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
And ever keep my conscience clean,
Till all the cares of life shall cease,
And, blessing Thee, I die in peace.

Amen.

MAINZER.—L. M.

Hymn 213.

Dr. Mainzer.



'The Lord went before them . . . by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light.'

mf 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

f 3 There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

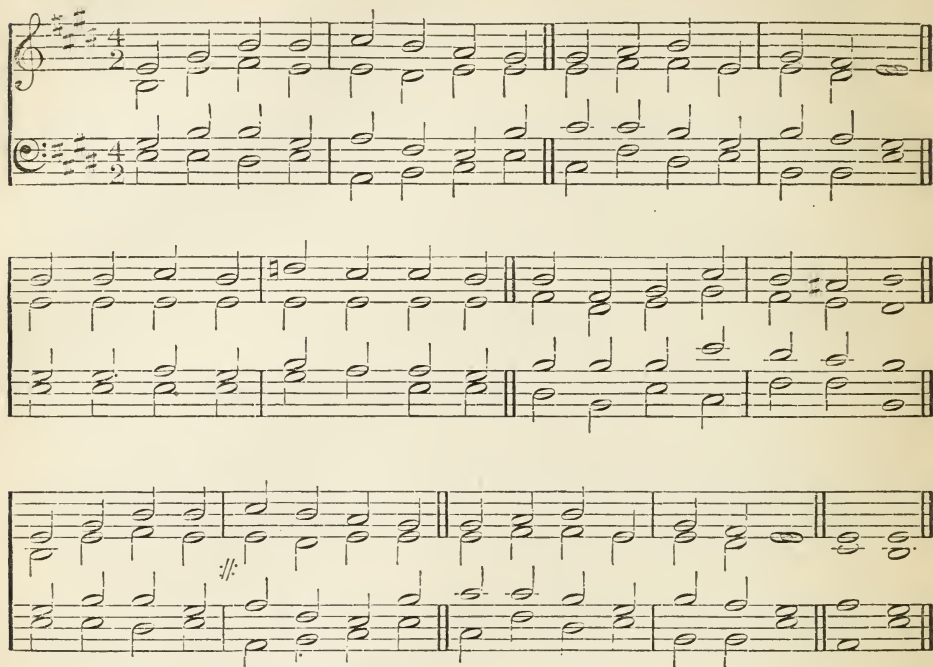
m 4 And present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

mp 5 And oh, when stoops on Israel's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou—long-suffering, slow to wrath—
A burning and a shining light! Amen.

Hymn 214.

MANHEIM.—S.7.4.

German.



'This God is our God for ever and ever ; He will be our guide even unto death.'

- mf* 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great JEHOVAH,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven !
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing stream doth flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer !
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- mp* 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
mf Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

Hymn 215.

BRAYLESFORD.—8.7;4;7.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me.'

m 1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing.
If our God our Father be.

mp 2 SAVIOUR, breathe forgiveness o'er us:
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf 3 SPIRIT of our God, descending.
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy.
Love with every passion blending.
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided.
Pardoned, guided.
Nothing can our peace destroy.

Hymn 216.

KINDLY LIGHT.—10.4.10.4.10.10.

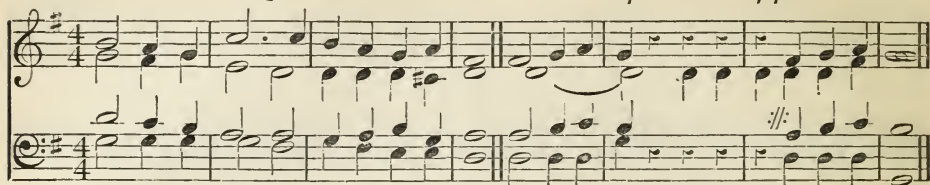
Dr. Gauntlett.

Andante.

p

pp

ten.

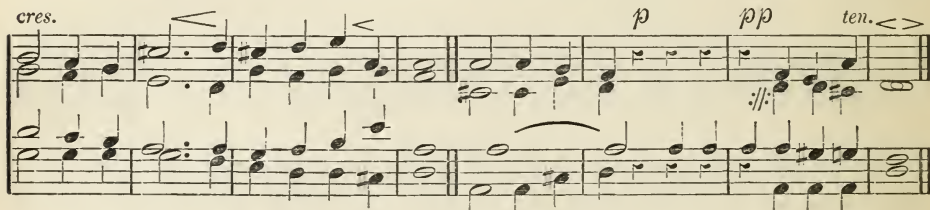


cres.

p

pp

ten.



a tempo.

cres.

ritard. dim. pp tenuto.



'O send out Thy light and Thy truth ; let them lead me.'

mf 1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

p Lead Thou me on !

< The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on !

< Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

< The distant scene—one step enough for me.

m 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

< I loved to choose and see my path ; *p* but now,

Lead Thou me on !

m< I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

< Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

mf 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on,

< O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone ;

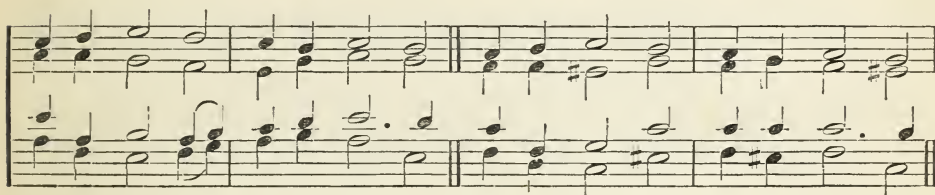
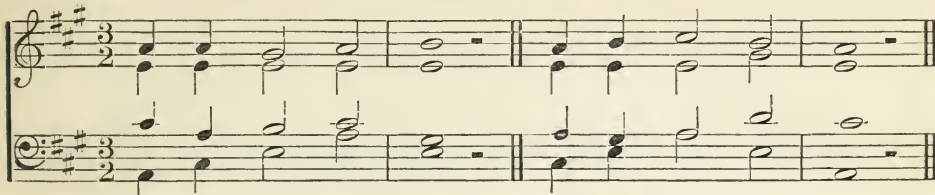
m< And with the morn those angel faces smile,

< Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Hymn 217.

ZINZENDORF.—5.5.8.8.5.5.

Adam Drese.



'Looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith.'

mf 1 JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

m 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

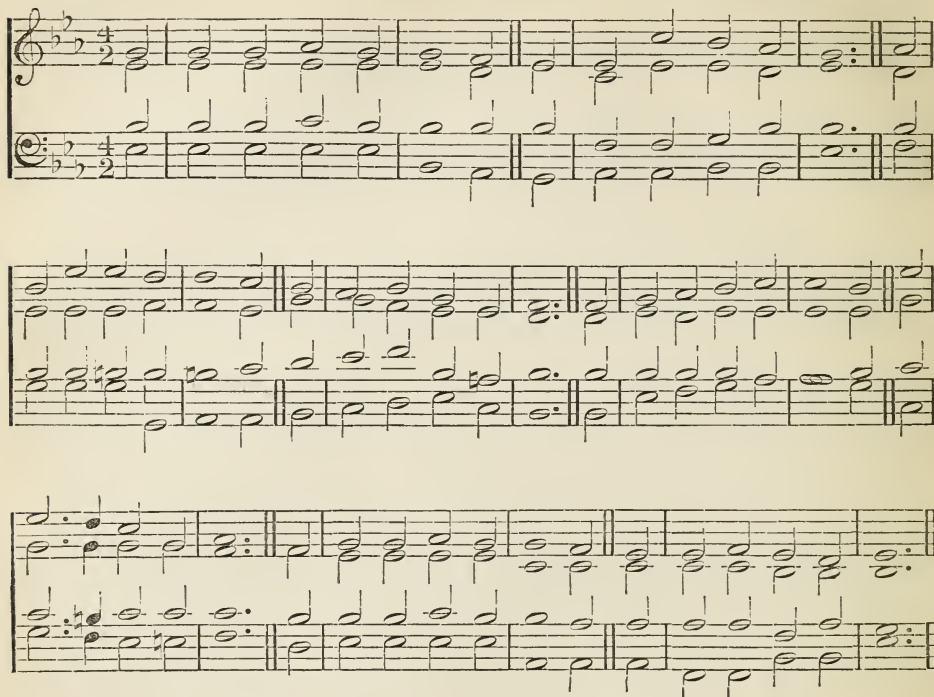
m 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

mf 4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland. Amen.

Hymn 218.

AURELIA.—7.6.7.6. D.

S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.

*'Your life is hid with Christ in God.'*

m 1 O LAMB of God! still keep me
 Near to Thy wounded side;
 'Tis only there in safety
 And peace I can abide.
 What foes and snares surround me,
 What lusts and fears within!
 The grace that sought and found me
 Alone can keep me clean.

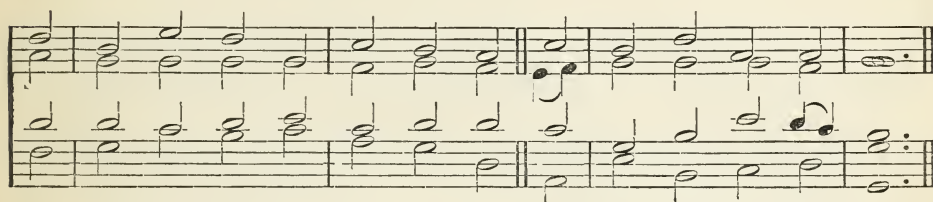
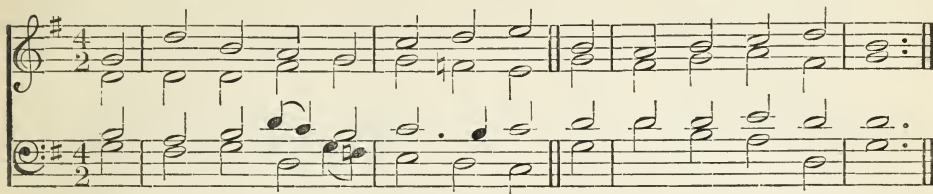
m 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
 I feel my life secure;
 Only in Thee abiding,
 The conflict can endure.
mf Thine arm the victory gaineth
 O'er every hateful foe;
 Thy love each heart sustaineth
 > In all its cares and woe.

f 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
 With rapture face to face!
 One-half hath not been told me
 Of all Thy power and grace;
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
 The wonders of Thy love,
 Shall be the endless story
 Of all Thy saints above.

Hymn 219.

GLOUCESTER.—C.M.

Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.



'We are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us.'

f 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own ;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

m 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm ;
mf Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

m 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die ;
mf Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

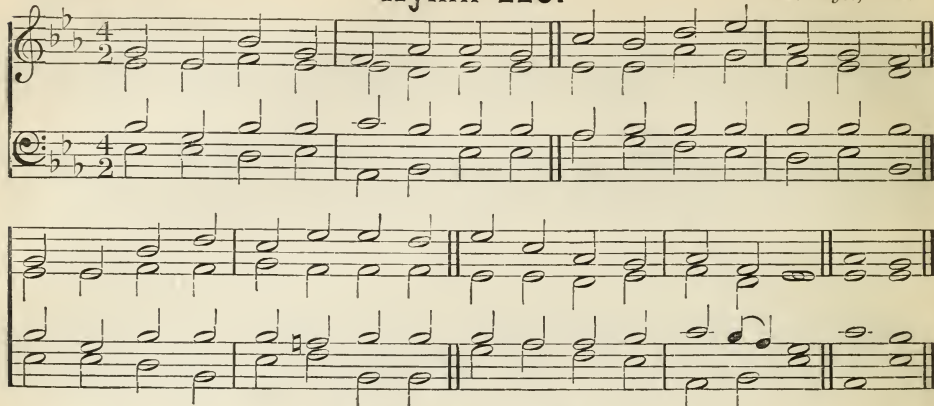
m 4 Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
mf A guide, a glory, a defence ;
Then what have you to fear ?

f 5 As surely as He overcame
And triumphed once for you ;
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.

SHARON.—8.7.8.7.

Hymn 220.

Dr. Boyce, 1779.



'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'

mf 1 COME, Thou fount of every blessing;
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

mp 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;

mp He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

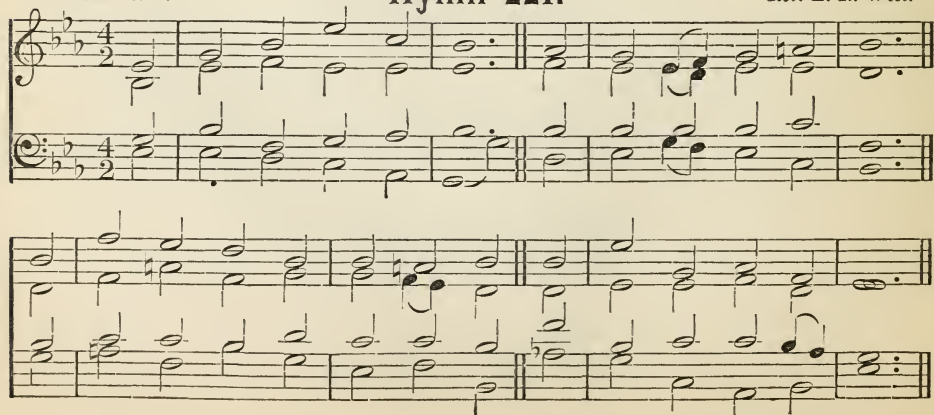
mf 4 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

mp 5 Prone to wander—Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, O take and seal it—
Seal it from Thy courts above. Amen.

PRAGUE.—S.M.

Hymn 221.

Rev. L. R. West.



'Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.'

mf 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

f 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

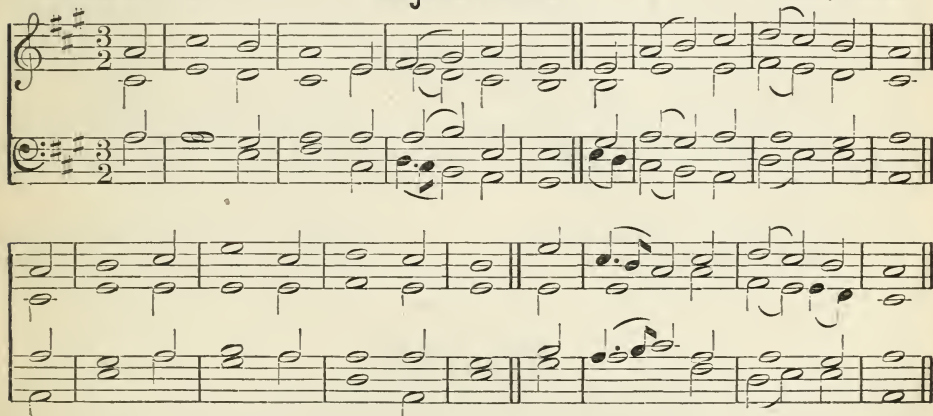
mf 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

ST. THOMAS.—C.M.

Hymn 222.

Henry Purcell.



'The joy of the Lord is your strength.'

m 1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But, where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

mp 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love.
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

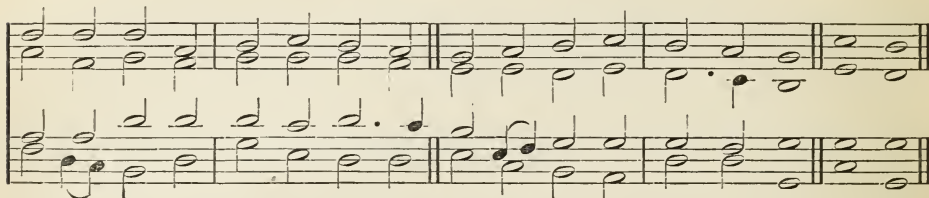
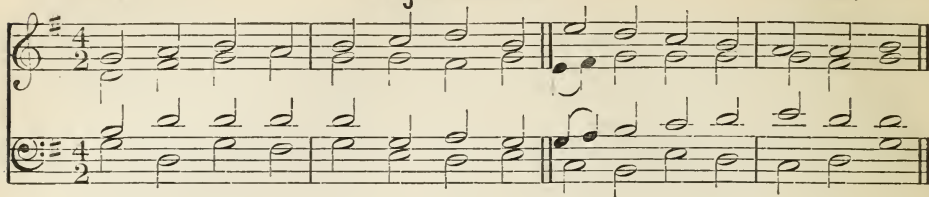
m 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

mf 5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind,
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

INVITATION.—8.7.8.7.

Hymn 223.

German, 1735.

*'Looking unto Jesus.'*

m 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

m 2 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

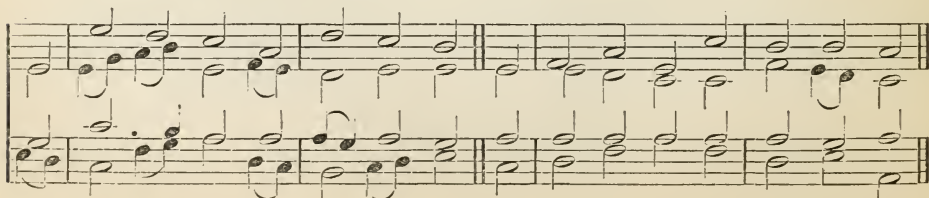
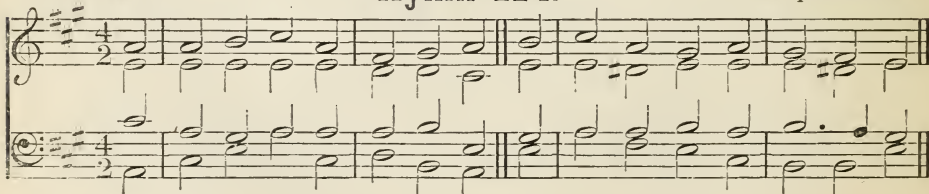
mp 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

m 4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go,
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know. Amen.

ELY.—L.M.

Hymn 224.

Bishop T. Turton.



'We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.'

m 1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
mf Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

mp 2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
mf But the bright world, to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;
 When shall I wake, and find me there?

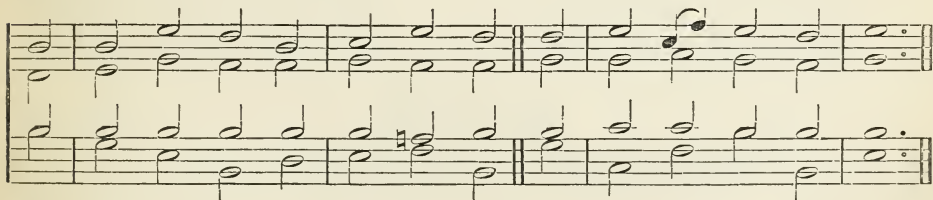
mf 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God,
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

m 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
f Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

Hymn 225.

CHADWICK.—C.M.

Oliver.



'My Beloved is mine, and I am His.'

mf 1 If Christ is mine, then all is mine,
 And more than angels know,
 Both present things and things to come,
 And grace and glory too.

2 If He is mine, let friends forsake,
 And earthly comforts flee;
 He, the Dispenser of all good,
 Is more than these to me.

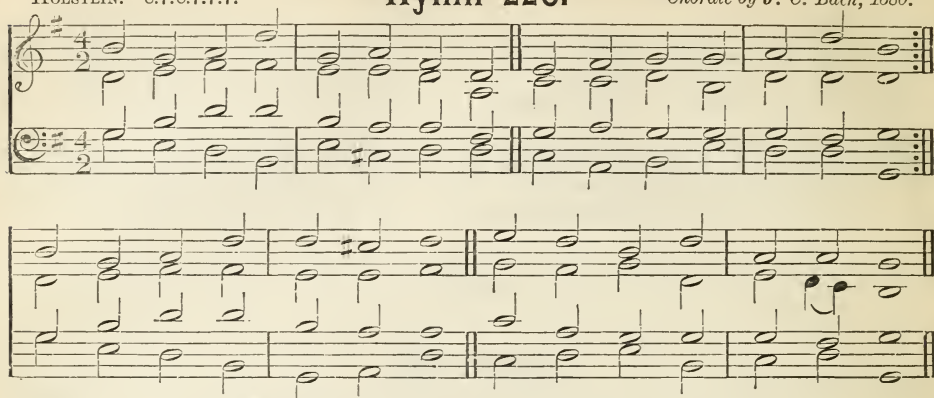
mf 3 If He is mine, I'll fearless pass
 Through death's tremendous vale;
 He'll be my comfort and my stay,
 When heart and flesh shall fail.

4 Let Jesus tell me He is mine,
 I nothing want beside;
 My soul shall at the fountain live,
 When all the streams are dried.

HOLSTEIN.—8.7.8.7.7.7.

Hymn 226.

Chorale by J. C. Bach, 1680.



'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

mf 1 GOD has turned my grief to gladness;
He has made my heart rejoice;
I, who lately pined in sadness,
Now can raise my thankful voice;
Sweet it is the saints to join,
Sweet to call their Saviour mine.

2 O how short is His displeasure!
As a moment it appears;
But His love is without measure,
Still the same through endless years;

mp Weeping may the night employ,
mf But the morning beams with joy.

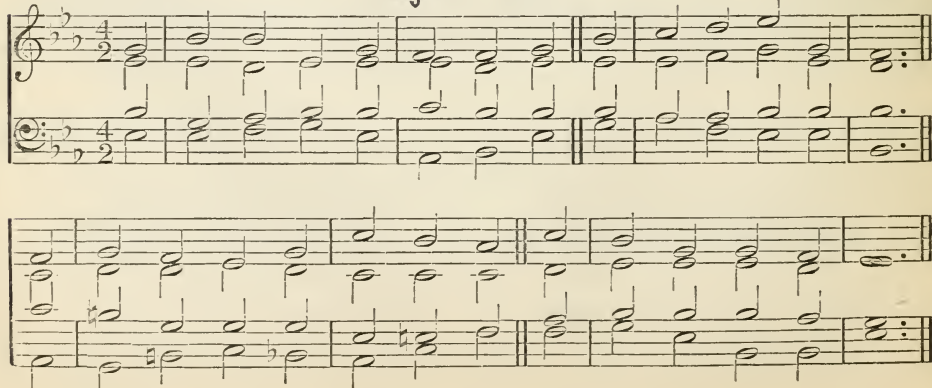
mf 3 Jesus smiles, and from His favour
Life and joy are found to flow;
Oh for faith that does not waver!
Lord, on me this faith bestow;
Since Thy promise changes not,
Grant that I may never doubt.

f 4 Help me now, ye saints, to praise Him,
Join, ye angels, while we sing;
Though our efforts cannot raise Him—
What can raise our glorious King?—
Praise should never cease to flow;
'Tis the tribute that we owe.

TOPLADY.—C.M.

Hymn 227.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'My meditation of Him shall be sweet.'

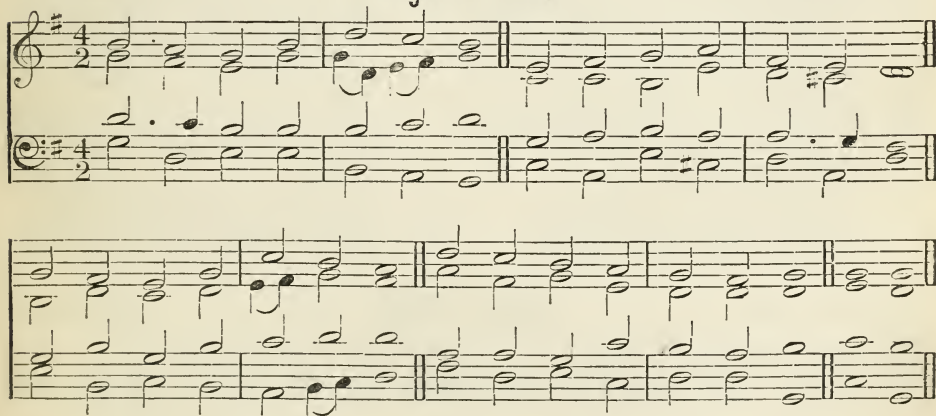
- mp* 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
How sweet it is to look beyond,
And long to fly away!
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above!
- 3 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of sufferings paid!
- 4 Sweet in His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath!

- mp* 5 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend!
- 6 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His!
- 7 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home!
- m* 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

RAVENNA—7.7.7.7.

Hymn 228.

J. H. Knecht, 1797.



'The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion.'

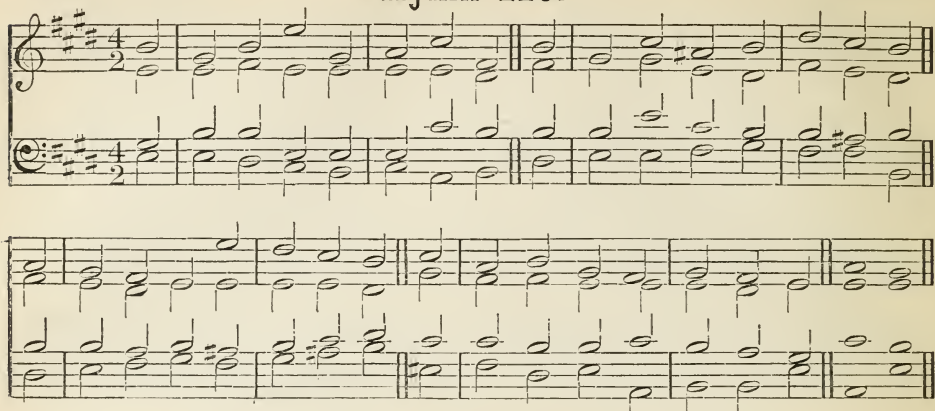
- mf* 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your worthy Saviour's praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- f* 3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;

- f* There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- m* 5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

DENBIGH.—L.M.

Hymn 229.

Dr. Gauntlett.

*'Here have we no continuing city.'*

m 1 'We've no abiding city here ;'
 This may distress the worldling's mind,
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

mp 2 'We've no abiding city here ;'
 Sad truth, were this to be our home !
mf But let the thought our spirits cheer,
 We seek a city yet to come.

m 3 'We've no abiding city here ;'
 Then let us live as pilgrims do :
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.

mf 4 'We've no abiding city here ;'
 We seek a city out of sight,
 Zion its name—'The Lord is there ;'
 It shines with everlasting light.

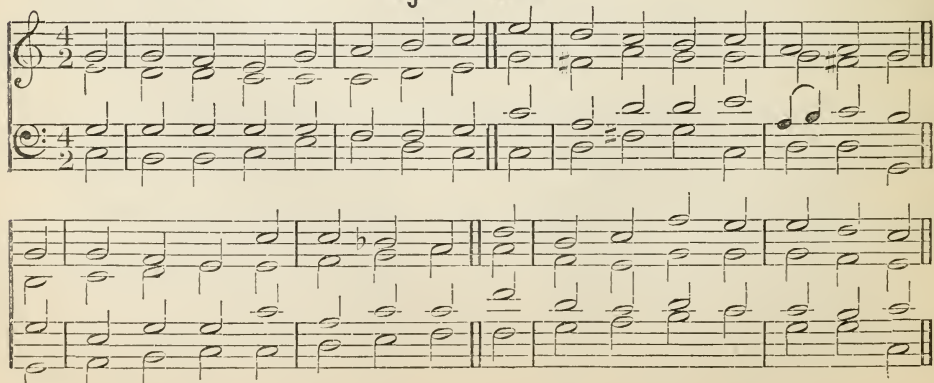
m 5 O sweet abode of peace and love !
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are
 Had I the pinions of the dove, [blest :
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest !

p 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine !
 The time my God appoints is best ;
 While here, to do His will be mine,
 And His, to fix my time of rest. Amen.

LUX ALMA.—L.M.

Hymn 230.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face.'

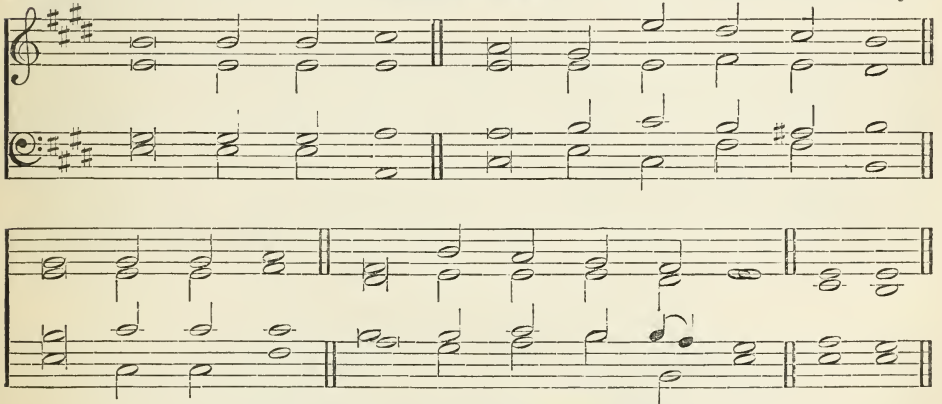
- m* 1 O SEND me down a draught of love,
Or take me hence to drink above!
Here Marah's water fills my cup;
But there all griefs are swallowed up.
- 2 Love here is scarce a faint desire;
But there the spark's a flaming fire;
Joys here are drops that passing flee,
But there an overflowing sea.
- 3 My faith, that sees so darkly here,
Will there resign to vision clear;
My hope, that's here a weary groan,
Will to fruition yield the throne.
- 4 Here fetters hamper freedom's wing,
But there the captive is a king;

- m* And grace is like a buried seed,
But sinners there are saints indeed.
- 5 My portion here's a crumb at best,
But there the Lamb's eternal feast;
My praise is now a smothered fire,
But then I'll sing and never tire.
- 6 Now dusky shadows cloud my day,
But then the shades will flee away;
My Lord will break the dimming glass,
And show His glory face to face.
- 7 My numerous foes now beat me down,
But then I'll wear the victor's crown;
Yet all the revenues I'll bring
To Zion's everlasting King.

Hymn 231.

WESLEY IN E.

S. Wesley.



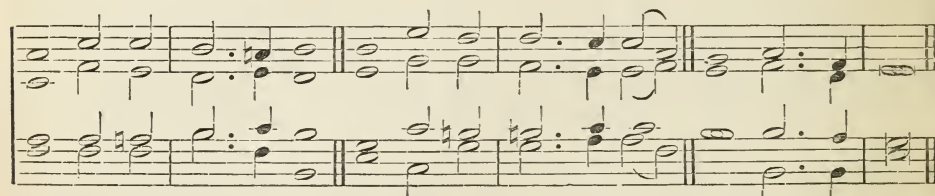
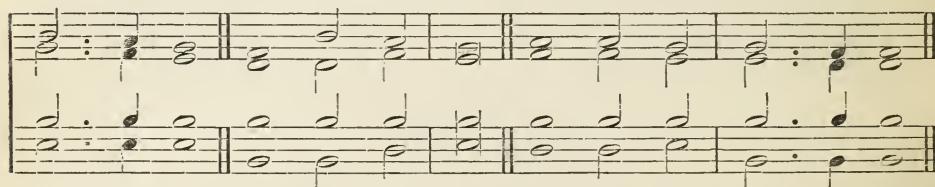
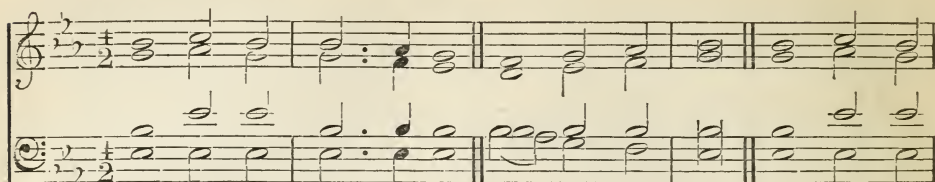
'Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.'

- p* 1 ONE sweetly | solemn | thought
Comes | to me, | o'er and o'er :
mp I'm nearer | home to | day,
Than | ever I've | been be | fore ;
- m* 2 Nearer my | Father's | house
Where the | many | mansions | be ;
Nearer the | great white | throne ;
Near | er the | jasper | sea ;
- 3 Nearer the | bound of | life,
Where we | lay our | burdens | down ;
Nearer | leaving the | cross ;
Nearer | wear- | ing the | crown.

- p* 4 But lying | darkly be | tween,
Winding | down- | through the | night,
Is the dim and | unknown | stream,
That leads at | last- | to the | light.
- m* 5 Father, | perfect my | trust,
Strengthen the | might- | of my faith ;
Let me feel Thee | near, when- I | stand
On the | rock of- the | shore of | death ;
- 6 Feel Thee | near, when- my | feet
Are | slipping | over the | brink ;
p For it may be I'm | nearer | home—
v Nearer | now, - | than I | think. Amen.

Hymn 232.

PILGRIM SONG.—6.4; 6.6.6.4.

*'Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.'*

p 1 I'm but a stranger here,
 < Heaven is my home;
p Earth is a desert drear,
 < Heaven is my home;
p Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand;
 Heaven is my fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.

mf 2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
mp Short is my pilgrimage,
 < Heaven is my home;
 < Time's wild and wintry blast
m Soon will be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.

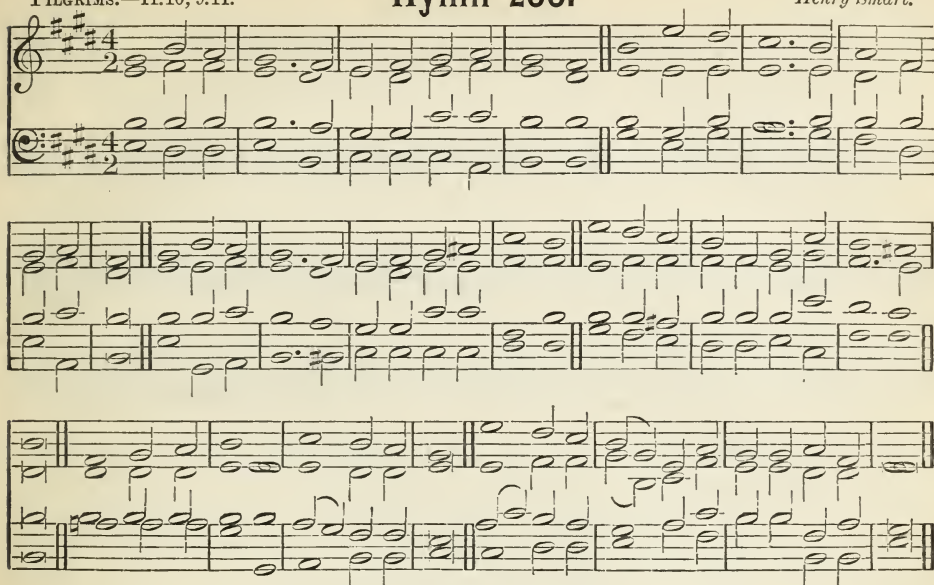
mf 3 There at my Saviour's side—
 Heaven is my home—
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home;
m There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 And there I too shall rest;
 Heaven is my home.

m 4 Therefore I murmur not—
 Heaven is my home—
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home;
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand;
 Heaven is my fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.

PILGRIMS.—11.10; 9.11.

Hymn 233.

Henry Smart.



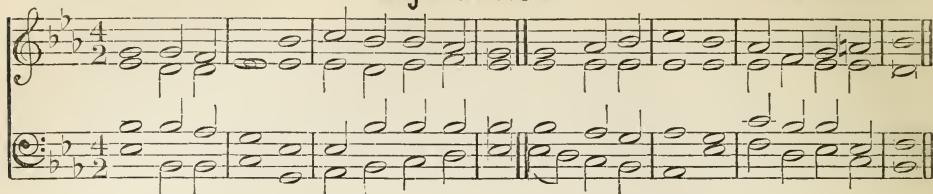
'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.'

- mp* 1 HARK! hark, my soul; angelic songs are swelling
m O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
 How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
p< Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
f> Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- mf* 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
p 'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:.'
m And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
p< Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
f> Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- pp* 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
mp< And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
p< Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
f> Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- m* 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
mf All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
f Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

EVENTIDE.—10.10.10.10.

Hymn 234.

W. H. Monk.



'Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.'

mp 1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

p 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

m 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

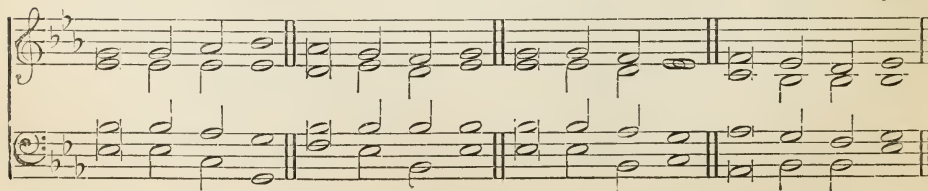
mf 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:

f Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

p 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, and death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

OR THIS CHANT.

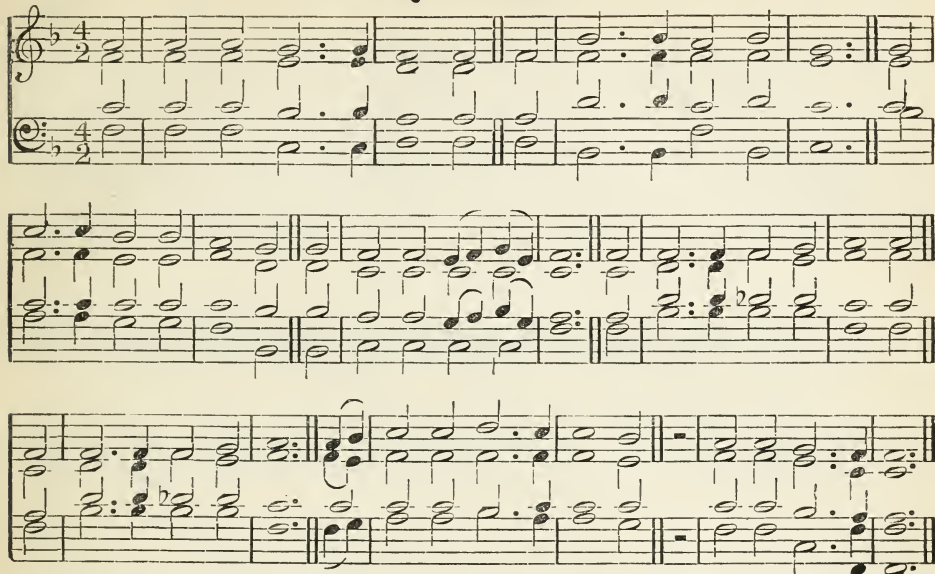
A. H. D. Troyte.



RUTHERFORD.—7.6; 7.6.7.5.

Hymn 235.

Lausanne Psalter.



'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty : they shall behold the land that is very far off.'

m 1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes :
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

m 2 There the red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume.
Oh! to behold its blossom,
While by its fragrance fanned,
Where glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

mp 3 Oh! Christ, He is the fountain—
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

O

mf 4 Oh! I am my Belovèd's
And my Belovèd is mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine.
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

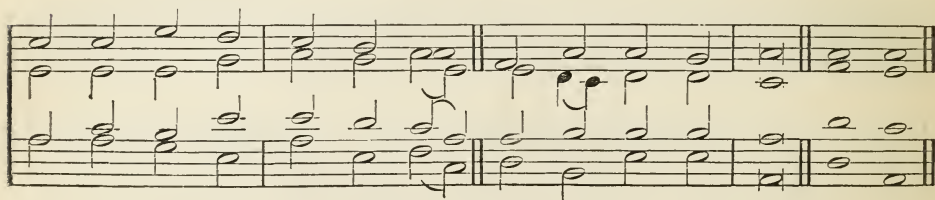
mp 5 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory, dawning
From Immanuel's land.

m 6 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love;
mf I'll bless the Hand that guided,
I'll bless the Heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Hymn 236.

IRENE.—7.7.7.5.

Rev. C. C. Scholefield.



'At Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.'

p 1 WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore!

m 2 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
mf Bid us hail the cheering ray,
Light for evermore!

p 3 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore!

p 4 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore!

p 5 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
f Lord of life! be ours Thy crown,
Life for evermore! Amen.

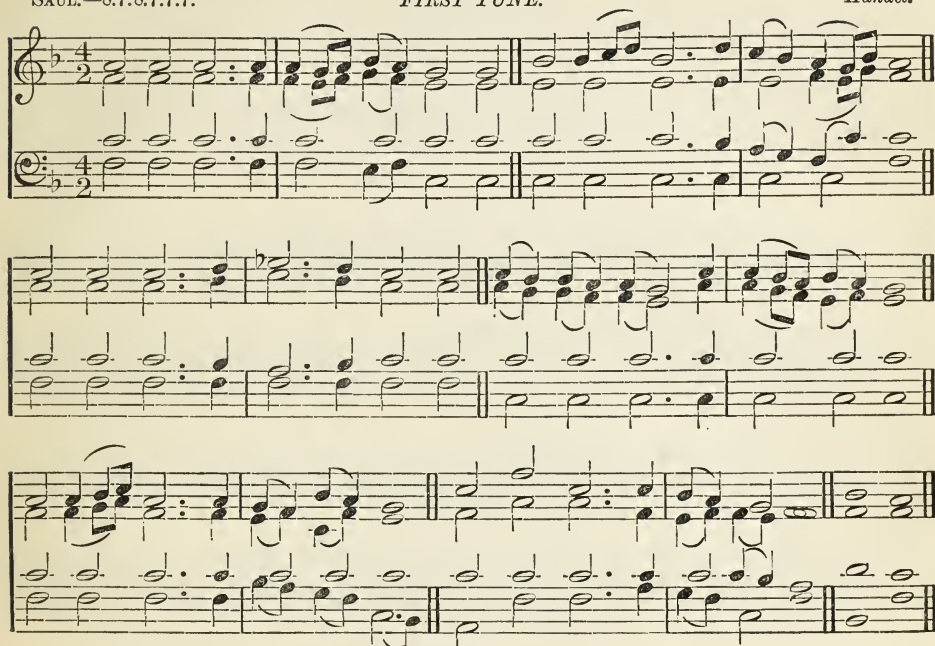
VII.—DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

Hymn 237.

SAUL.—8.7.8.7.7.7.

FIRST TUNE.

Handel.



'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'

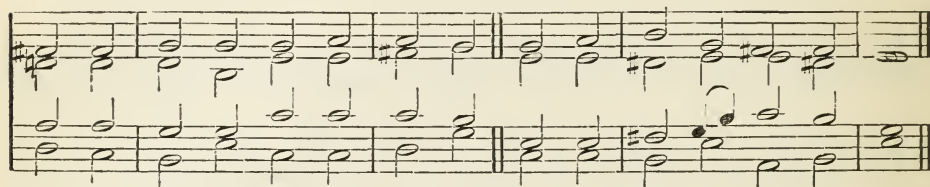
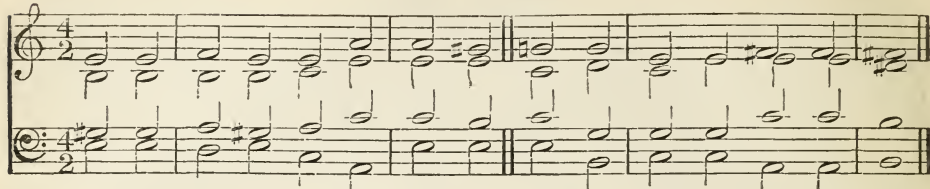
- p* 1 HARK! a voice! it cries from heaven,
m 'Happy in the Lord who die;'
 Happy they to whom 'tis given
 From a world of grief to fly;
 < They indeed are truly blest;
 > From their labours then they rest.
- m* 2 All their toils and conflicts over,
 Lo! they dwell with Christ above;
mf Oh, what glories they discover
 In the Saviour whom they love!
 Now they see Him face to face,
 Him who saved them by His grace.
- mf* 3 'Tis enough, enough for ever;
 'Tis His people's bright reward;
 They are blest indeed, who never
 Shall be absent from the Lord:
p Oh that we may die like those,
 Who in Jesus then repose! Amen.

Hymn 237.

REST.—8.7.8.7.7.7.

SECOND TUNE.

Dr. Gauntlett.

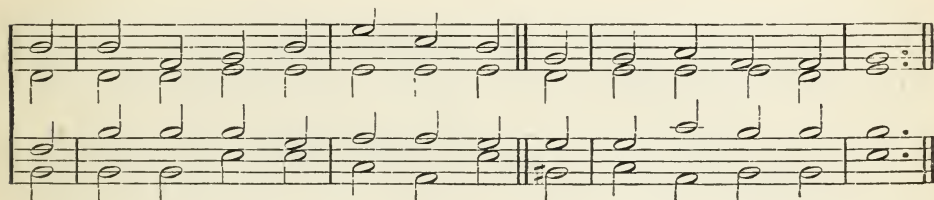
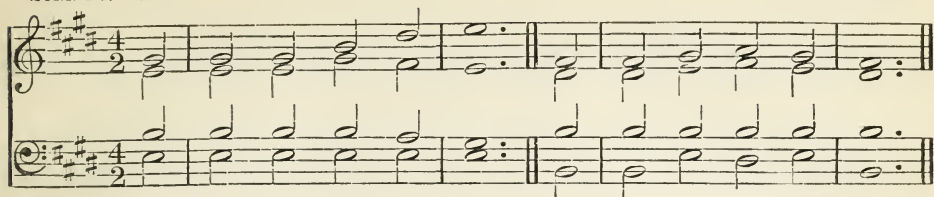
*'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'*

- p* 1 HARK! a voice! it cries from heaven,
m 'Happy in the Lord who die;'
 Happy they to whom 'tis given
 From a world of grief to fly;
 < They indeed are truly blest;
 > From their labours then they rest
- m* 2 All their toils and conflicts over,
 Lo! they dwell with Christ above;
mf Oh, what glories they discover
 In the Saviour whom they love!
 Now they see Him face to face,
 Him who saved them by His grace.
- mf* 3 'Tis enough, enough for ever;
 'Tis His people's bright reward;
 They are blest indeed, who never
 Shall be absent from the Lord:
p Oh that we may die like those,
 Who in Jesus then repose! Amen.

Hymn 238.

SONNING.—S.M.

Dr. Gauntlett.



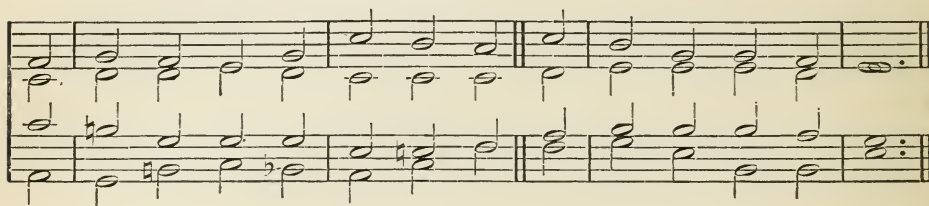
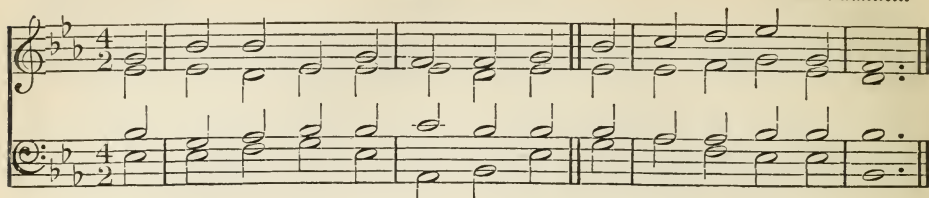
'He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

- m* 1 It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The wretch that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- mf* 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Hymn 239.

TOPLADY.—C.M.

Dr. Gauntlett.

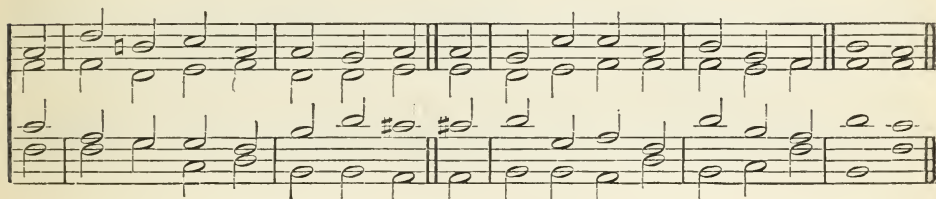
*'Looking for that blessed hope.'*

- mp* 1 'Tis sweet to think of those at rest,
Who sleep in Christ the Lord;
m Whose spirits now with Him are blest,
According to His word.
- m* 2 They once were pilgrims here with us,
In Jesus now they sleep;
And we for them, while resting thus,
As hopeless cannot weep.
- mf* 3 The Lord who died, in triumph rose
Victorious o'er the tomb;
E'en so we know that with Him those
Who sleep in Him will come.
- 4 How bright the resurrection morn
On all the saints will break!
The Lord Himself will then return
His ransomed church to take.
- 5 The raised and living saints will meet,
All grief and care removed;
What joy 'twill be to us to greet
Each saint whom here we loved!
- f* 6 Our Lord Himself we then shall see,
Whose blood for us was shed;
With Him for ever we shall be,
Made like our glorious Head.

Hymn 240.

CAERLEON.—L. M.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'That ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.'

m 1 SAY, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost, but gone before.

mp 2 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

mf 3 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost, but gone before.

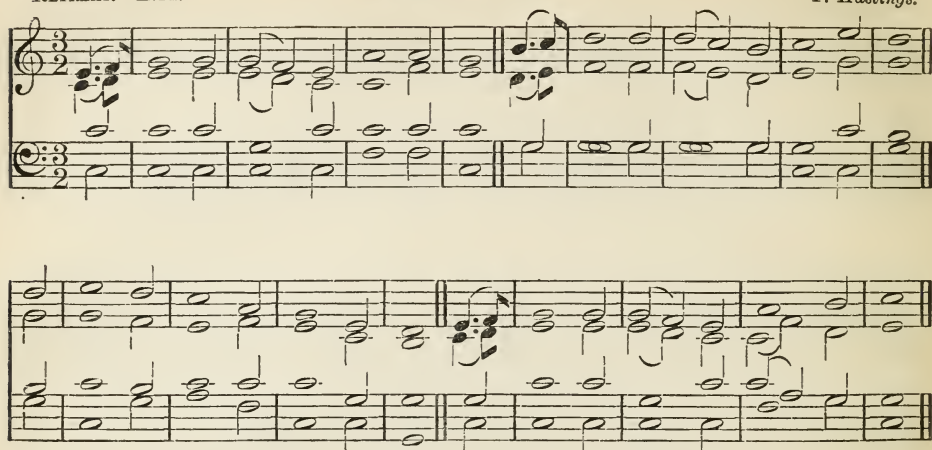
4 To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant, may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love
The friends not lost, but gone before.

mp 5 On Jordan's banks whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home
To saints not lost, but gone before. Amen.

Hymn 241.

RETREAT.—L.M.

T. Hastings.



'Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.'

mp 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomèd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high,

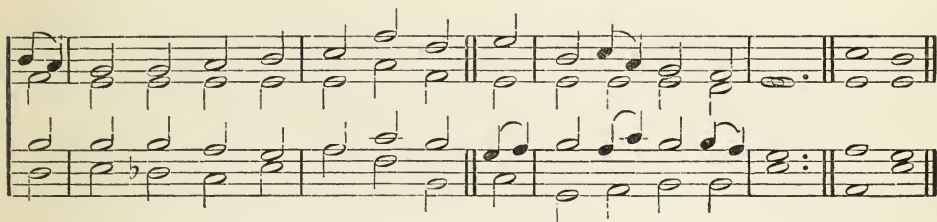
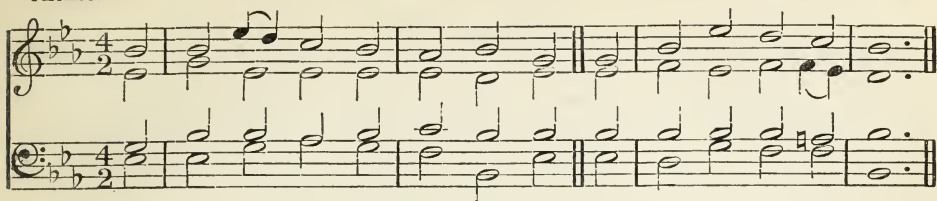
5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Hymn 242.

JACKSON'S.—C.M.

W. Jackson, 1730—1803.

*'It is sown in corruption ; it is raised in incorruption.'*

- m* 1 THE seed we bury in the earth
 'Mid dust and darkness lies,
 Awaiting there a second birth,
 And, to be quickened, dies.
- 2 Yet not the shape and hue it had
 In its new life appear ;
 But stately stem and verdant blade,
 And bloom and golden ear.
- 3 To buried seeds JEHOVAH gives
 New forms, and each its own ;
 How changed ! and yet in that which lives
 Appareth what was sown.

- m* 4 So shall it be when earth and skies
 The coming Judge attest,
 And bodies of the saints arise
 From their sepulchral rest.

- 5 That which is sown corrupt, debased,
 In weakness and decay,
 < To power and glory shall be raised,
 Unwithering for aye.

- mf* 6 For this corruptible must be
 With incorruption blest ;
 In robe of immortality
 This mortal must be drest.

- mf* 7 So comes to pass the word that saith,
 In ancient prophecy,
 There shall be swallowing up of death
 In glorious victory.

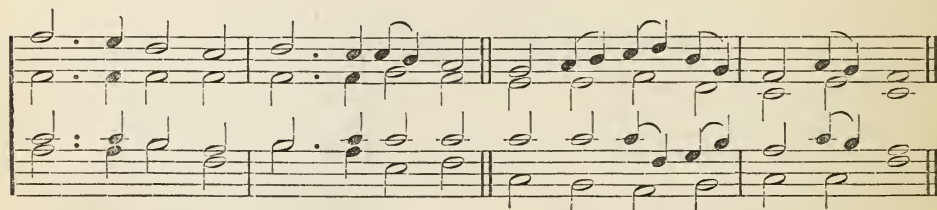
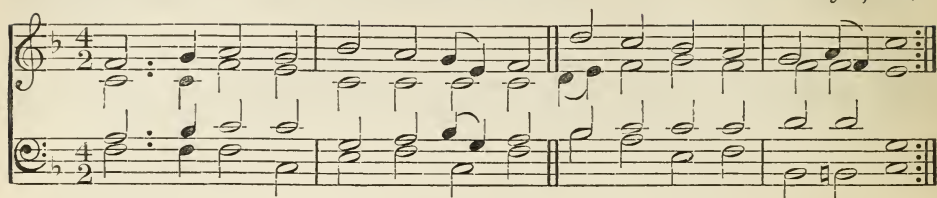
- f* 8 All praise to Him, who rose in power
 Triumphant from the grave,
 The Son of God, the Conqueror,
 Omnipotent to save ! Amen.

VIII.—HEAVEN.

Hymn 243.

AUSTRIA.—8.7.8.7. D.

Haydn, 1809.



*'I saw no temple therein : for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. . . .
The glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'*

m 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken :

'O My people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.

2 'Thorns of heartfelt tribulation

Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

3 'There, like streams that feed the garden,

Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.

m 4 'Still, in undisturbed possession,

Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

5 'Ye no more your suns descending,

Waning moons no more shall see ;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me.'

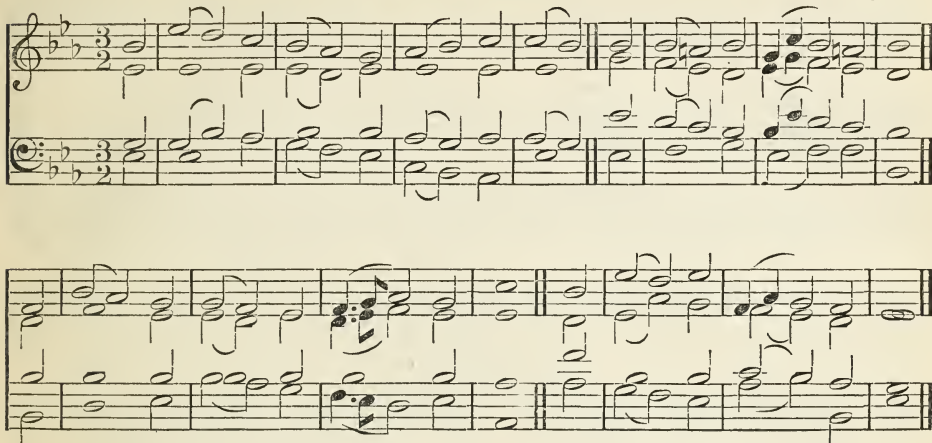
6 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,

Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,—
God, your everlasting Light.

Hymn 244.

HARRINGTON.—C.M.

Dr. Harrington.



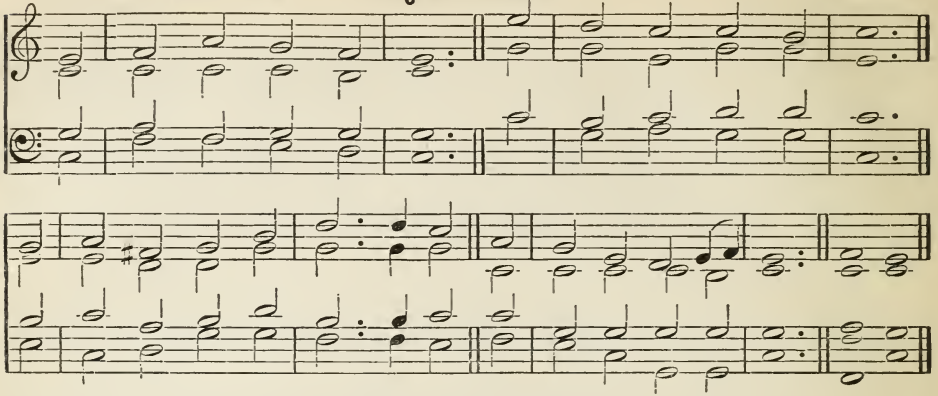
'Let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan.'

- m 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes,—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore!

ST. OLAF (ST. GEORGE).—S.M.

Hymn 245.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'There shall be no night there.'

mf 1 THERE is no night in heaven :
mp In that blest world above,
 Work never can bring weariness,
 For work itself is love.
mf 2 There is no grief in heaven :
mp For life is one glad day,
 And tears are of those former things
 Which all have passed away.

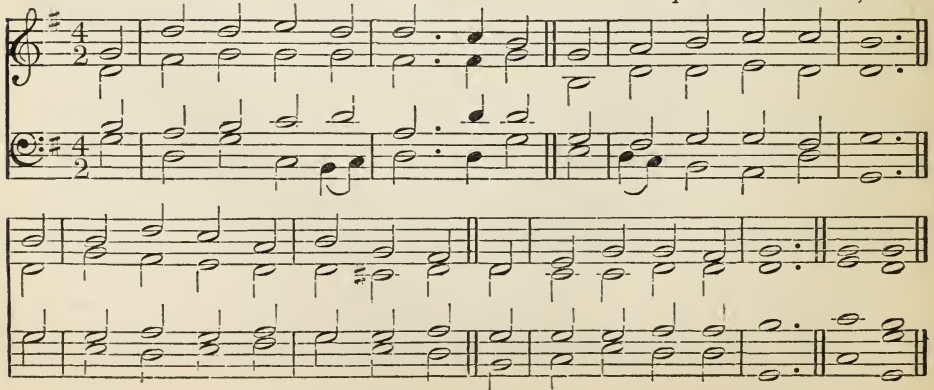
mf 3 There is no sin in heaven :
m Behold that blessed throng,
 All holy is their spotless robe,
 All holy is their song.
mf 4 There is no death in heaven :
 For they who gain that shore
 Have won their immortality,
 And they can die no more.

mp 5 Lord Jesus! be our guide;
 O lead us safely on,
 Till night and grief and sin and death
 Are past, and heaven is won! Amen.

Hymn 246.

PRETORIUS.—C.M.

Michael Praetorius,
 Chapel Master in Dresden, 1609.



'Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.'

mf 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold, [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

m 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;

f Blest seats, through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes

f 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

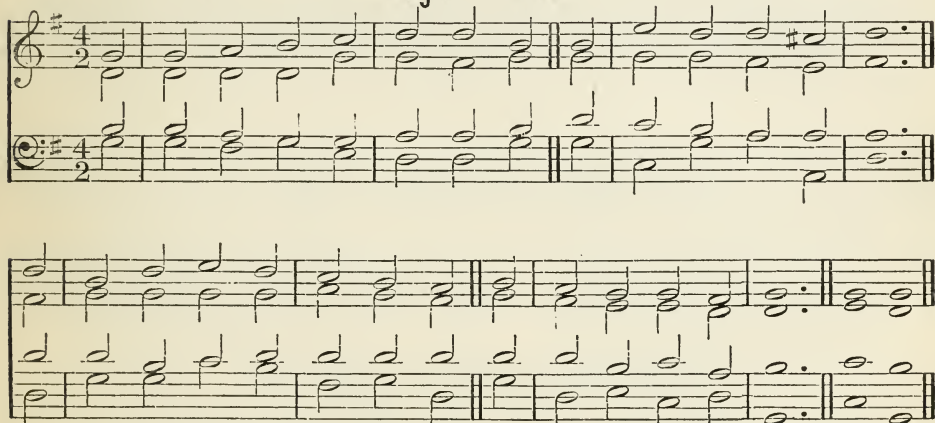
mp 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;

mf Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

DUNFERMLINE.—C.M.

Hymn 247.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



'That great city, the holy Jerusalem.'

m 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

mp 2 Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain;
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

mf 3 O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

mf 4 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

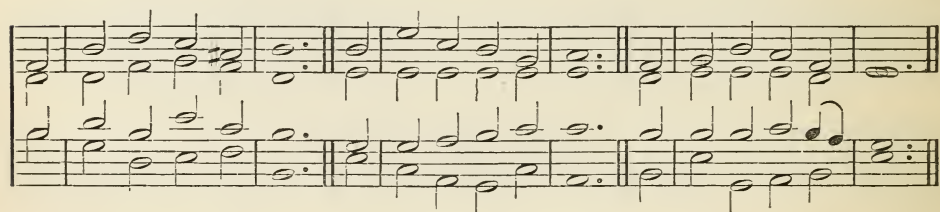
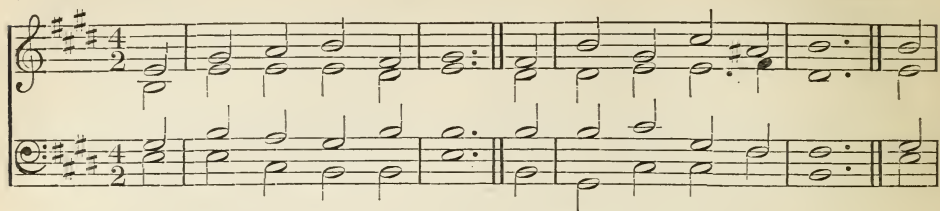
5 Quite through the streets, with silver
The flood of life doth flow; [sound,
Upon whose banks on every side
The tree of life doth grow.

f 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see! Amen.

Hymn 248.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.

SHEBA—G. G. G. D.



'There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.'

mp 1 THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
m Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

mf 2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one
And Spirit, evermore.

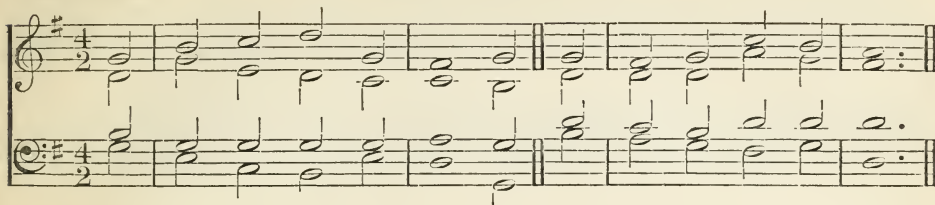
mf 3 O joy, all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
f To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

m 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Hymn 249.

ST. ALPHEGE.—7.6.7.6.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.'

m 1 BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short lived-care;
mf The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

mf 2 There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
m And now we fight the battle,
f But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

m 3 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope.
mf But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

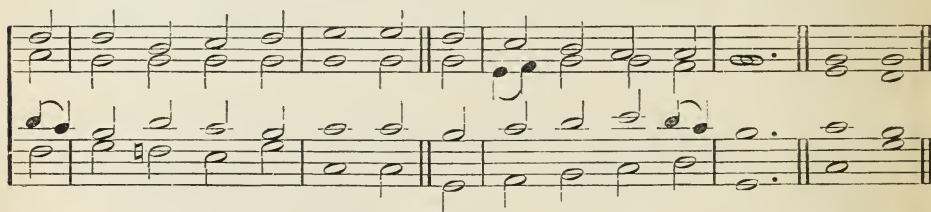
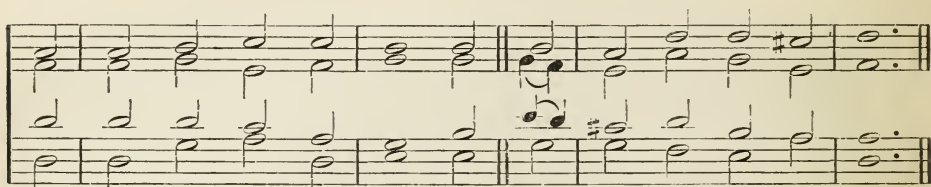
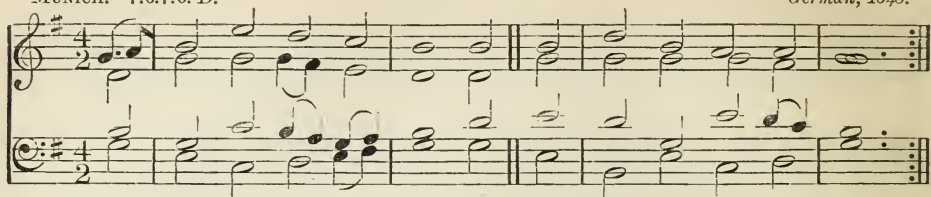
mf 4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:
Yes; God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

m 5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
mf Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Hymn 250.

MUNICH.—7.6.7.6. D.

German, 1648.



'For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.'

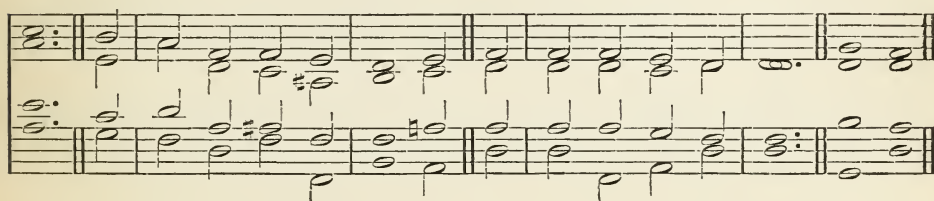
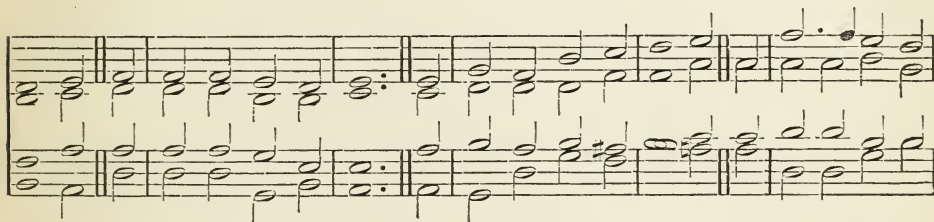
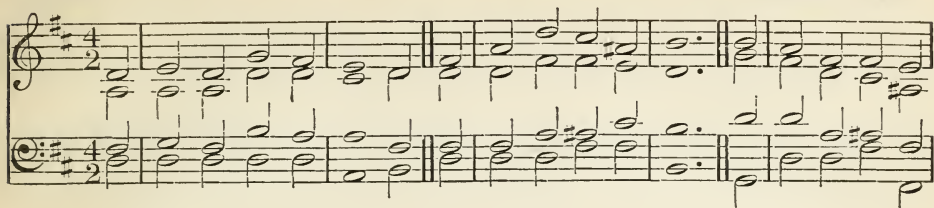
- mp* 1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep :
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep :
m The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
- mf* 2 O one, O only mansion !
 O paradise of joy !
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy !
 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays.
- 3 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
 Thy saints build up its fabric,
 The corner-stone is Christ ;

- f* The cross is all thy splendour,
 The Crucified thy praise ;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.
- m* 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
 Thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away !
- mf* Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower ;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.
- m* 5 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect !
- p* Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
mf Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Hymn 251.

EWING.—7.6.7.6.D.

Alexander Ewing.

*'And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.'*

mf 1 JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppress :
 I know not, oh ! I know not,
 What social joys are there,
 What radiancy of glory,
p What light beyond compare !

f 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng :
 The Prince is ever in them ;
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

P

mf 3 There is the throne of David ;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast ;
 And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

m 4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect !

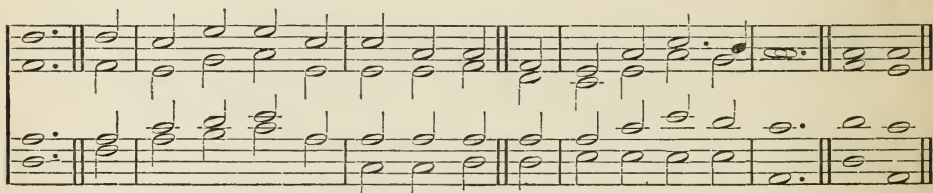
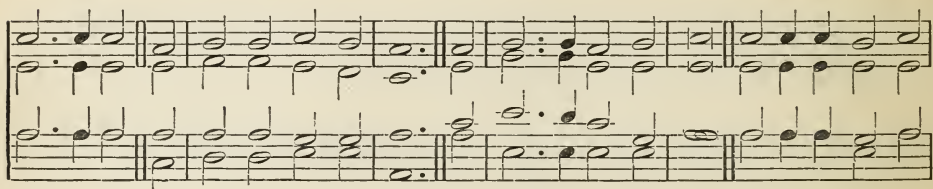
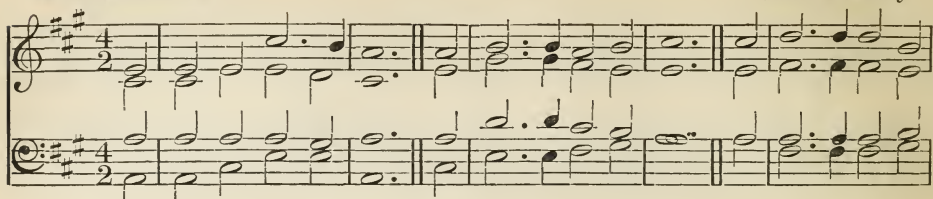
p Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest.

mf Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Hymn 252.

MONTGOMERY.—S. M. D.

Isaac Woodbury.

*'And so shall we ever be with the Lord.'*

mf 1 'For ever with the Lord!'
p Amen, so let it be:
mf Life from the dead is in that word;
 'Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

mf 2 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!
mp Ah, then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.

f 3 'For ever with the Lord!'
m Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 Even here to me fulfil.
 Be Thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fail:
 Uphold Thou me and I shall stand;
 Fight, and I must prevail.

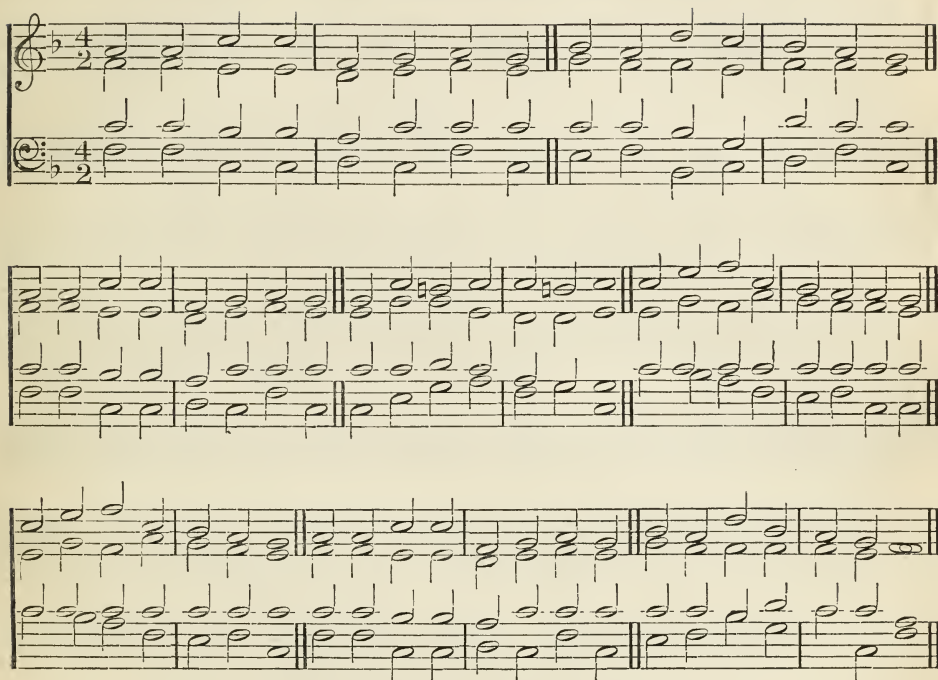
p 4 So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
f Knowing as I am known,
m How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 'For ever with the Lord!' Amen.
ff

IX.—THE CHURCH.

Hymn 253.

HILARY.—8.7.8.7. D.

Ganther.



'Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.'

mf 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

mf 4 Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,—
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

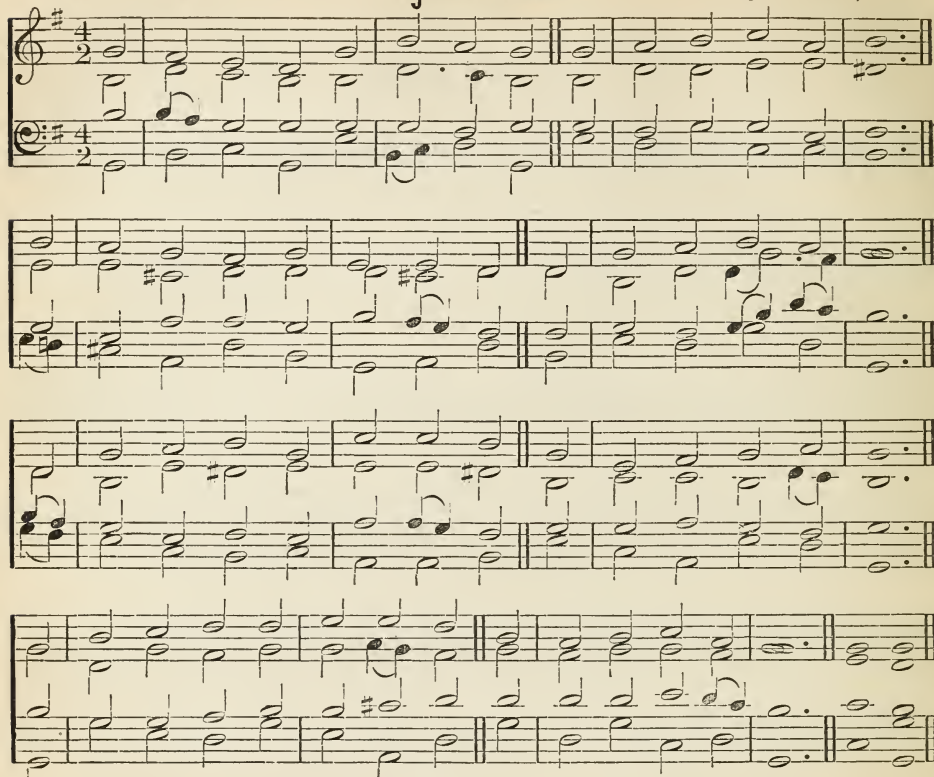
5 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

6 'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And, as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

OLD 137TH.—C. M. D.

Hymn 254.

English Psalter, 1562.



'Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.'

mf 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

m 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

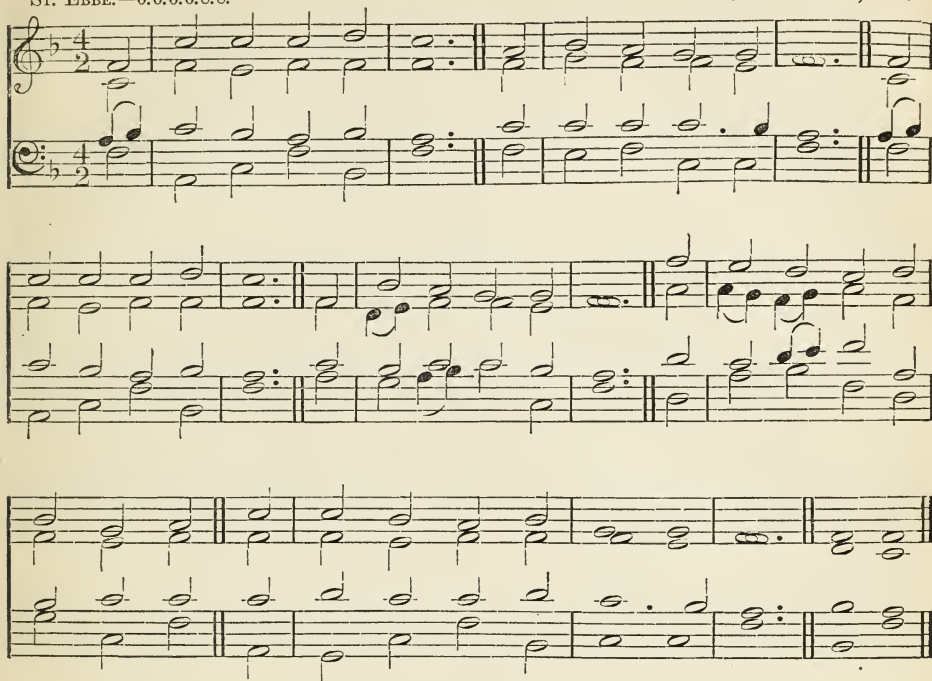
mf 3 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity.
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

f 4 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
Oh that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven. Amen.

Hymn 255.

ST. EBBE.—6.6.6.6.8.8.

Richard Redhead, 1853.



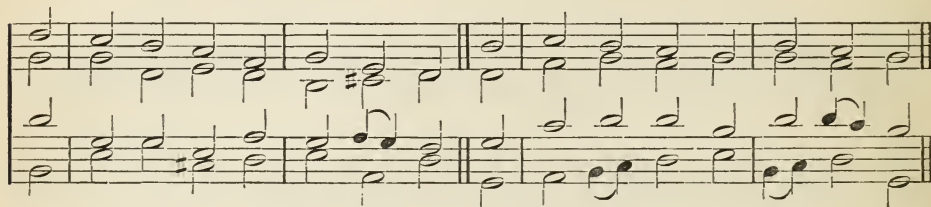
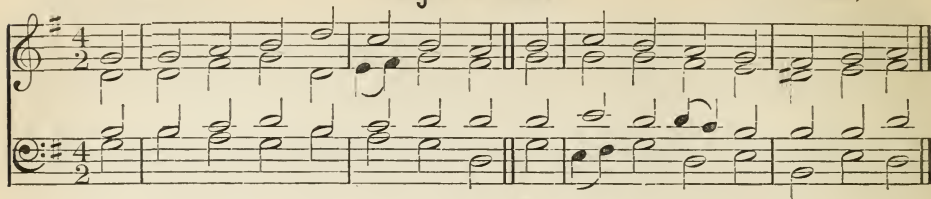
'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.'

- m* 1 ONE sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above,
 Zion, one faith is thine,
 One hope, one watchword—Love;
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.
- 2 Our sacrifice is one;
 One Priest before the throne,
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone;
 And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
 Our chief, our choicest offering.
- 3 Head of Thy Church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew;
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one. Amen.

CALVIN.—L.M.

Hymn 256.

Genevan Psalter, 1562.

*'Call the Sabbath a delight.'*

m 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Revere the day thy God has blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And fetch from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he who feels it, knows!

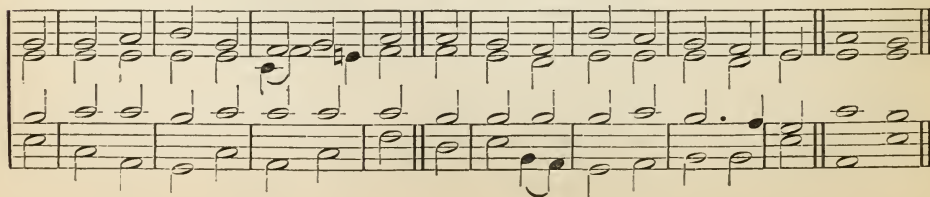
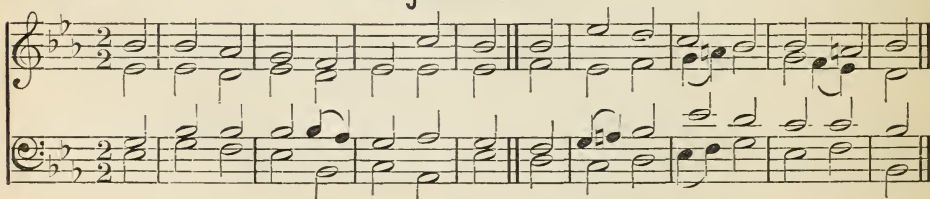
m 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

MELCOMBE.—L.M.

Hymn 257.

S. Webbe.



'And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it.'

mf 1 We bless Thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

m 2 Lord, in this day of holy rest.
We would improve Thy calm repose:
And in Thy service, truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

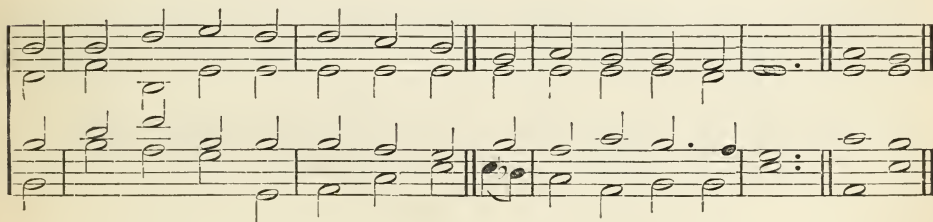
m 3 Lord, may Thy truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew;
And flowers of grace in freshness start,
Where once the weeds of error grew.

4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone,
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at the sheltering throne.
Amen.

Hymn 258.

BREDON.—S.M.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.'

mf 1 This is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

m 2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

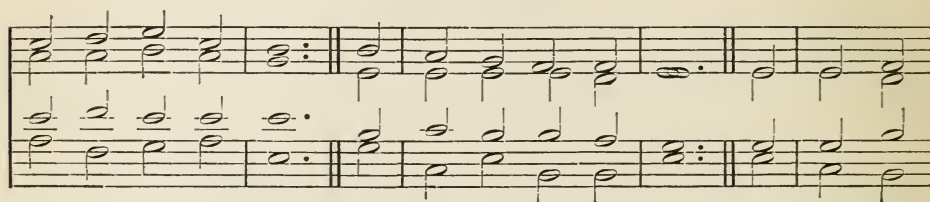
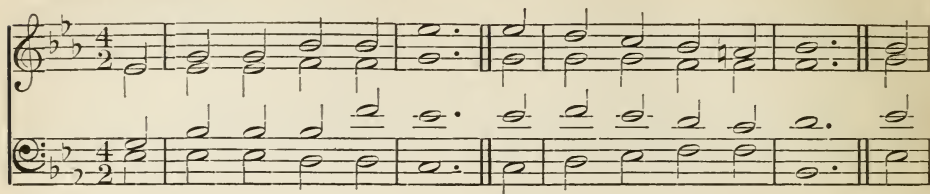
m 3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

mf 5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death! Amen.

Hymn 259.

ST. JOHN—6.6.6.6.8.8.

*'This is the day which the Lord hath made.'*

mf 1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death.
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

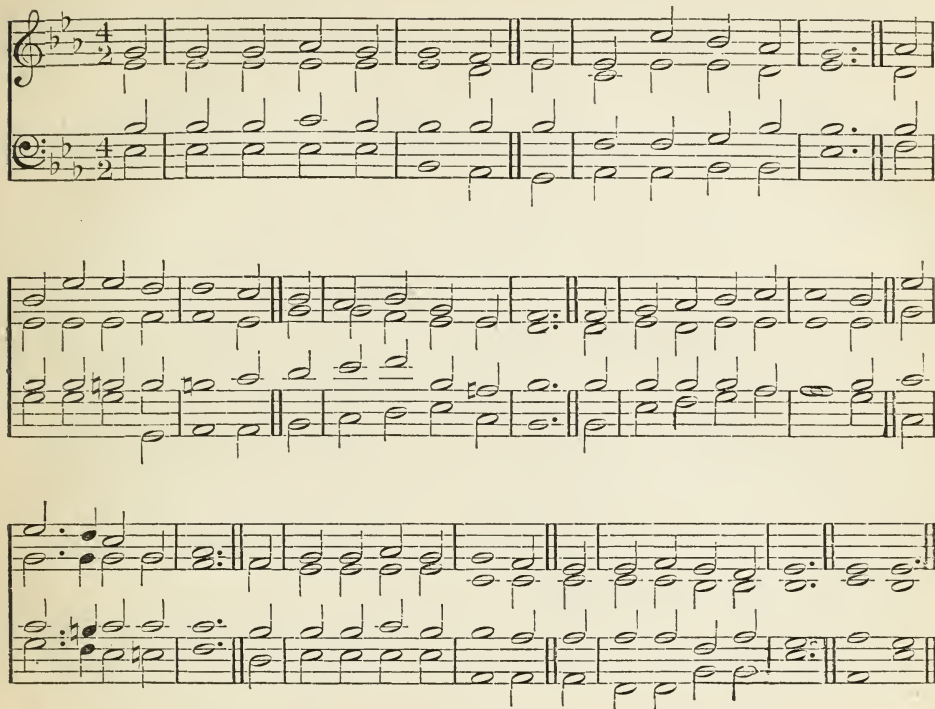
f 3 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

4 Great King, gird on Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car,
While justice, power, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away. Amen.

Hymn 260.

AURELIA.—7.6.7.6. D.

S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.



'Upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together.'

mf 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
 On thee, the high and lowly,
 Before the eternal throne,
mp Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
 To the great Three in One.

mf 2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee, our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus, on thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

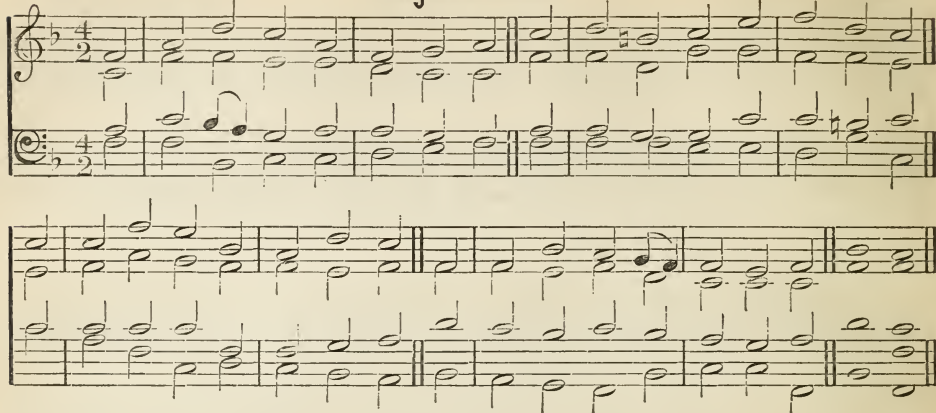
m 3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
mf To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

m 4 May we, new graces gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 Attain the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
mf And there our voice upraising
 To Father and to Son,
 And Holy Ghost, be praising
 Ever the Three in One. Amen.

WESTOVER.—L.M.

Hymn 261.

Dr. Gauntlett.

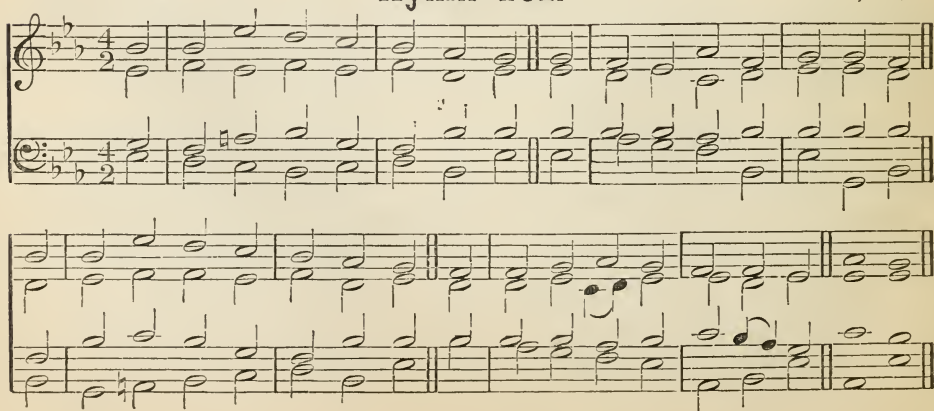
*'There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.'*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p><i>m</i> 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from Thy people rise.</p> <p>2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.</p> <p>3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place,</p> | <p><i>m</i> No groans to mingle with the songs
Ascending from immortal tongues!</p> <p>4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon!</p> <p><i>mf</i> 5 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.
Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

WEIMAR.—L.M.

Hymn 262.

P. Bach, 1714.



'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.'

m 1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

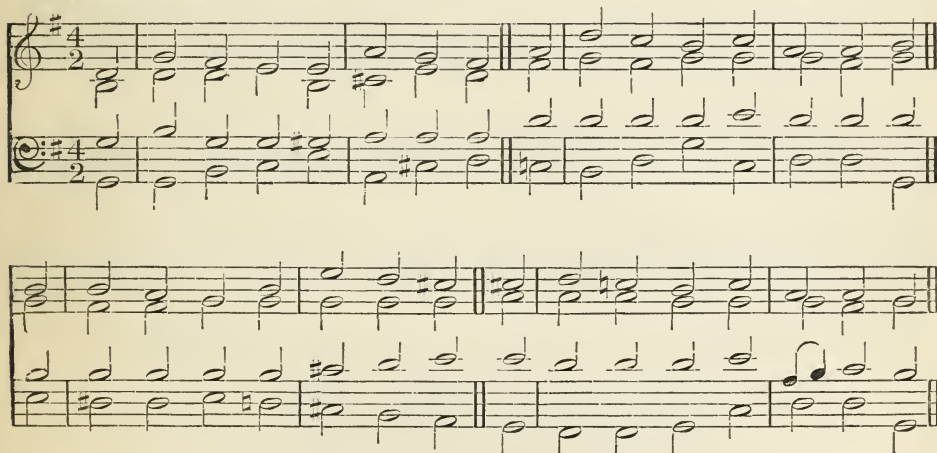
m 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

4 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
mf O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.
Amen.

Hymn 263.

BEAMINSTER.—L. M.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.'

m 1 O THOU, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue!

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favoured worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

m 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

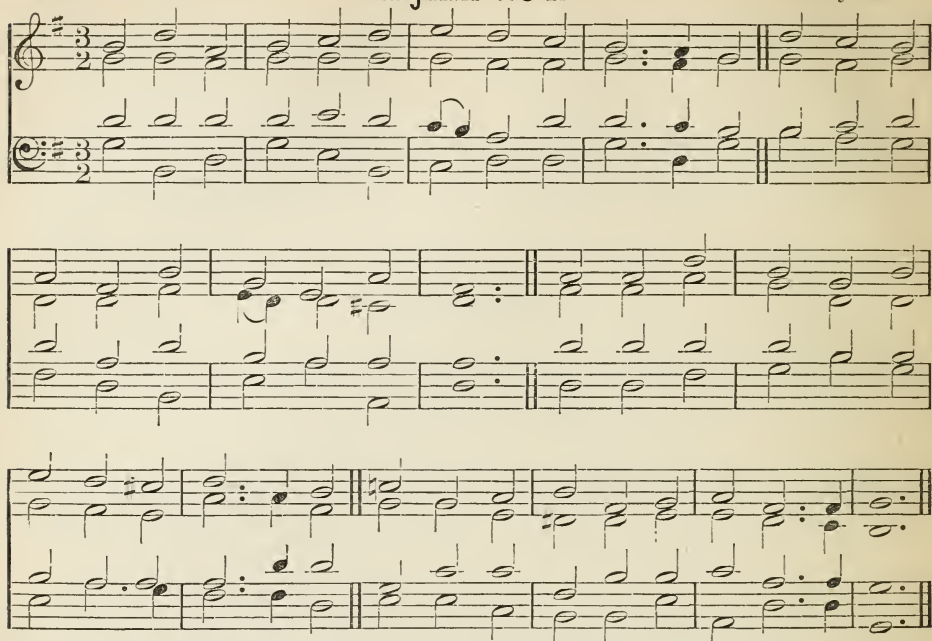
4 To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty bend the
knee;
mp And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

mf 5 O Thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung!
To Thee at last in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

MOREDUN.—12.10.12.10.

Hymn 264.

Henry Smart.



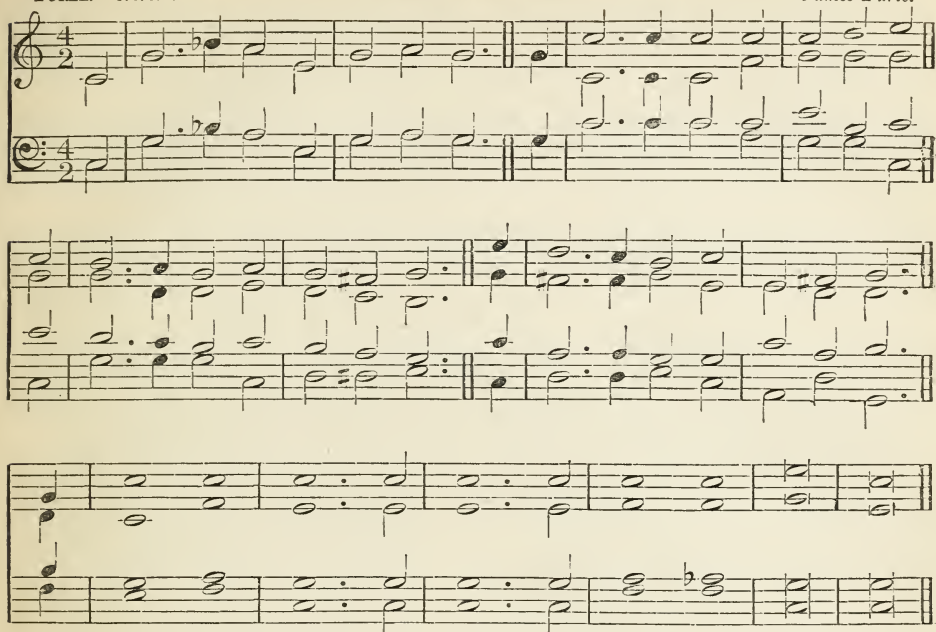
'O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness ; fear before Him, all the earth.'

- mf* 1 WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him ; the Lord is His Name !
- mp* 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness ;
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
- 3 Fear not to enter His courts, in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldest reckon as thine ;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,—
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.
- m* 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear ;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.
- f* 5 Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him ; the Lord is His Name !

Hymn 265.

TURLE.—8.8.8.8.11.

James Turle.



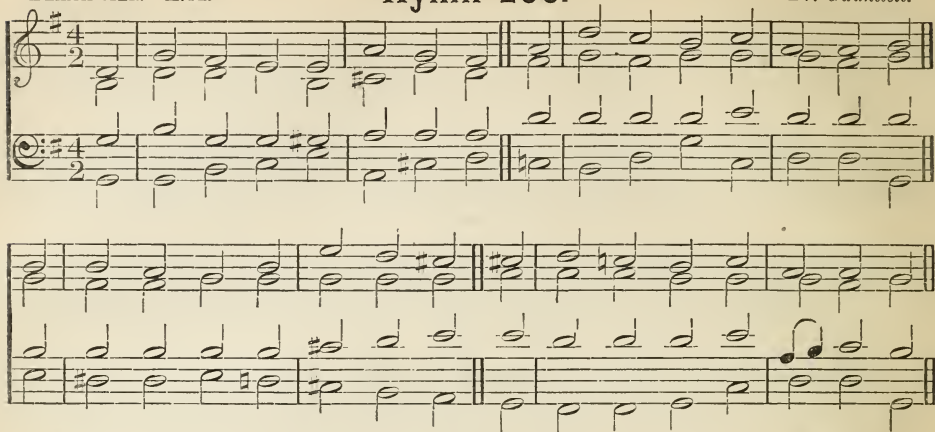
'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.'

- mf* 1 **HOSANNA** to the living Lord!
 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven Hosanna sing.
- f* Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- m* 2 O Saviour, with protecting care
 Return to this Thy house of prayer,
 Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
 Where we Thy parting promise claim.
- f* Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- m* 3 But chiefest in our cleansèd breast,
 Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
- f* Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- p* 4 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.
- ff* Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

BEAMINSTER.—L. M.

Hymn 266.

Dr. Gauntlett.

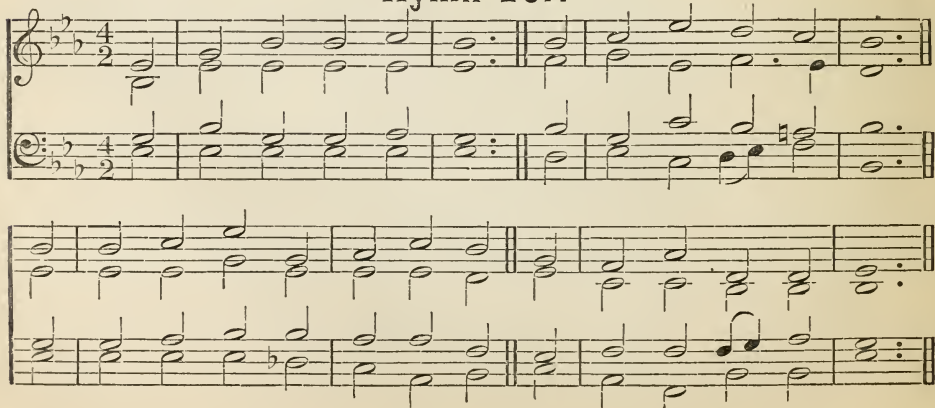


'It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High.'

- m* 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- mf* 2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!
- 3 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
- mf* And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, upon my head.
- 4 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HOLYROOD. — S. M.

Hymn 267.



'Every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even.'

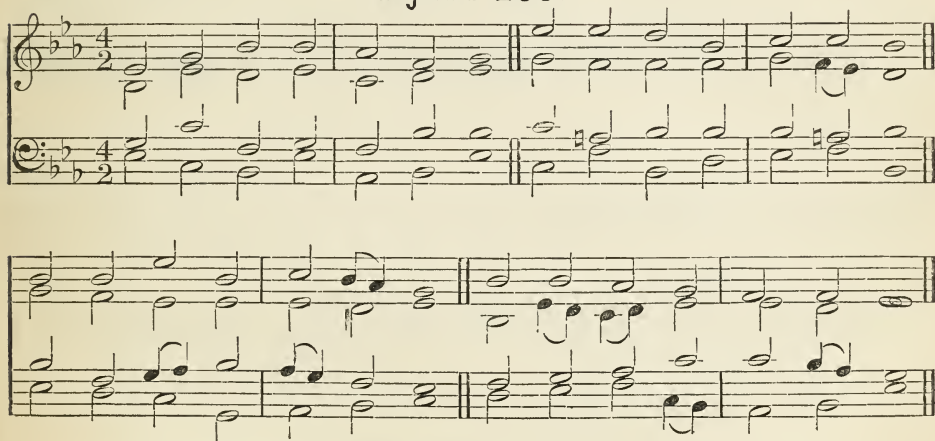
- mp* 1 OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
m But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all !
- 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 'Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire :
< But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !

- m* 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in 'Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end,
f And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

CULBACH.—7.7.7.7.

Hymn 268.

German.



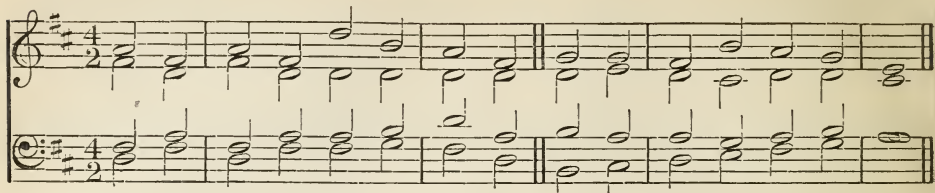
'When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.'

- mf* 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When JEHOVAH'S work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- mp* 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
mf Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- mp* 4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
mf No : the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- mf* 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
f Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Hymn 269.

DEVONPORT.—8.7.4.

Dr. Gauntlett.

*'And again they said, Alleluia.'*

mf 1 HALLELUJAH, best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above;
Hallelujah thou repeatest,
Angel host, these notes of love:
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah, Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
f Hallelujah, bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high:
mp We poor exiles
Join not yet your melody.

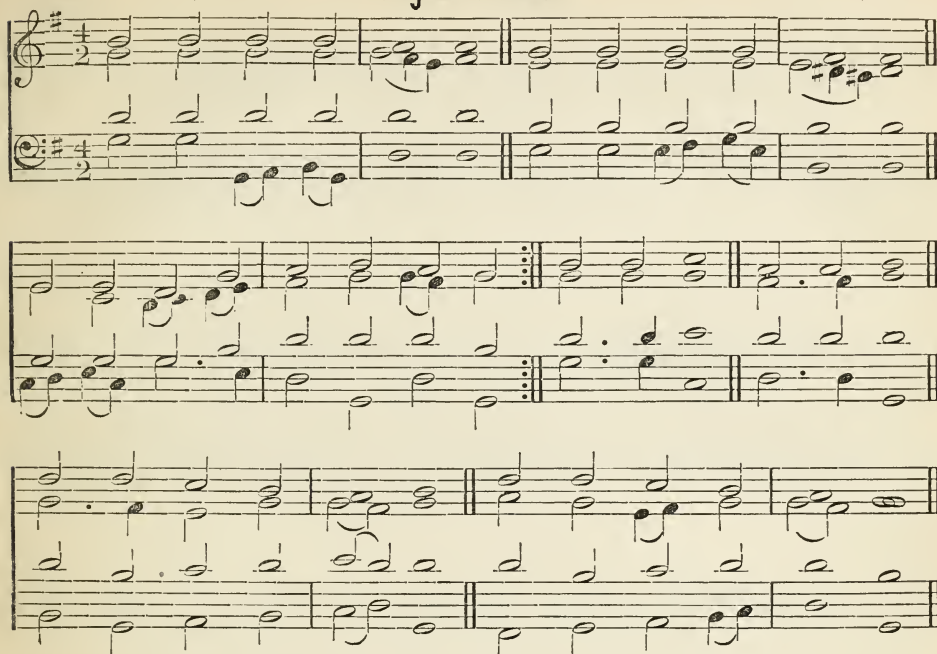
mf 3 Hallelujah, *mp* strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
m Hallelujah, *p* sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn:
pp Our offences
We with bitter fears must mourn.

mp 4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee:
f Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see:
Hallelujah,
Ours at last this strain shall be.
Amen.

ARNSBERG. --6.6.8; 3.3.6.6.

Hymn 270.

J. Neander, 1680.



*'I heard the voice of many angels . . . and the elders, . . . saying with a loud voice,
Worthy is the Lamb.'*

mp 1 HARK! how heaven is calling,
In sweet echoes falling
From angelic harps and voices:
mf 'Tis the wondrous story,
Chiefest theme in glory,
Grace o'er man redeemed rejoices:
This inspires
All their lyres,
And with harp and singing
Heaven's dome is ringing.

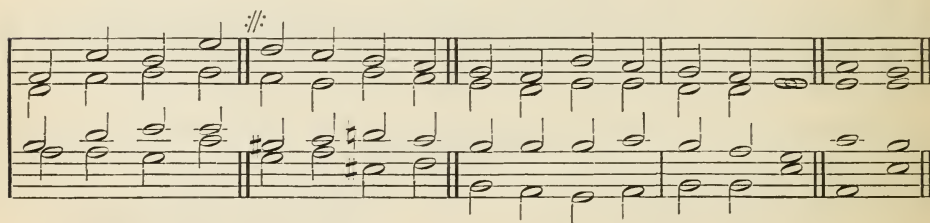
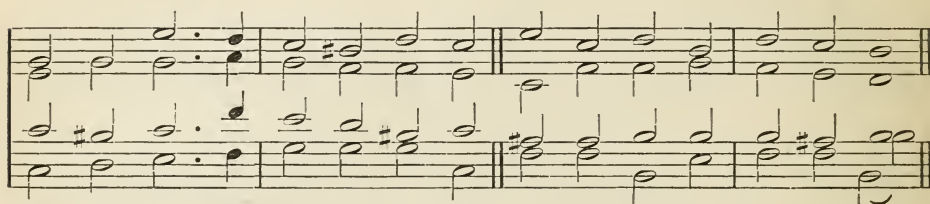
mf 2 Saint unites with angel,
Hymning the evangel,
Glory to the God of heaven!
Glory to the Spirit!
And to Jesus' merit,
Let hosannas loud be given!
For He saves
Sinful slaves,
Them from ruin raising
In His love amazing.

m 3 Does salvation's story
Waken praise in glory,
To the Lamb who suffered for us?
And while heaven rejoices
Shall not kindred voices
Swell from earth to join the chorus?
f Yes; the song,
Loud and strong,
Shall to glory's portals
Rise from saved immortals!

Hymn 271.

LITANY.—8.7.4.

Walter Newport.



'Let my supplication come before Thee: deliver me according to Thy word.'

mp 1 JESUS, Lord, we kneel before Thee,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:

By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

mp 2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,

By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

p 3 When temptation sorely presses
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,

By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

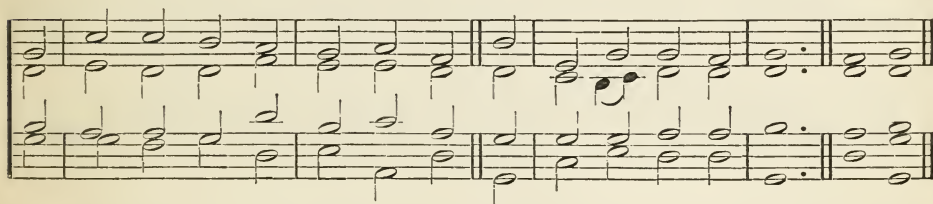
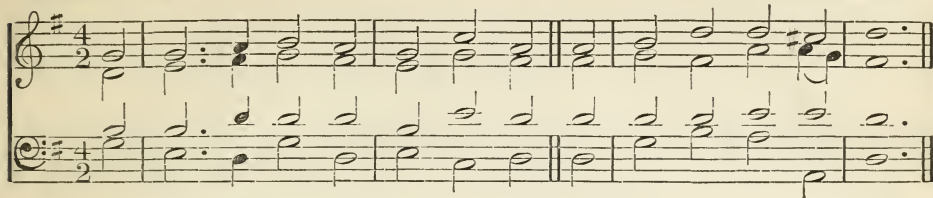
m 4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,

By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

Hymn 272.

FARRANT.—C.M.

R. Farrant, 1585.



'God is a Spirit : and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'

mp 1 LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

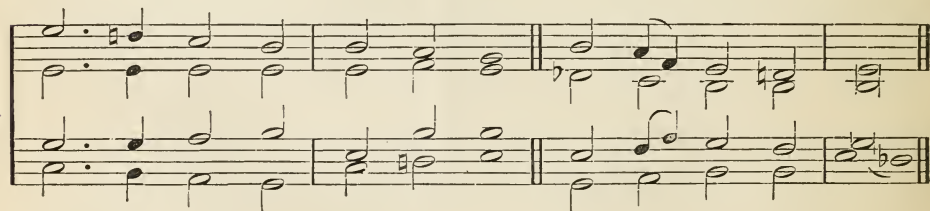
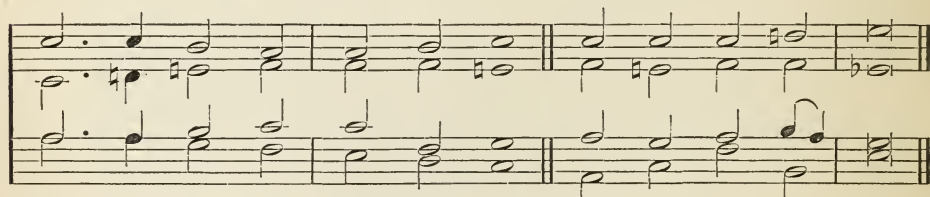
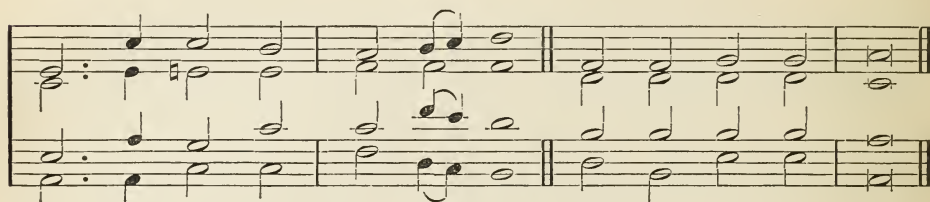
m 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share,
That is not wholly Thine.

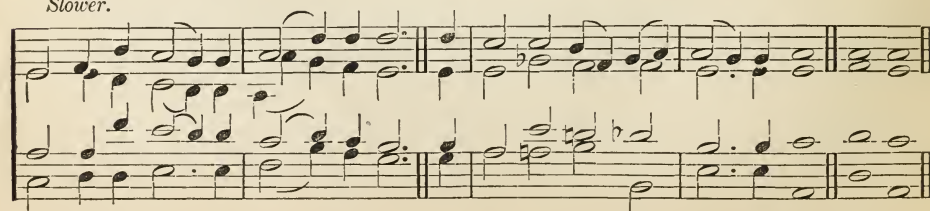
5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. Amen.

Hymn 273.

INTERCESSION.—7.5; 8.8.



Slower.



'What prayer or what supplication soever shall be made of any man, or of all Thy people Israel; . . . then hear Thou from heaven Thy dwelling place, and forgive and render unto every one according unto all his ways.'

p 1 WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall;

∧ Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
∨ In heaven, Thy dwelling place on high.

mp 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace;

∧ Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
∨ In heaven, Thy dwelling place on high.

p 3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the suppliant knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee;

∧ Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
∨ In heaven, Thy dwelling place on high.

m 4 When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed Name;

∧ Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
∨ In heaven, Thy dwelling place on high.

m 5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair,
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;

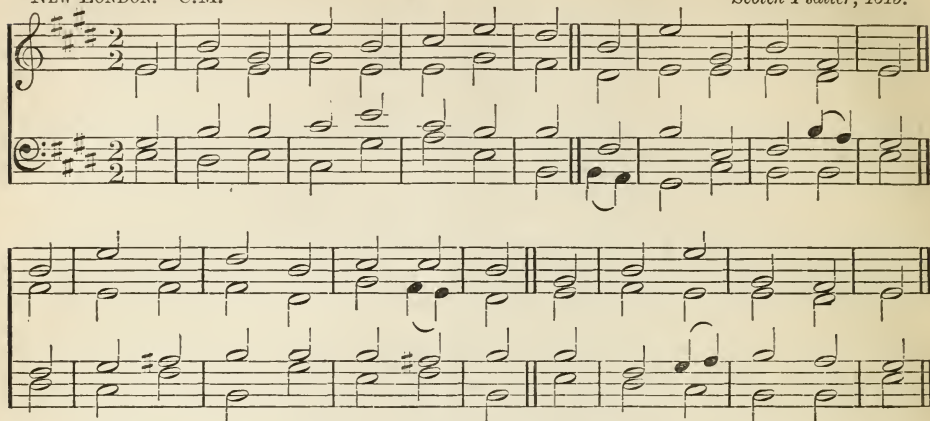
p When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe;

∧ Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
∨ In heaven, Thy dwelling place on high. Amen.

Hymn 274.

NEW LONDON.—C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



'I will establish My covenant . . . to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee.'

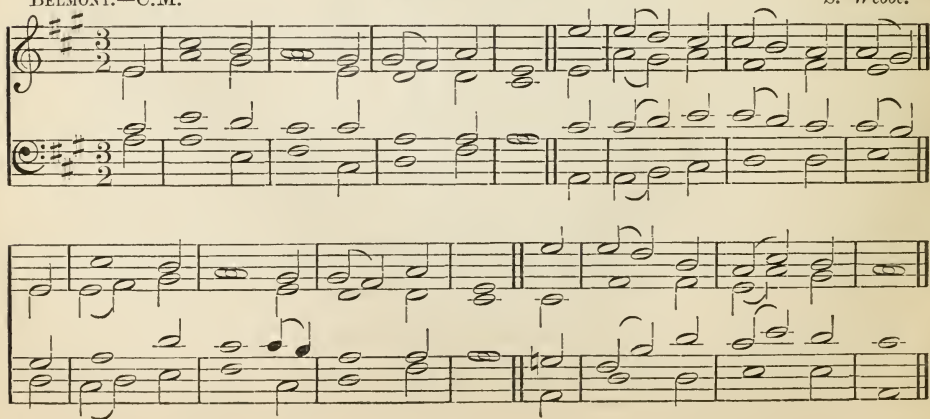
- m 1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
'I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all your need.'
- 2 His words of comprehensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

- m 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are His ways!
His love endures the same,
Nor from the promise of His grace
Blots out the children's name.

Hymn 275.

BELMONT.—C.M.

S. Webb.



'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.'

mp 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

m 2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

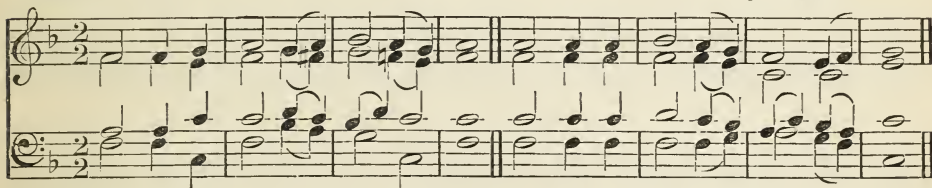
m 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee,
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine;
Thine let our offspring be.

mp 4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

Hymn 276.

BOSTON.—L.M.

*Arranged from a Gregorian,
by L. Mason.*



'They brought unto Him also infants.'

m 1 A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The Mighty God was still His name,
And angels worshipped, as He lay
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He, who a little child began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
'Let little children come to Me.'

m 3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine;
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

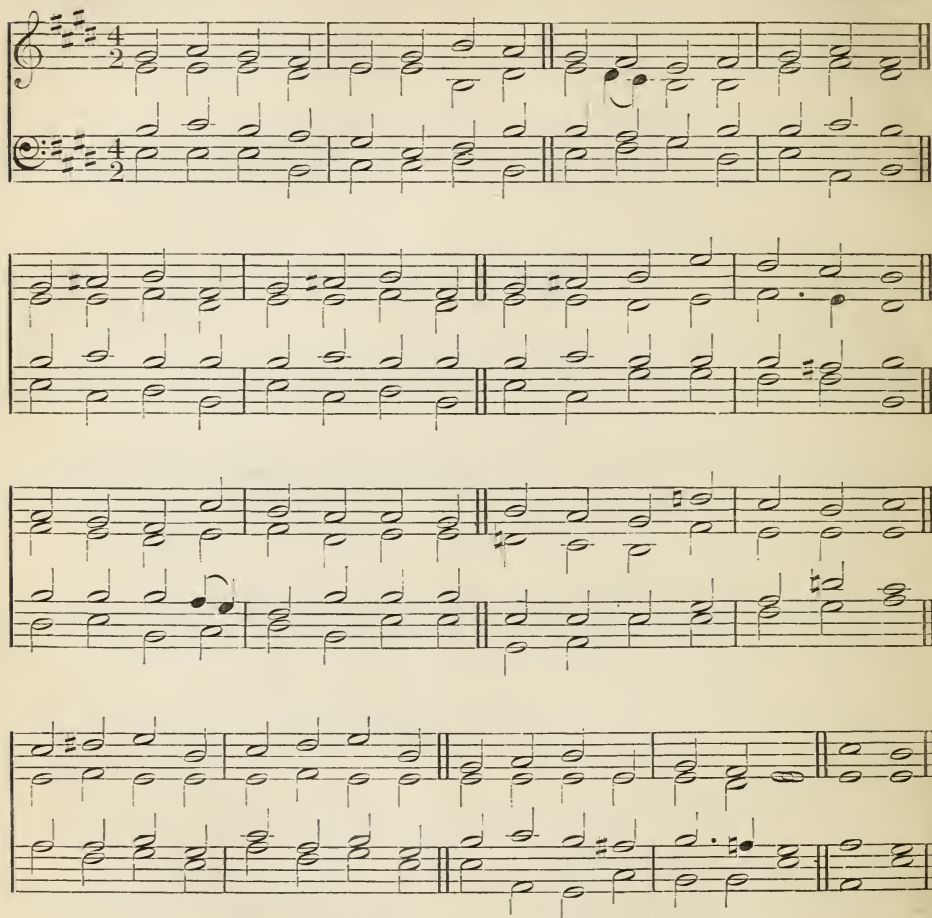
4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

m 5 O Thou, who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Hymn 277.

CARMEL.—8.7.8.7. D.

Sir John Goss.

*'He shall gather the lambs with His arm.'*

mp 1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs Thy bosom share ;
 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
mf There,—we know, Thy word believing,—
 Only there, secure from harm !

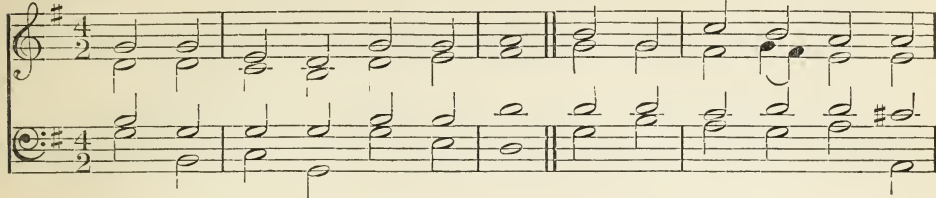
mp 2 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey ;
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way :
 Then, within Thy fold eternal
 Let them find a resting-place,
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace! Amen.

Hymn 278.

HAVERGAL.—7.7.7.

FIRST TUNE.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



'That ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom.'

m 1 JESUS! to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

m 2 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thy outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

p 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
m Turn our sadness into praise.

p 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

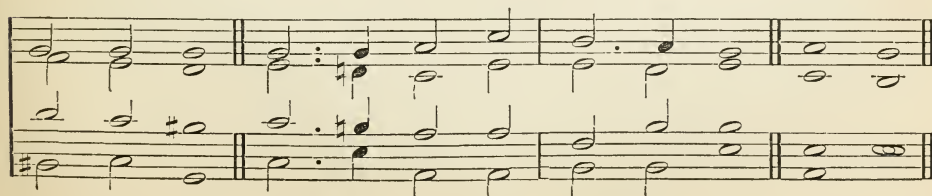
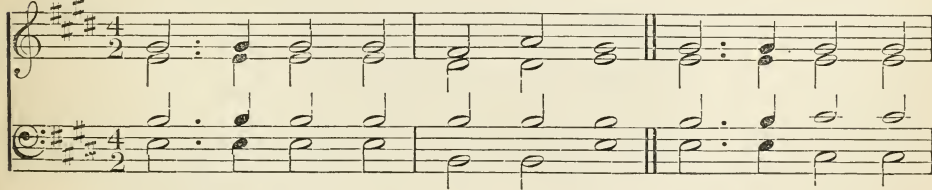
m 5 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

m 6 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land. Amen.

FABIAN.—7.7.7.

SECOND TUNE.

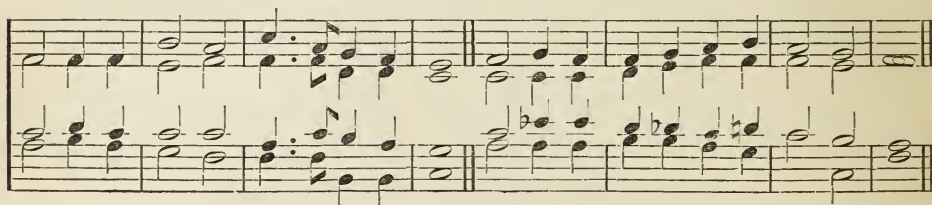
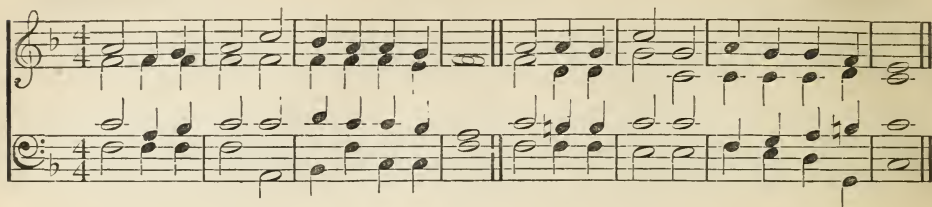
Felton.



Hymn 279.

ST. AGNES.—10.10.10.10.

James Langran.



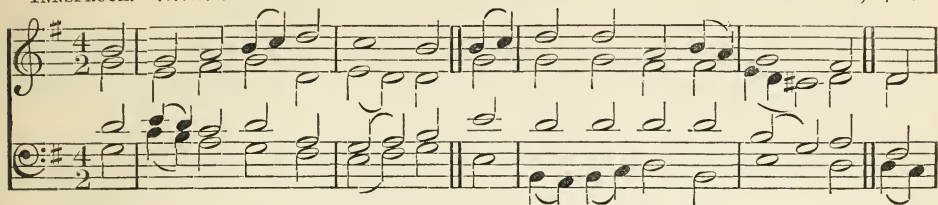
'This do in remembrance of Me.'

- m* 1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
 Here would I touch and handle things unseen ;
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load ;
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
 Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
 It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
- 4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood ;
mf Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
 Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.
- m* 5 Too soon we rise—the symbols disappear ;
 The feast, though not the love, is past and gone ;
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
 Nearer than ever ; still my Shield and Sun.
- 6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
 Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Hymn 280.

INNSBRUCK.—7.7.6.7.7.6.

Hans Isaac, 1490.

*'Christ who is our life.'*

m 1 O BREAD of life, from heaven
 To saints on earth now given,
 O Manna from above!
 The souls that hunger feed Thou,
 The hearts that seek Thee lead Thou,
 With Thy sweet, tender love.

mf 2 O Fount of grace redeeming,
 O River ever streaming
 > From Jesus' holy side!
 Come Thou, Thyself bestowing
 On thirsting souls, and flowing
 ^ Till all are satisfied.

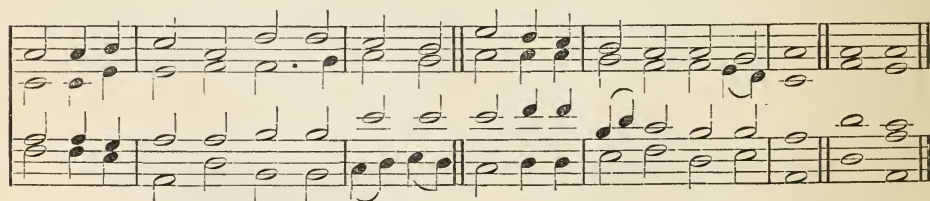
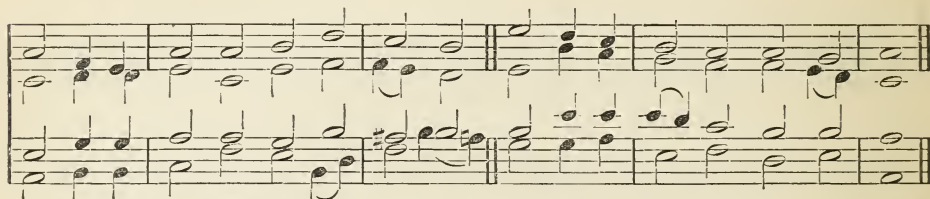
m 3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
 Thy word of truth believing,
 We Thee unseen adore;
 Grant, when the veil is rended,
 That we, to heaven ascended,
 May see Thee evermore. Amen.

Hymn 281.

LAUSANNE.—9.8.9.8. D.

FIRST TUNE.

Genevan Psalter.



'Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life.'

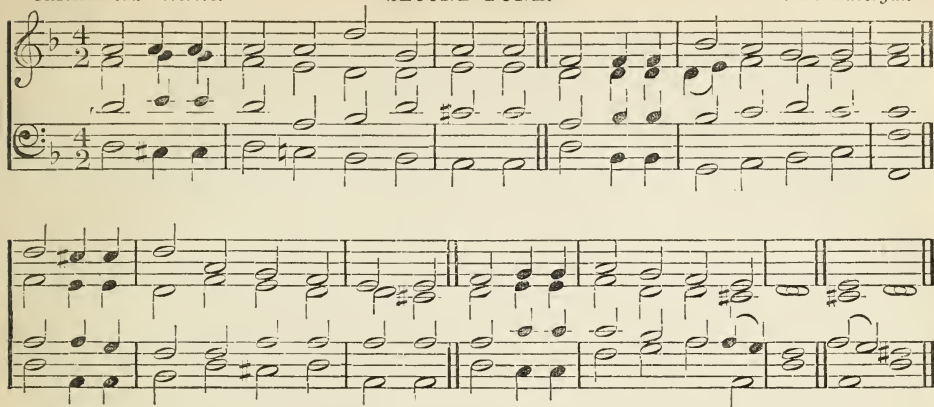
m BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

mp Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

CAPERNAUM.—9.8.9.8.

SECOND TUNE.

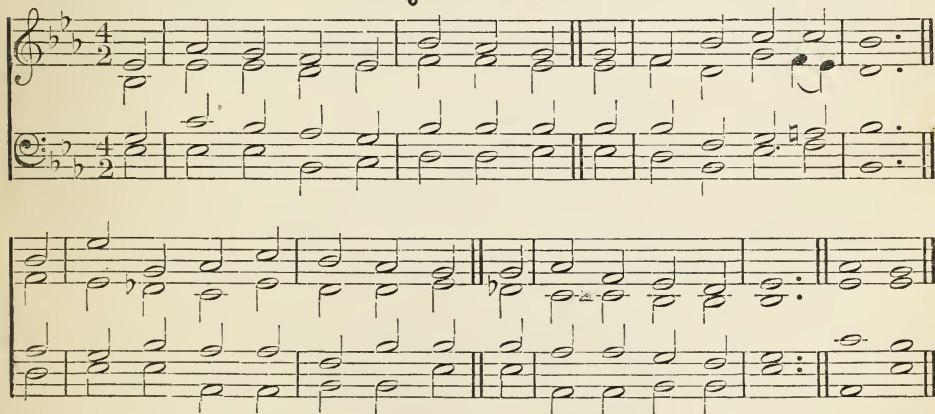
W. H. Havergal.



ST. FRANCES.—C.M.

Hymn 282.

G. A. Lühr.



'He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.'

m 1 LORD, at Thy table I behold
The wonders of Thy grace:
But, most of all, admire that I
Should find a welcome place.

mp 2 With trembling faith and bleeding
Lord, we accept Thy love; [hearts,
'Tis a rich banquet we have here!
What will it be above?

mf 3 'Eat, O my friends,' the Saviour cries,
'The feast was made for you;

p For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
mf And rose, and triumphed too.'

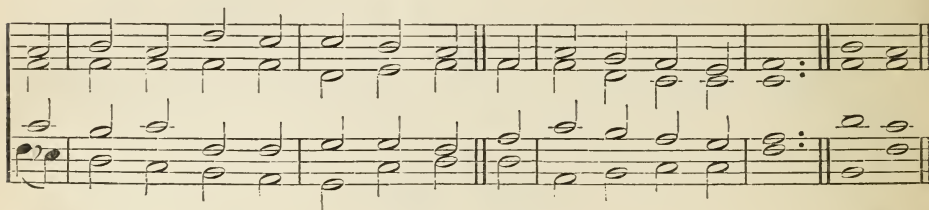
f 4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

5 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to Thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony. Amen.

Hymn 283.

ST. PETER'S—C.M.

A. Reinagle.

*'This do in remembrance of Me.'*

- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- p* 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
< And not remember Thee?
- mp* 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes.
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—
- m* 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
- mf* Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- p* 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me. Amen.

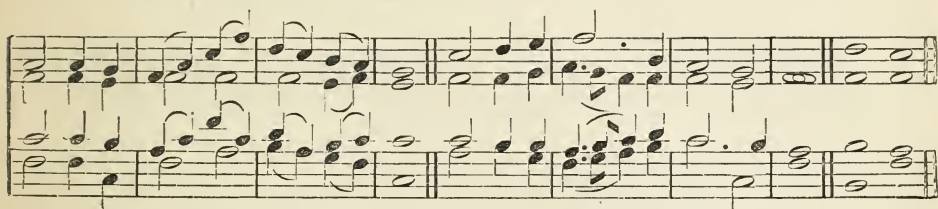
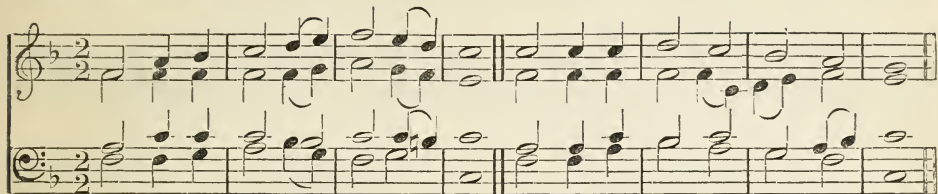
X.—MISSIONS.

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Hymn 284.

DUKE STREET.—L.M.

John Hatton.



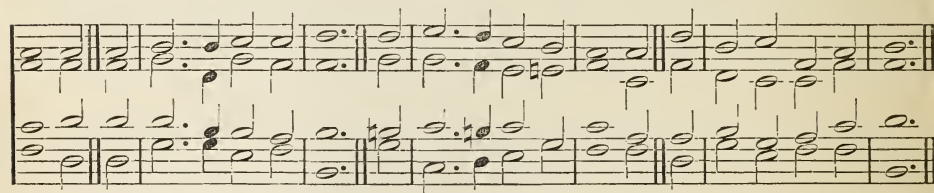
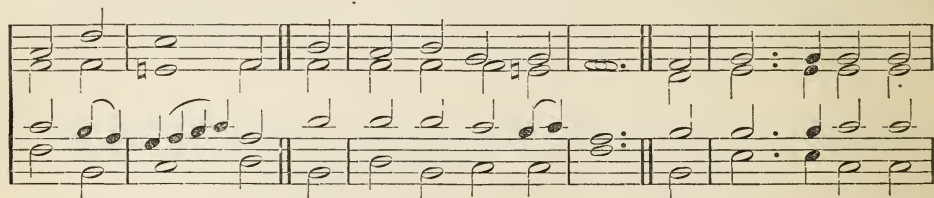
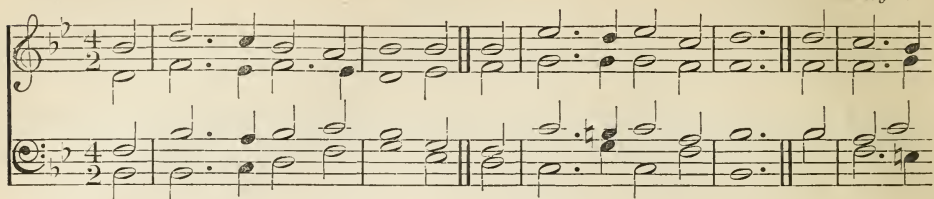
'Men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed.'

- mf* 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.
- f* 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

Hymn 285.

ZOAN.—7.6.7.6. D.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



'In His days shall the righteous flourish ; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.'

mf 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

mf 3 By such shall He be fearèd,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, reverèd ;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

m 4 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.

mf Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

mf 5 Arabia's desert ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see:
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at His feet.

6 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing;
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

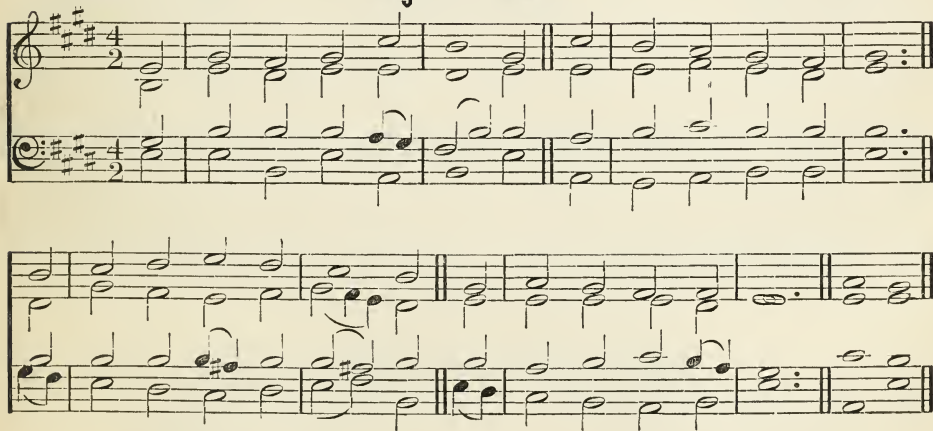
mf 7 For Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend,
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain dews shall nourish
 A seed, in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

8 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever,—
 That name to us is Love.

HEIDELBERG.—7.6.7.6.

Hymn 286.

M. Vulpus, 1609.



'Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!'

mf 1 Oh that the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal His ancient nation,
 To lead the outcasts home!

m 2 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity,
 Rebuild her walls again.

mf 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart;
 Roll back the veil of error,
 Release the fettered heart.

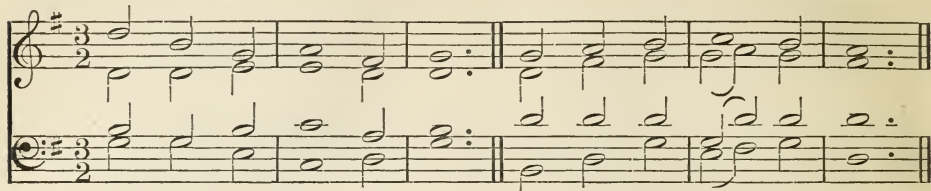
f 4 Let Israel, home returning,
 Their lost Messiah see;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Amen.

Hymn 287.

TRINITY.—G.6.4.G.6.6.4.

Giardini.



'And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.'

mf 1 THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,

mp Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

m 2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,—
O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

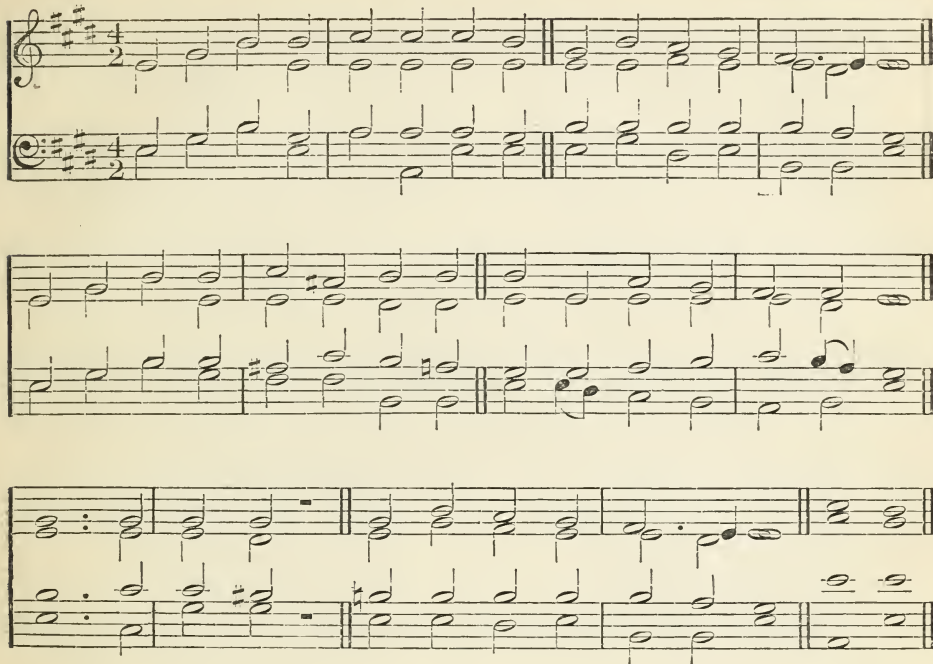
m 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

mf 4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth far and wide
Let there be light! Amen.

Hymn 288.

ST. BEDE.—S. 7. 4.

Richard Redhead.



'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!'

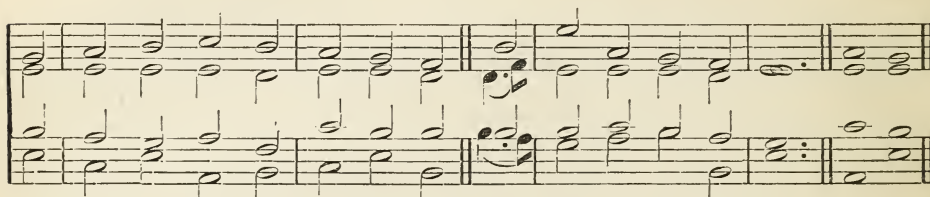
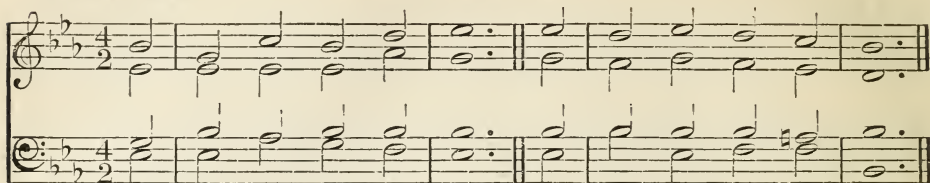
mf 1 YES, we trust the day is breaking,
 Joyful times are near at hand;
 God, the mighty God, is speaking
 By His word in every land;
 Mark His progress!
 Darkness flies at His command.

2 Oh! 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
 To our hearts to hear, each day,
 Joyful news from far arriving,
 How the gospel wins its way,
 Those enlightening
 Who in death and darkness lay.

f 3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let Thy people see Thy hand;
 Let the gospel be victorious
 Through the world; in every land
 Let the idols
 Perish, Lord, at Thy command! Amen.

Hymn 289.

HAMPTON.—S.M.



'Let the people praise Thee, O God ; let all the people praise Thee.'

mf 1 O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessèd reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease ;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

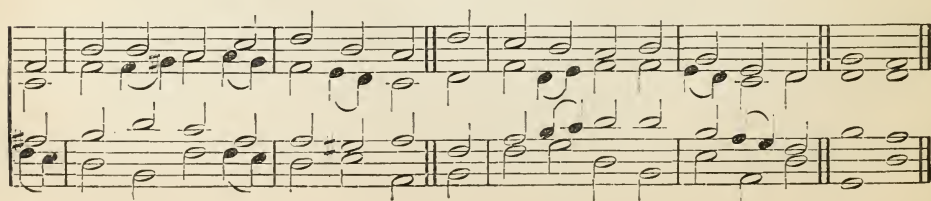
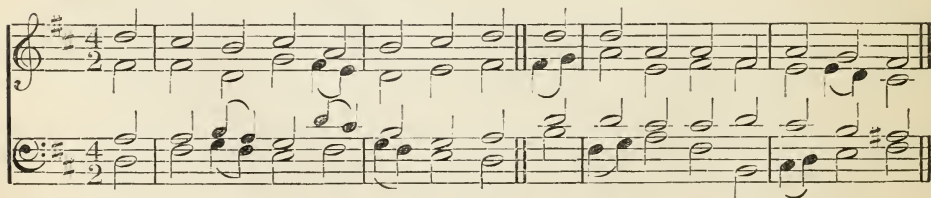
mf 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise.
To God the Saviour sing ;
f From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring. Amen.

Hymn 290.

ERFURT.—L.M.

Luther.



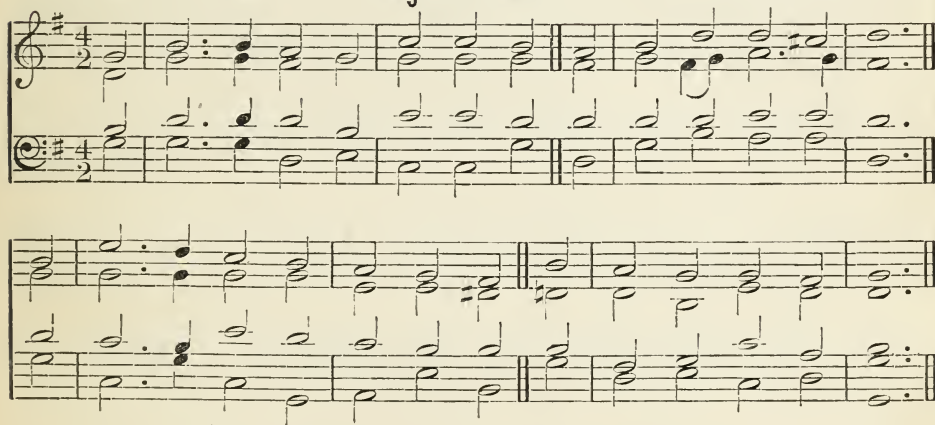
*'Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days,
in the generations of old.'*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p><i>mf</i> 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.</p> <p>2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
'I am JEHOVAH, God alone;'
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;</p> | <p><i>mp</i> But to each conscience be applied
'The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.</p> <p><i>m</i> 4 Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home,
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!</p> <p><i>mf</i> 5 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.
Amen.</p> |
|--|--|

OLD WINCHESTER.—C.M.

Hymn 291.

Estes's Psalter, 1592.



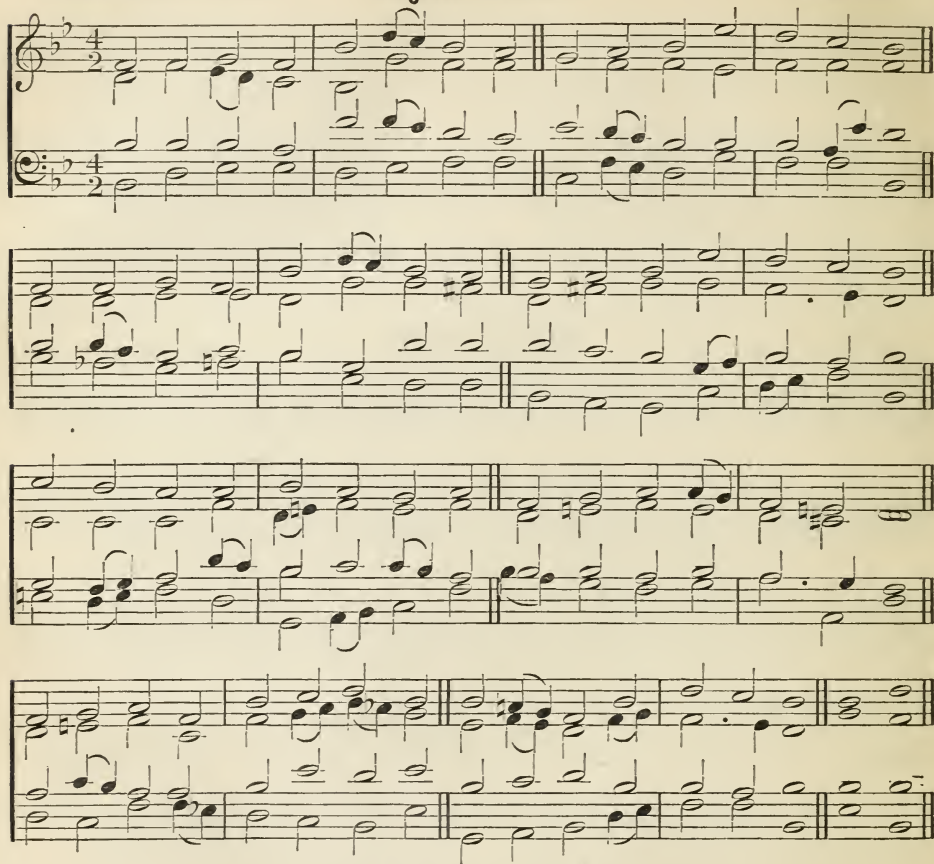
'The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits.'

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>mf</i> 1 LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of Glory pass;
The Cross is in the field.</p> <p>2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.</p> <p>3 Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.</p> <p>4 Follow the Cross; the ark of peace
Accompany your path,</p> | <p><i>mf</i> To slaves and rebels bring release
From bondage and from wrath.</p> <p>5 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.</p> <p><i>f</i> 6 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong!
To Christ shall every nation bow,
And sing with you this song:</p> <p><i>ff</i> 7 'Uplifted are the gates of brass;
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass!
The Cross hath won the field!'</p> |
|--|---|

CONTEMPLATION.—8.7.8.7. D.

Hymn 292.

Mendelssohn.

*'So shall He sprinkle many nations.'*

m 1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
 Fruitful let Thy sorrows be!
 By Thy pains and consolations
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
 Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
 Be it to the nations told;
mf Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
 And Thy mercy manifold.

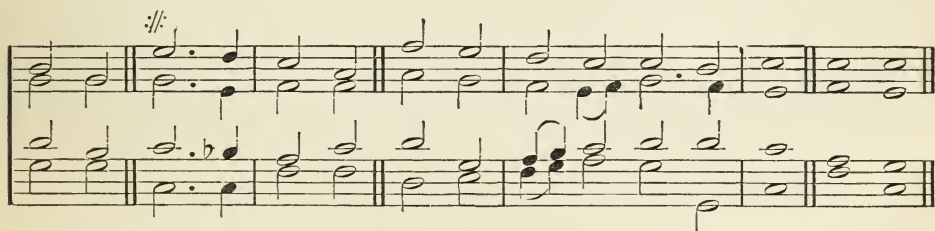
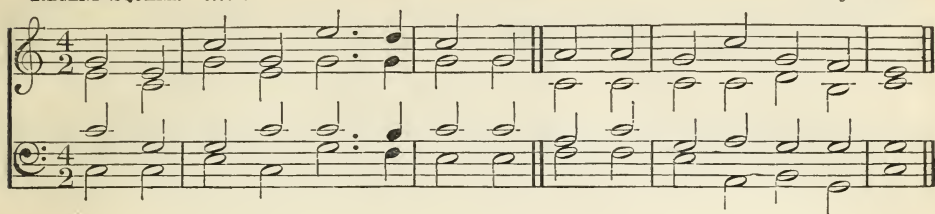
mp 2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest.

mp Thirsting, as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown grass for rain,
mf Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
 Thee, as man for sinners slain.
mp 3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the
 For Thy Spirit, new creating. [sight,
 Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light;
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth by every creature
 Glory to the Lamb be sung. Amen.

Hymn 293.

KEGENT SQUARE.—8.7.4.

Henry Smart.



'Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.'

m 1 O'er those gloomy hills of darkness
 Look, my soul; be still and gaze;
f All the promises do travel
 To a glorious day of grace:
 Blessed jubilee!
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

mf 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary;
f Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

m 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Let them have the glorious light;
 And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night;
f And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

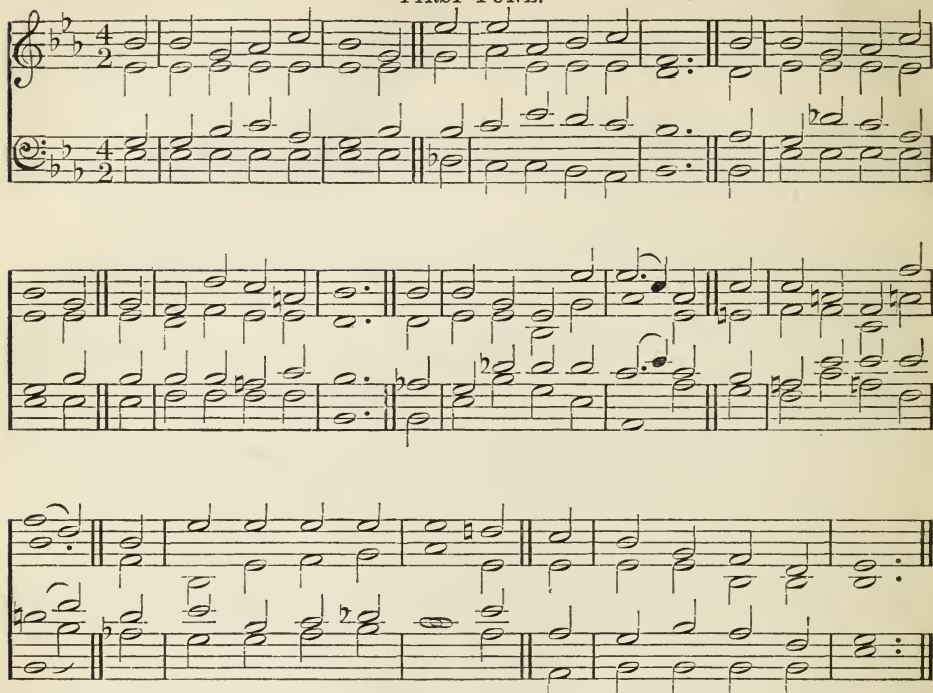
f 4 Fly abroad, eternal gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase;
ff May thy sceptre
 Sway the enlightened world around.
 Amen.

Hymn 294.

LANCASHIRE.—7.6.7.6. D.

FIRST TUNE.

Henry Smart.



‘Come over . . . and help us.’

mf 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

m 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every object pleases,
 And only man is vile;
> *m* In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn,
mp The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

mf 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
f Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

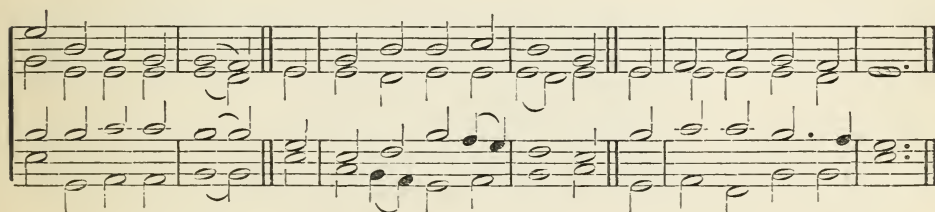
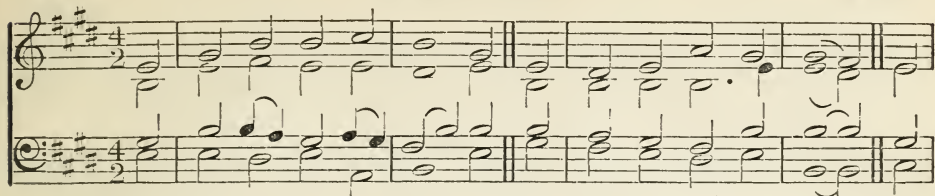
f 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
m Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
f Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

MISSIONS.

MISSIONARY.—7.6.7 6. D.

SECOND TUNE.

L. Mason.



'Come over . . . and help us.'

mf 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

m 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every object pleases,
> And only man is vile;
m In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
mp The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

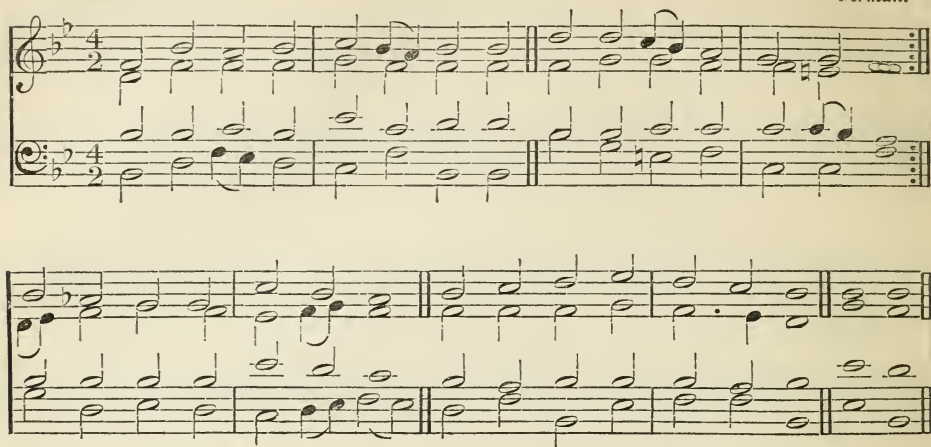
mf 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
f Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

f 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
m Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
f Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Hymn 295.

OBERLIN.—8.7.8.7.7.7.

German.



I will water it every moment : lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.

m 1 SEE, O Lord, the vineyard planted
By Thy sovereign power and love ;
Let Thy people's prayer be granted,
Showers of blessing from above ;
Hear, O hear us when we pray,
Keep Thy vineyard night and day.

2 'Tis Thine own, Thine hand has made it ;
Hide it from the wintry blast ;
Let no foot of beast invade it,
No rude hand its beauty waste ;
Hear Thy people when they pray,
Keep Thy vineyard night and day.

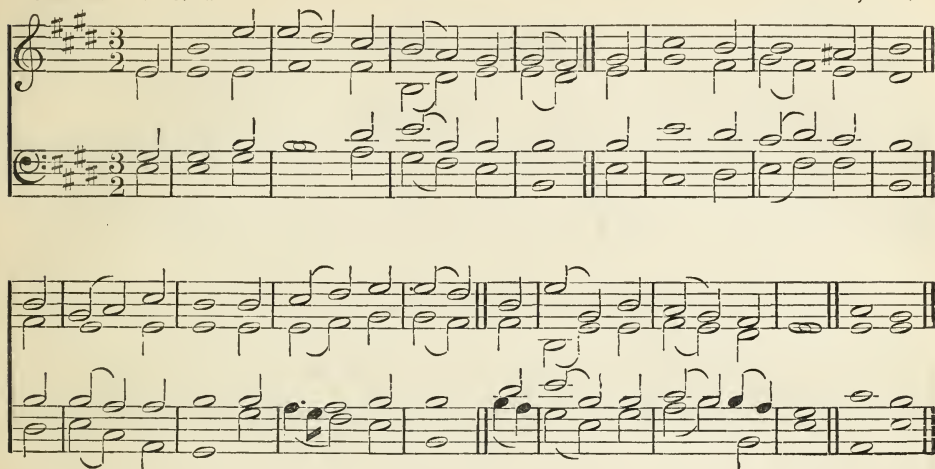
f 3 Drooping plants revive and nourish,
Let them thrive beneath Thine hand ;
Let the weak grow strong and flourish,
Blooming fair at Thy command ;
mf Let the fruitful yield Thee more,
Laden with a richer store.

m 4 Further, Lord, be Thou entreated :
Plant the barren waste around ;
Let Thy work be thus completed,
And no sterile spot be found ;
mf Let the earth a vineyard be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee! Amen.

Hymn 296.

ST. STEPHEN.—C.M.

Isaac Smith, 1770.



'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.'

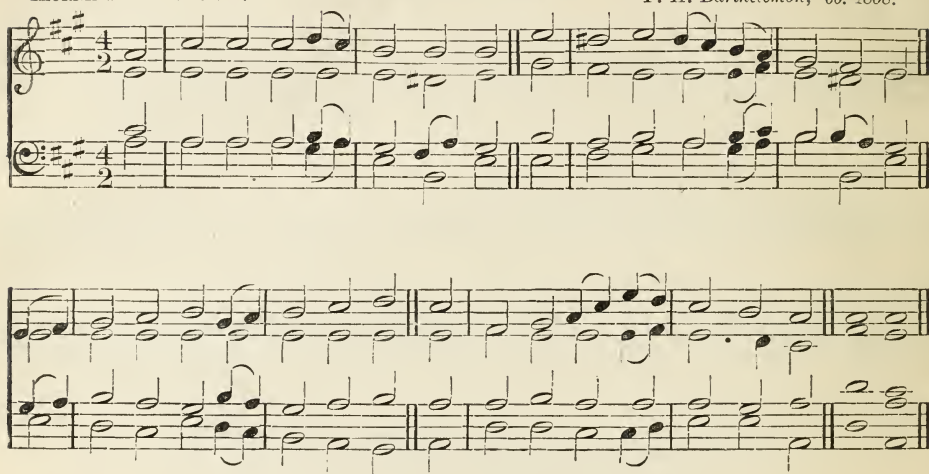
- m* 1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day!
- mf* Arise, and, with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away.
- mf* 2 Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
- f* Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.
- f* 4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Come, then, with all Thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.
- 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine. Amen.

XI.—TIMES AND SEASONS.

Hymn 297.

MORNING HYMN.—L.M.

F. H. Bartholomon, ob. 1808.



My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord.

mf 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

m 2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear;
Think how, all-seeing, God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

m 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to heaven's Eternal King.

5 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
I may of endless light partake. [wake,

6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
And with Thyself my spirit fill. [will,

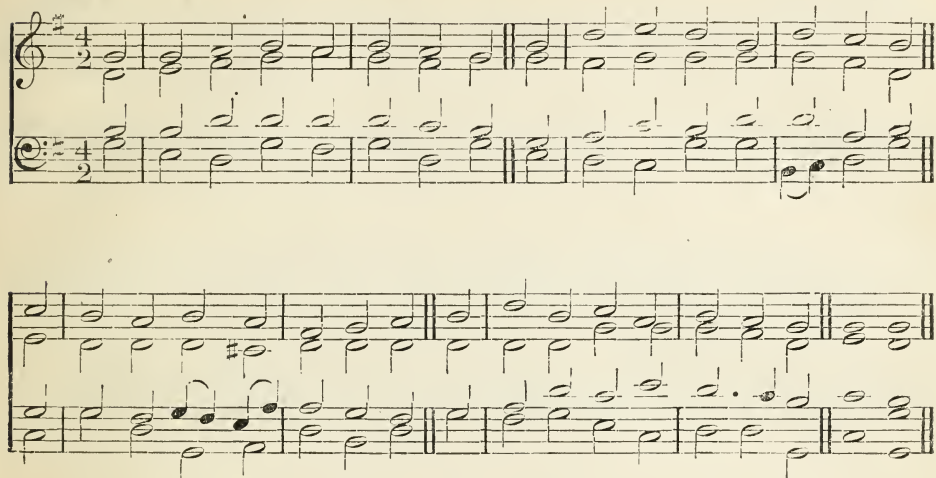
7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

f 8 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Hymn 298.

NICOMEDIA.—L. M.

Old Latin Hymn.

*'His compassions fail not ; they are new every morning.'*

m 1 O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise ;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought.
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day.
Hover around us, while we pray :
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

m 4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

6 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

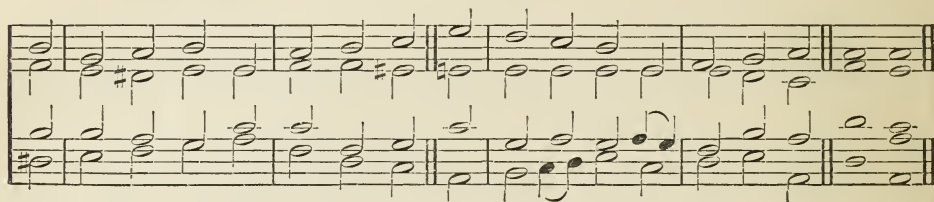
m 7 Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go ;
The secret this of rest below.

8 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

Hymn 299.

NORFOLK.—L. M.

Dr. Howard.

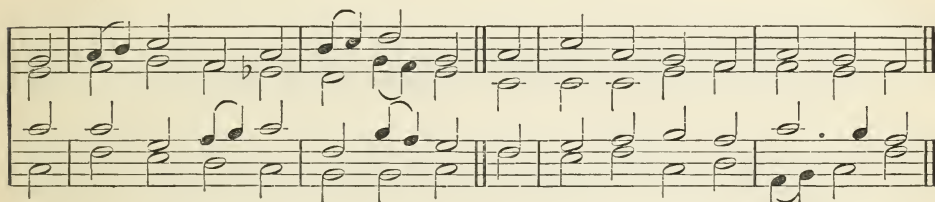
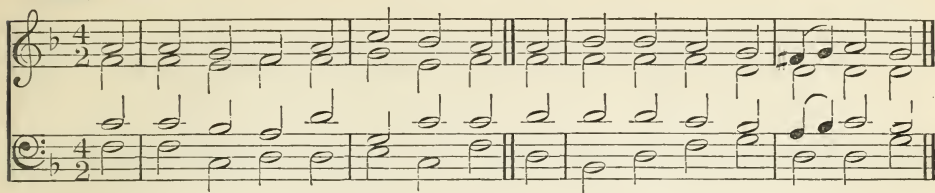
*'The Sun of Righteousness.'*

- m* 1 THOU image of the Father bright,
Effulgent glory, Light of light,
Radiance divine, that shines for aye,
Thy dawn is that of endless day.
- 2 True Sun! illumine our inner sight;
Pour down Thy Spirit's living light;
Through all our senses, o'er our head,
Unsetting Sun! Thy brightness shed.
- 3 Father of lights! on Thee we call;
Father of glory, All in all,
Father of grace and power, we pray,
Put all our sin and guilt away.
- 4 Jesus! be Thou our bread from heaven;
Let faith athirst for Thee be given;
Then let us drink with joy, until
Our hearts and souls Thy Spirit fill.
- mf* 5 Then glad the day we shall begin,
mp Blush with the morning for our sin,
Our faith grow like the mid-day bright,
But know no twilight and no night.
- m* 6 As dawn ascends to noon of day,
< Be Thou our rising Sun for aye;
f Thee let us in Thy Father see,
And find the Father all in Thee. Amen.

Hymn 300.

BENISON.—8.8.8.8.8.8.

1707.



'To show forth Thy lovingkindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.'

m 1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

m 3 As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Counsellor and Friend;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

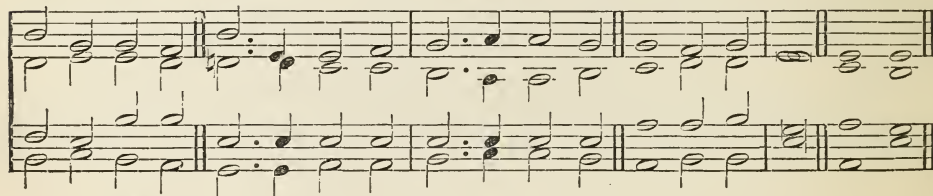
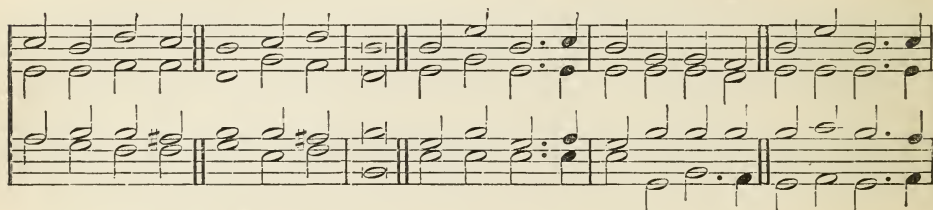
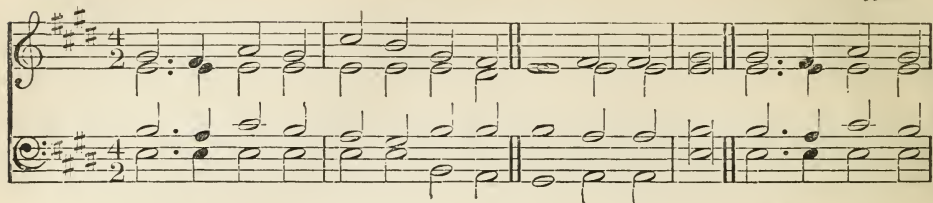
4 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies!

p 5 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise. Amen.

Hymn 301.

STEGGALL'S.—8.4; 8.8.8.4.

C. Steggall.



'He shall give His angels charge over thee.'

m 1 GOD, that madest earth and heaven,

Darkness and light,

Who the day for toil hast given,

For rest the night,—

p May Thine angel-guards defend us!

Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us!

Holy dreams and hopes attend us,

This livelong night!

m 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,

p And, when we die,

< May we in Thy mighty keeping

> All peaceful lie!

pp When the last dread call shall wake us,

< Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,

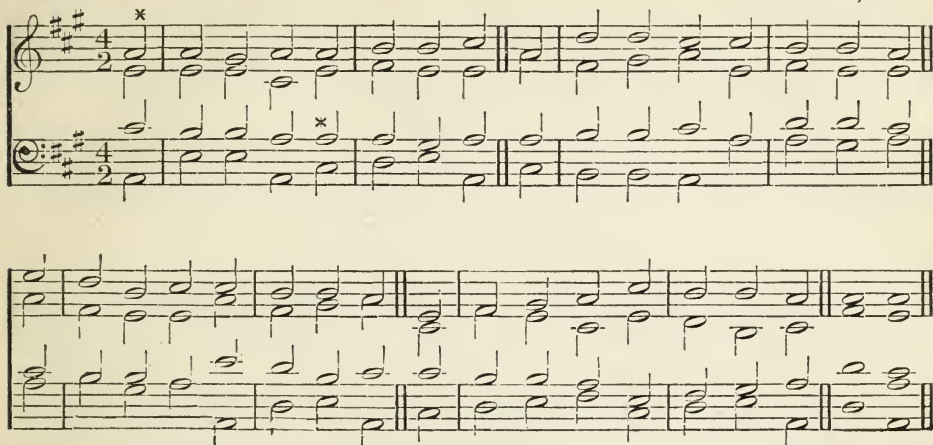
mf But to reign in glory take us

With Thee on high. Amen.

Hymn 302.

EVENING HYMN.—L. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1585.



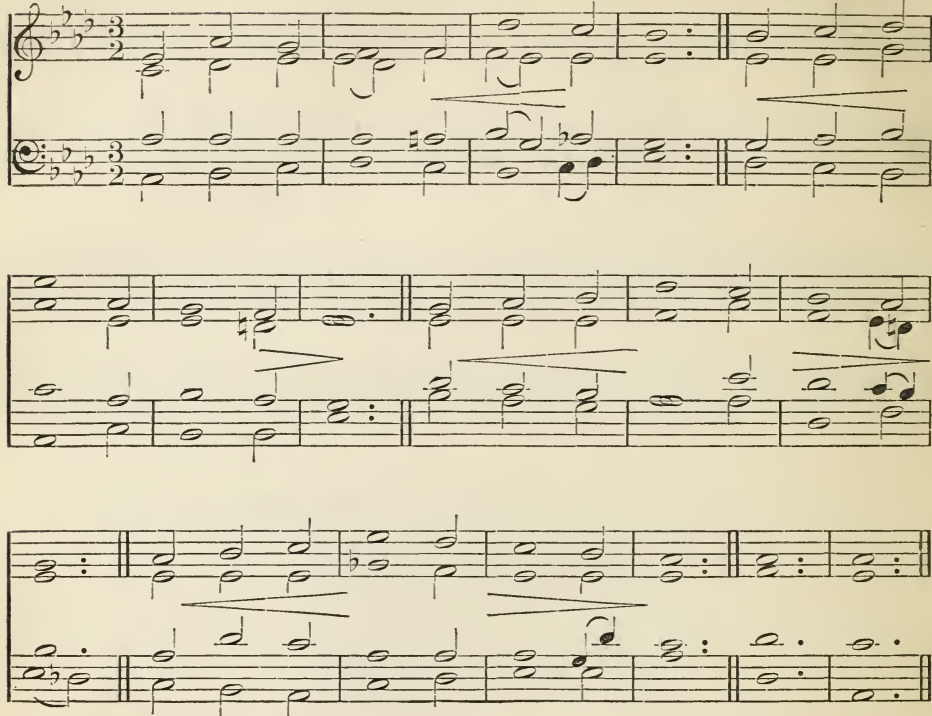
'He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.'

- mf* 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
- mp* 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- p* 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- mp* 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- f* 6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Hymn 303.

ABENDS.—L.M.

Sir Herbert Oakeley, M.A., Mus. Doc.

*'The Lord God is a Sun and Shield.*

mp 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

p 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

m 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
p Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

m 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
p Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

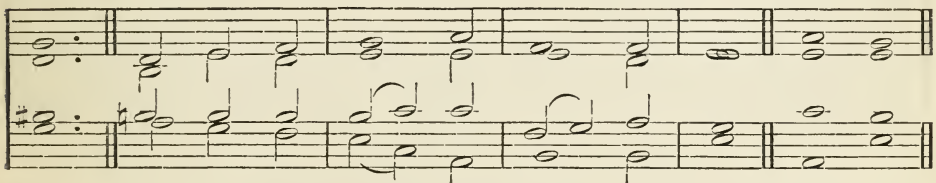
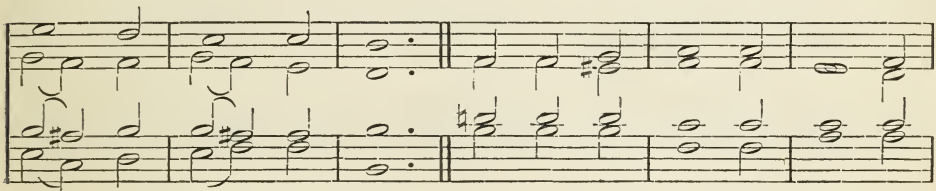
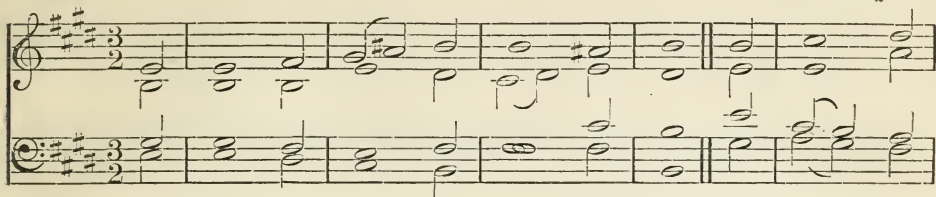
m 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
f Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Amen.

Hymn 304.

ANGELUS.—L.M.

Johann Scheffler.

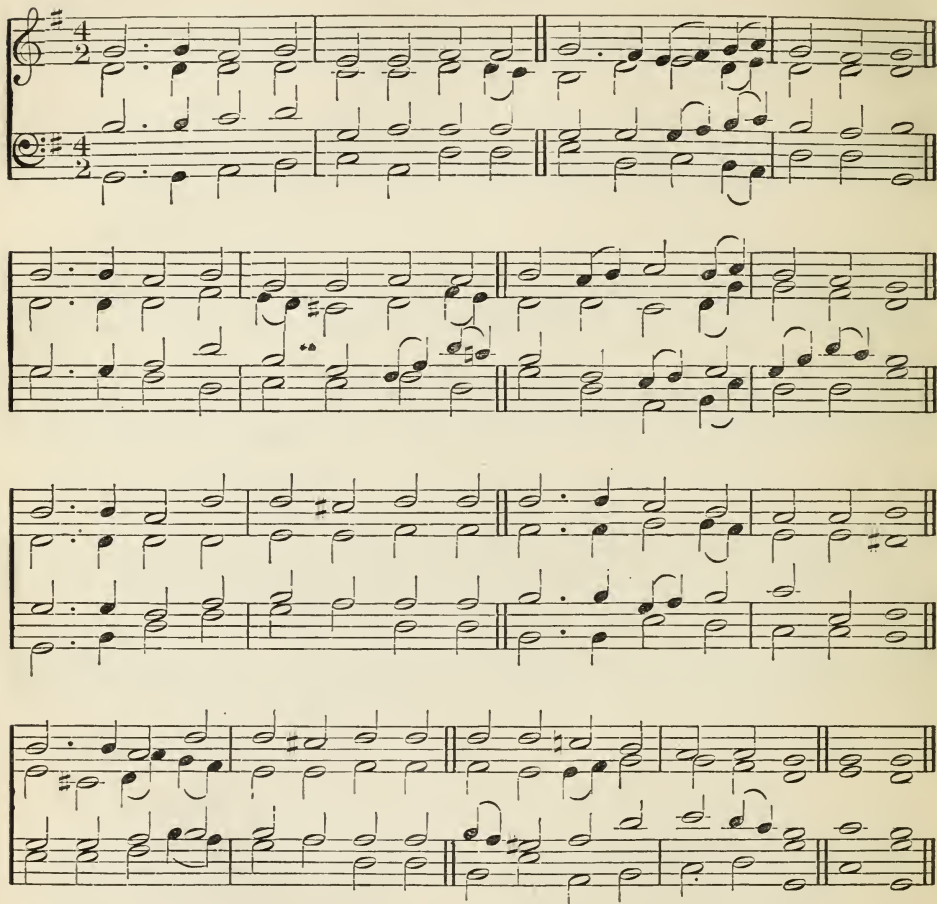


'At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased.'

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>m</i> 1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
<i>mp</i> Oh, in what diverse pains they met!
<i>mf</i> Oh, with what joy they went away!</p> | <p><i>p</i> 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;</p> |
| <p><i>mp</i> 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that Thou art here.</p> | <p>5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.</p> |
| <p><i>p</i> 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 6 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
<i>p</i> Hear in this solemn evening hour,
< And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.</p> |

Hymn 305.

LUGANO.—8.7.8.7. D.

*'Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.'*

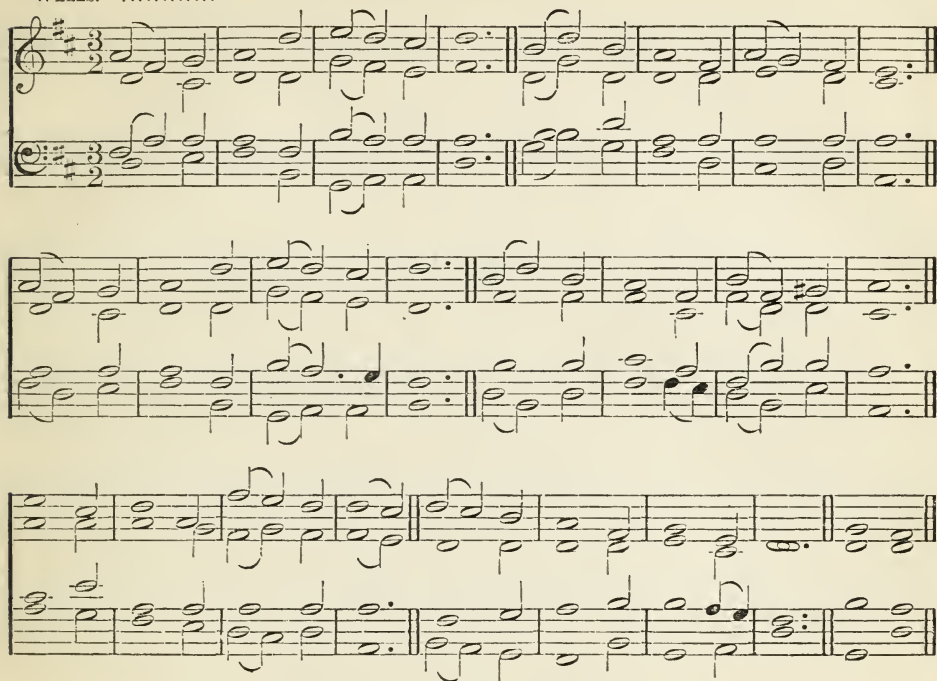
p 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 < Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
p Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 > Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
 >> We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
pp Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 < May the morn in heaven awake us,
f Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Amen.

Hymn 306.

WELLS.—7.7.7.7.7.

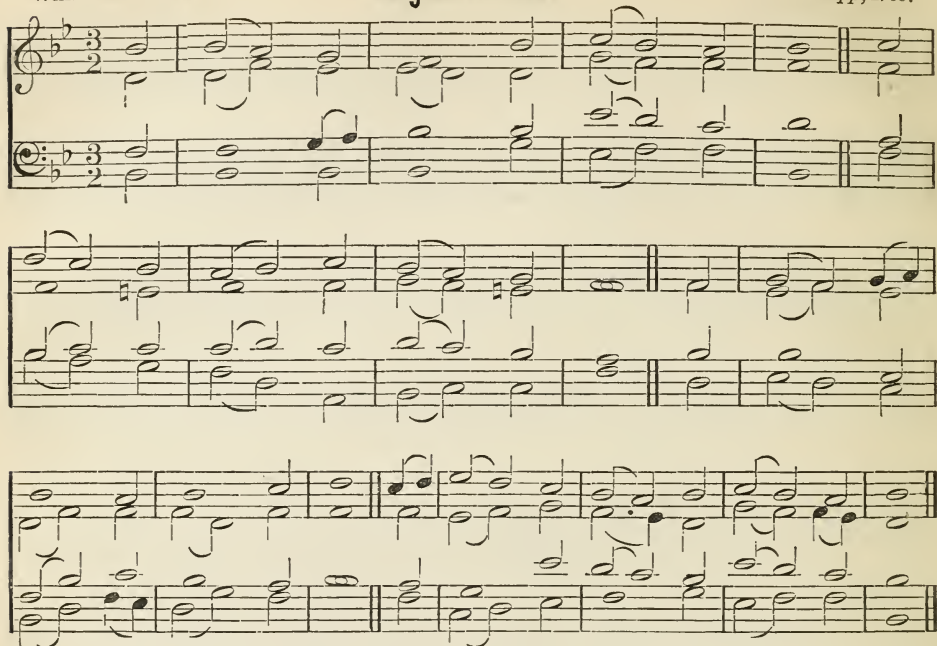
*'And the Sabbath drew on.'*

- m* 1 SAFELY through another week,
 God hath brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 On th' approaching Sabbath-day,—
- mf* Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.
- mf* 2 Mercies, multiplied each hour
 Through the week, our praise demand,
 Guarded by Almighty power,
 Fed and guided by His hand.
 From our worldly cares set free,
 > May we rest this night with Thee;
- mf* 3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in Thy house appear;
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast. Amen.

WAREHAM.—L.M.

Hymn 307.

Wm. Knapp, 1768.

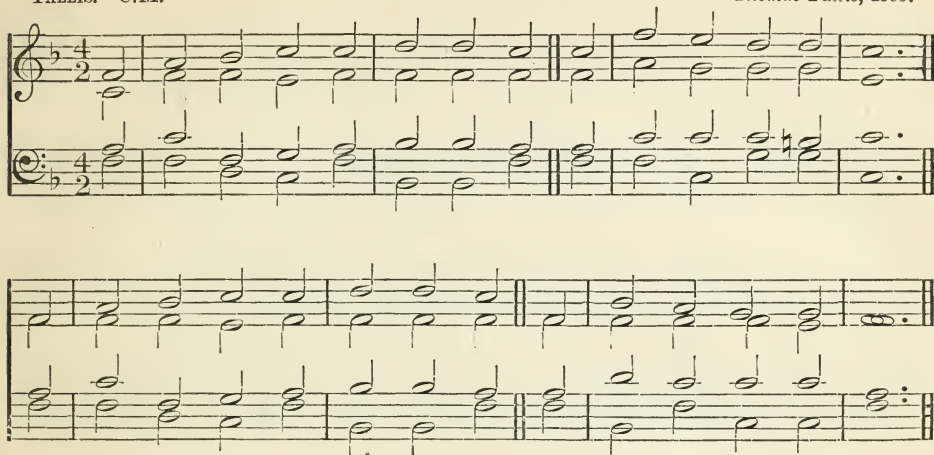
*'Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.'*

- mf* 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
 Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
 While in Thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 While, as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports the steady pole,
 The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
 And darkness, when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring at Thy command
 Embathes the air and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigour shine
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores;
 And winters, softened by Thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons and months and weeks and days
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 Still be the cheerful homage paid,
 With opening light and evening shade.

Hymn 308.

TALLIS.—C.M.

Thomas Tallis, 1585.



'He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest.'

- mf* 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich Thy bounties are!
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim Thy constant care.
- m* 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine;
 The plants in beauty grew;
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
 And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
 Matured the swelling grain;
 A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
 Thou dost on man bestow;
 Let him not then forget to own
 From whom his blessings flow.
- f* 6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine;
 To Thee our songs we'll raise,
 And all created nature join
 In sweet, harmonious praise.

DRESDEN.—7.6; 6.6.8.4.

German.

Handwritten musical score for "The Rose Tree" in 4/2 time. The score is written on two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and folk-like, consisting of eighth and quarter notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is for the vocal melody, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeat sign at the end. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic background.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the voice staff.

[illegible]

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a simple accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The accompaniment consists of simple chords and single notes in the bass.

'Thou blessest the springing thereof.'

mf 1 We plough the fields and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft refreshing rain.
f All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above;
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love.

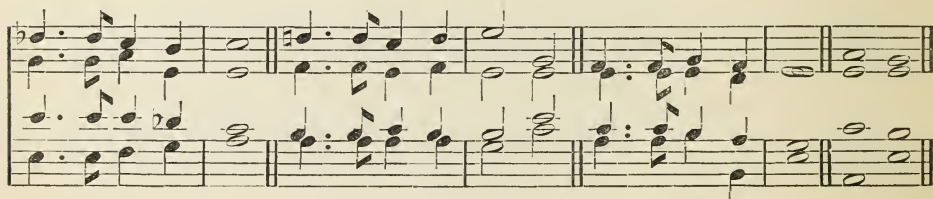
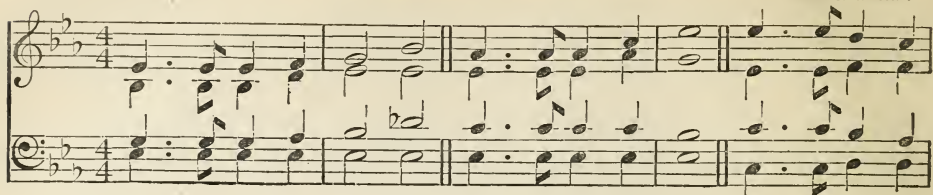
m 2 He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star;
 The winds and waves obey Him,
 By Him the birds are fed;
mf Much more to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.
f All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above;
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love.

mf 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food:
m No gifts have we to offer,
 For all Thy love imparts,
 But that which Thou desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.
f All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love. Amen.

Hymn 310.

RUTH.—6.5.6.5, D.

Samuel Smith.



'Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.'

mf 1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays,
f All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

mf 2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
f Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

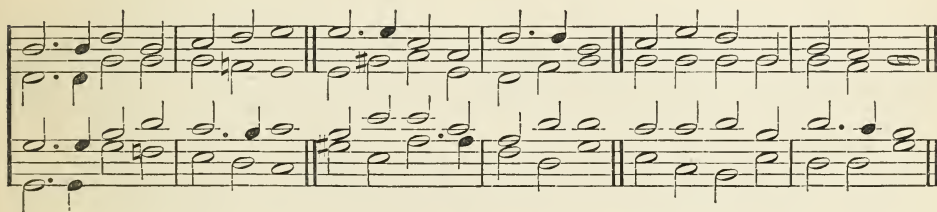
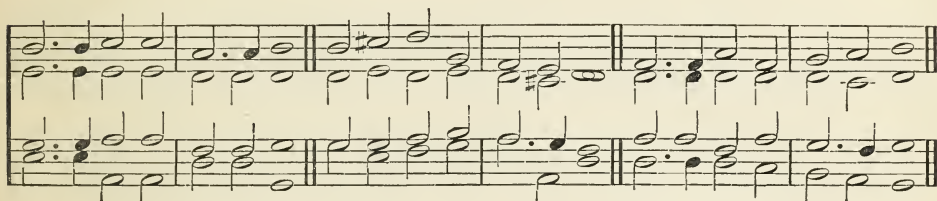
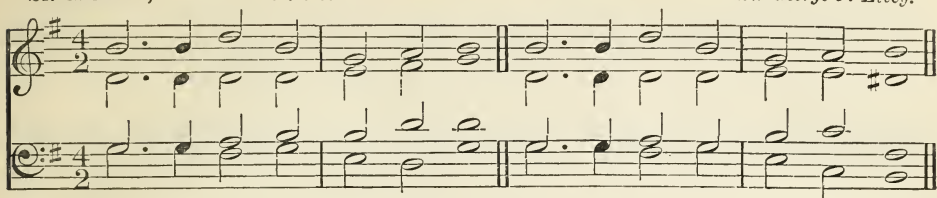
m 3 Lord, upon our blindness
'Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
p And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

mf 4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

Hymn 311.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR.—7.7.7.7. D.

Sir George J. Elvey.

*'The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.'*

f 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
m Raise the song of harvest-home!
 All is safely gathered in,
f Ere the winter storms begin:
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied:
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of harvest-home!

m 2 All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown:
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear:
mp Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

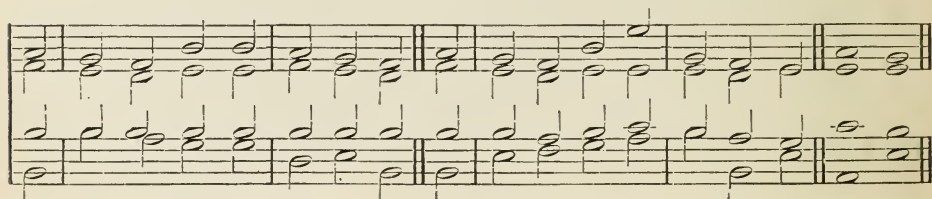
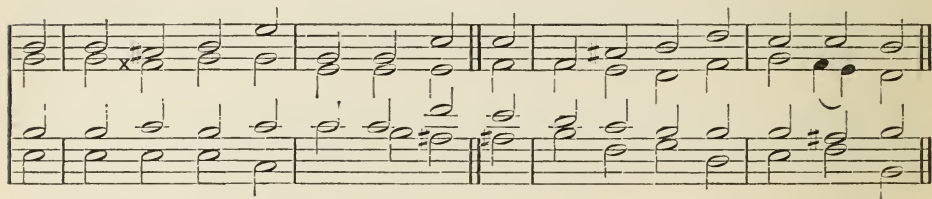
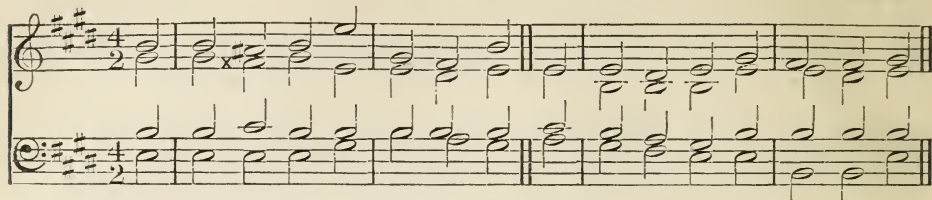
m 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take His harvest home;
 From His field shall in that day
V All offences purge away;
p Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast;
 But the fruitful ears to store
f In His garner evermore.

m 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 To Thy final harvest-home;
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin,
f There, for ever purified,
 In God's garner to abide:
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious harvest-home!

Hymn 312.

DURA.—8.8.8.8.8.8.

Dr. Gauntlett.



'Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness ; and Thy paths drop fatness.'

mf 1 LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain,
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts, supplied
By seed-time and by harvest-tide.

mp 2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
mf Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings ;
mp So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee,
< Shall new and glorious bodies be.

m 3 Nor vainly of Thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task ;
So shall Thine angels issue forth ;
p The tares be burnt ; *m* the just of earth,
Playthings of sun and storm no more,
Be gather'd to their Father's store.

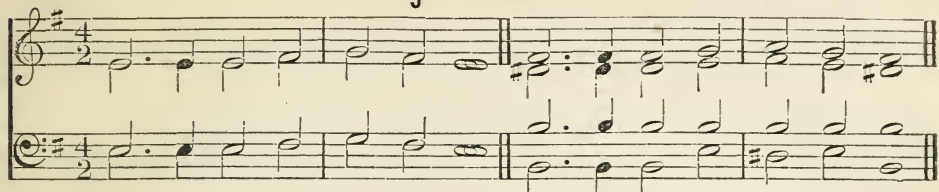
m 4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need :
O Bread of life, from day to day,
Be Thou their comfort, food, and stay.

Amen.

CLARENCE.—7.7.7.7.

Hymn 313.

Arthur Sullivan, Mus. D.

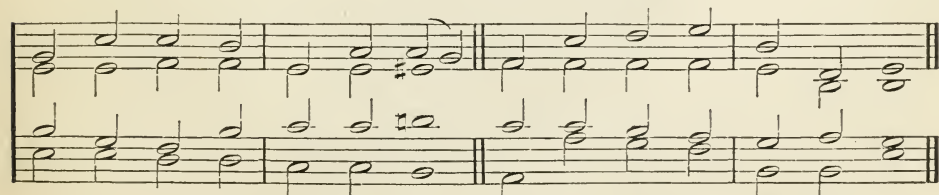
*'And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds.'*

mp 1 WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
> All is chill and drear as death.

mp 2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

mp 3 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

p 4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
> Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

5th and 6th verses.

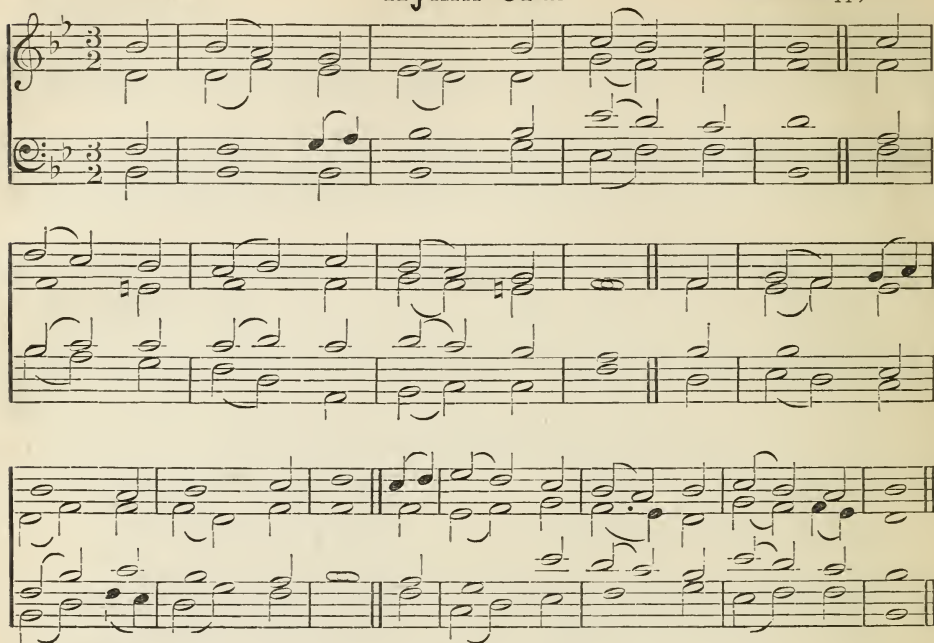
f 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom.
And all nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

f 6 So, Lord, after slumber blest,
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading spring.

WAREHAM.—L.M.

Hymn 314.

Wm. Knapp, 1763.

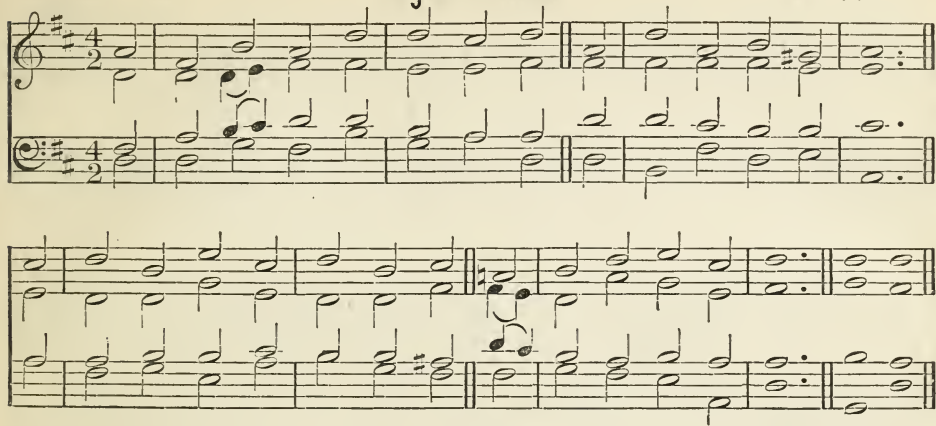
*'Thou hast holden me by my right hand.'*

- mf* 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till its close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- mp* 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
- m* 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest,
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- p* 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
m Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

ST. ANN.—C.M.

Hymn 315.

Dr. Croft, 1721.



'Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

- mf* 1 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
m Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- mp* 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
p They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- mf* 7 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Hymn 316.

LUCERNE or CASSEL.—7.7.7.7. D.

Moravian, 1784.



'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

m 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
p Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

m 2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upwards, Lord! our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

m 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view :
Bless Thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above! Amen.

Hymn 317.

AUGUSTINE.—8.7.8.7. D.

Old Church Melody.



'These . . . years the Lord thy God hath been with thee.'

m 1 At Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blessed us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise,—
mf Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above,
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

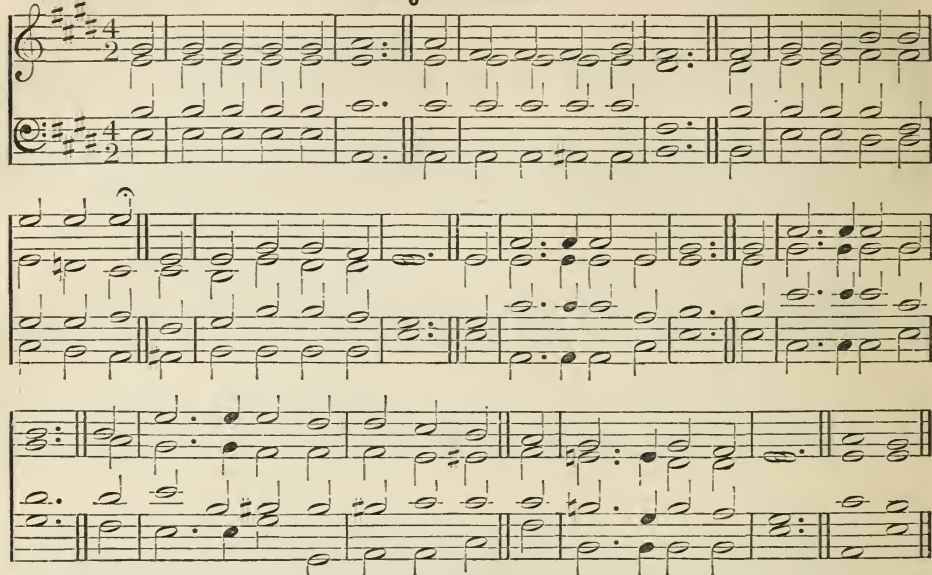
m 2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners shown,
mf We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.
With so blest a friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

mf 3 Every day will be the brighter,
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter,
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
f Till the glory breaks before us,
Through the city's open gate. Amen.

LEOMISTER.—S.M. D.

Hymn 318.

G. W. Martin.

*'The time is short.'*

p 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
pp And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
m \ O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

p 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
m \ O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

p 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
m \ O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

p 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
< And we shall weep no more :
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
m \ O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

m 5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day :
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day ;
m \ O wash me in Thy precious blood
And take my sins away.

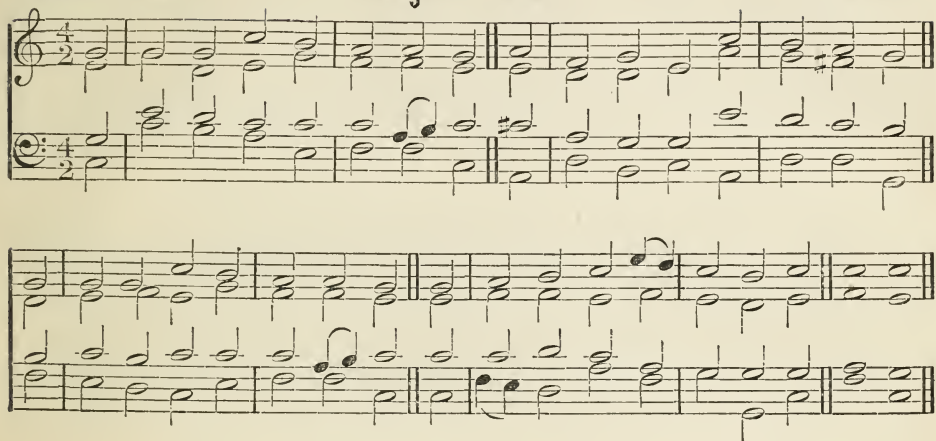
m 6 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign :
mf Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

XII.—SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

MAINZER.—L.M.

Hymn 319.

Dr. Mainzer.



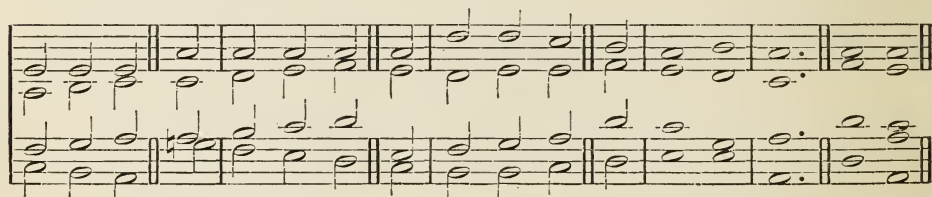
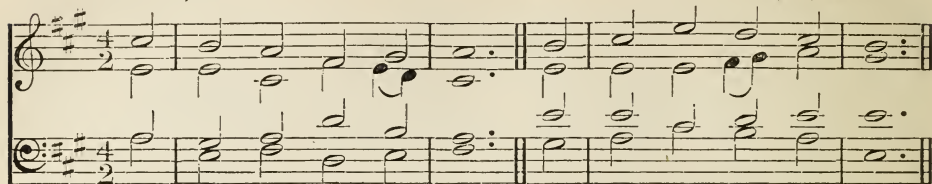
'But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth?

- mf* 1 This stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- m* 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, O forgive.
- m* 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- m* 4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King
When children's voices raise that song,
f Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- mp* 5 But will, indeed, JEHOVAH deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest.
- mf* 6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne. Amen.

Hymn 320.

ST. GODRIC.—6.6; 4.4.4.4.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.

*'Behold I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious.'*

m 1 CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
mf On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

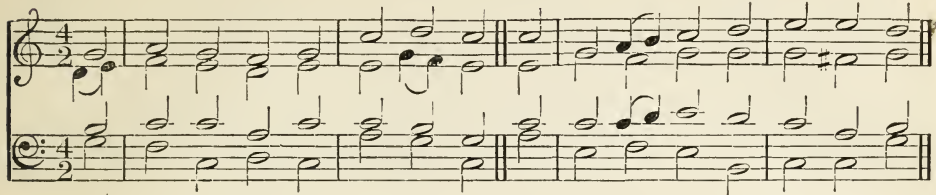
f 2 Oh! then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.

m 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower
On all who pray,
Each holy day,
Thy blessing pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore:
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away! Amen.

Hymn 321.

VENI CREATOR.—L.M.

Melody of 5th Century.

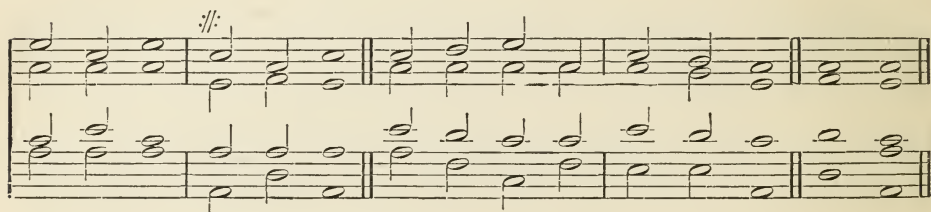
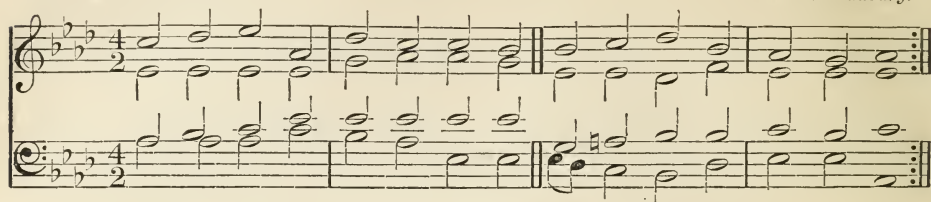
'Praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ.'

- m 1 POUR out Thy Spirit from on high ;
 Lord, Thine assembled servants bless ;
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within Thy temple when they stand
 To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
 Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
 The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
 Firmness, with meekness, from above,
 To bear Thy people on their heart,
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love ;
- 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
 By day and night strict guard to keep,
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when their work is finished here,
 And they in hope their charge resign,
 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
 O God, may they and theirs be Thine! Amen.

Hymn 322.

EVEN ME.—8.7.8.7.3.

W. B. Bradbury.



*'Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people :
O visit me with Thy salvation.'*

m 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free,—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father.
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou mightst curse me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee ;
I am longing for Thy favour,
When Thou comest call for me,
Even me.

m 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Witness 'Thou of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

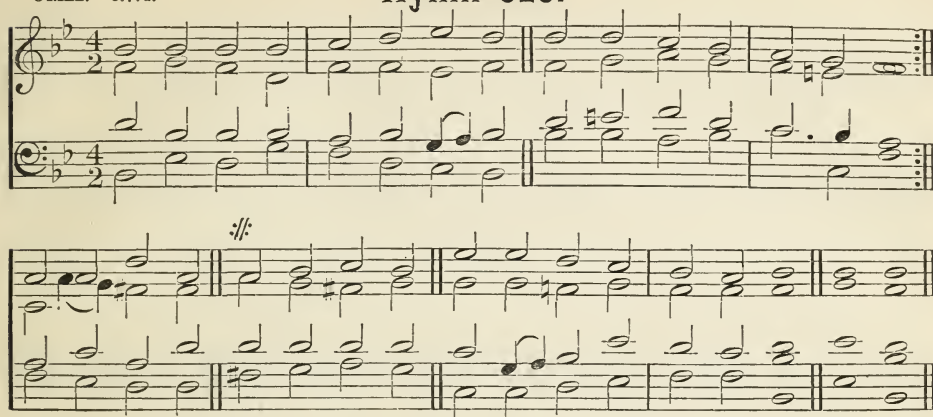
5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?
Has the world my heart been keeping ?
< O forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

mf 6 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so rich and free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,—
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

m 7 Pass me not ; this lost one bringing,
Satan's slave Thy child shall be :
All my heart to Thee is springing ;
Blessing others, O bless me,
Even me. Amen.

ORIEL.—8.7.4.

Hymn 323.

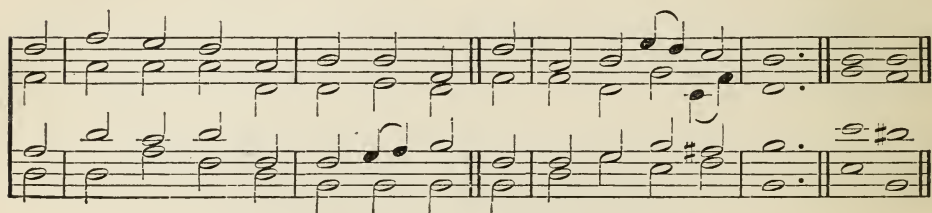
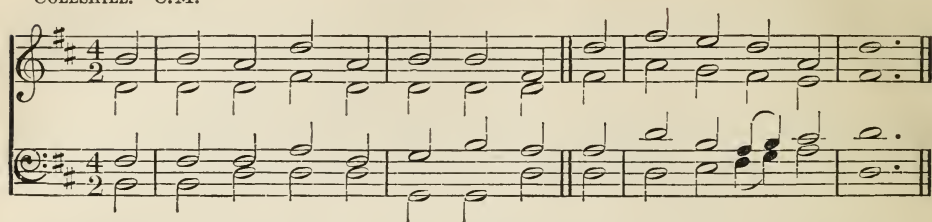


'Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.'

- mp* 1 SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them ;
m Thou art Lord of winds and waves ;
 They were bound, but Thou hast freed them ;
 Now they go to free the slaves ;
mp Be Thou with them !
 < 'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.
- m* 2 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
 Lord, they go at Thy command ;
 As their stay Thy promise taking,
 While they traverse sea and land ;
mp O be with them !
 Lead them safely by the hand.
- mp* 3 When they reach the land of strangers,
 And the prospect dark appears, ,
 Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
 Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
mf Be Thou with them !
mp Hear their sighs, and count their tears.
- m* 4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
 And they seem to toil in vain,
 Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
 Then their sinking hopes sustain ;
mf Thus supported,
 Let their zeal revive again.
- m* 5 In the midst of opposition,
 Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee ;
 When success attends their mission,
 Let Thy servants humbler be :
mf Never leave them,
 Till Thy face in heaven they see. Amen.

Hymn 324.

COLESHILL.—C.M.



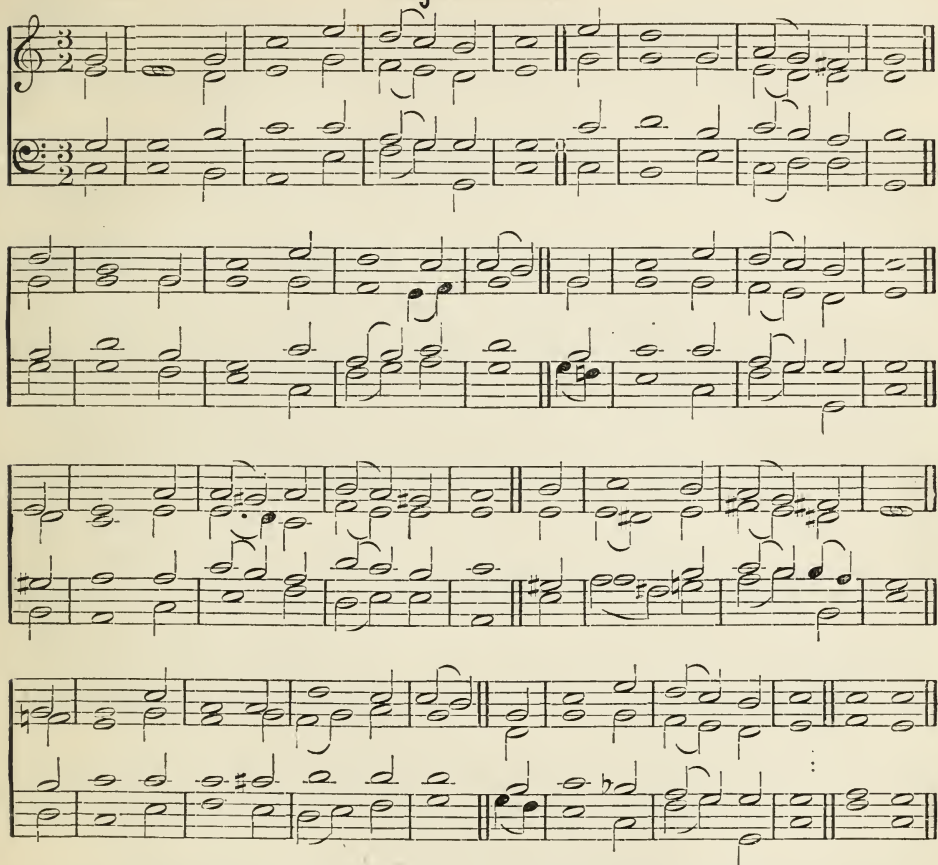
'They were not suffered to continue by reason of death.'

- mp* 1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
 When God recalls His own,
 And bids them leave this world of woe
 For an immortal crown?
- 2 Though now we mourn our shepherd's loss,
 And miss his loving care,
 Yet let us meekly bear this cross,
 When he yon crown doth wear.
- m* 3 His toils are past; his work is done;
 And he is fully blest;
 He fought the fight, the victory won,
 And entered into rest.
- m* 4 Yet Christ our Lord, who called him home,
 Is to His church most nigh,
 Will bid yet other labourers come,
 And all her need supply.
- 5 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
 God has recalled His own;
 And let our hearts in every woe
 Still say, 'Thy will be done!' Amen.

ST. MATTHEW.—C. M. D.

Hymn 325.

Dr. Croft.



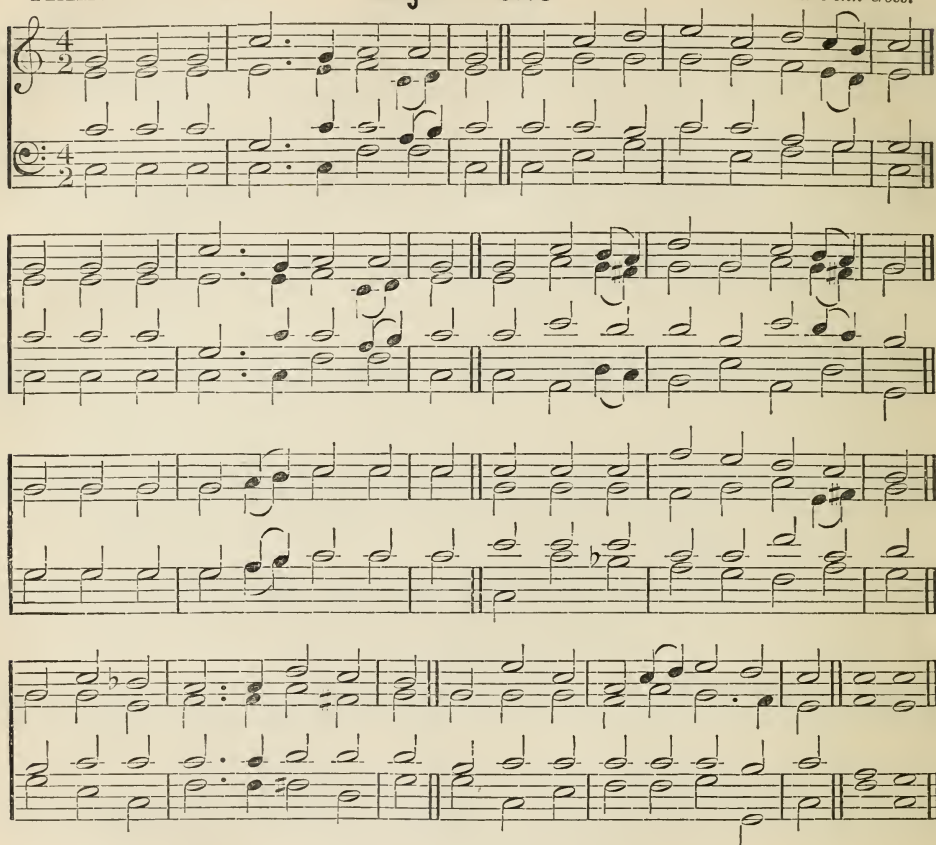
'Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us : consider, and behold our reproach.'

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>mp</i> 1 GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
 While at Thy feet we fall,
 And humbly, with united cry,
 To Thee for mercy call;
 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
 O turn us not away,
 But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
 And help us when we pray.</p> <p>2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
 And ours no less we own;
 <i>mf</i> Yet wondrously from age to age
 Thy goodness hath been shown :</p> | <p><i>mf</i> When dangers like a stormy sea
 Beset our country round,
 To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
 And help in Thee was found.</p> <p><i>p</i> 3 With one consent we meekly bow -
 Beneath Thy chastening hand,
 And, pouring forth confession meet,
 Mourn with our mourning land;
 With pitying eye behold our need,
 As thus we lift our prayer.—
 'Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
 Then let Thy mercy spare.' Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

PETERBOROUGH.—L. M. D.

Hymn 326.

Sir John Goss.

*'That glory may dwell in our land.'*

mf 1 O THOU, in whom are all our springs,
Great Lord of nations, King of kings,
We give Thee thanks for what Thy hand
Has done for our beloved land:
The oppressor's rod, the scourge of war
From us Thou hast removed afar,
And hast our favoured country blest
With righteous laws and homes of rest.

m 2 We bless Thee for Thy will revealed,
And for Thy grace in Christ unsealed,
And for the means by which that grace
May find in us a dwelling-place.

m Lord, we beseech Thee, bless us still!
Our commerce aid, our garner fill;
Our freedom guard, our homes defend,
And every needful blessing send.

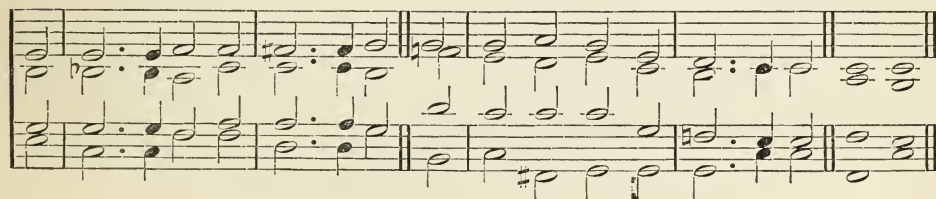
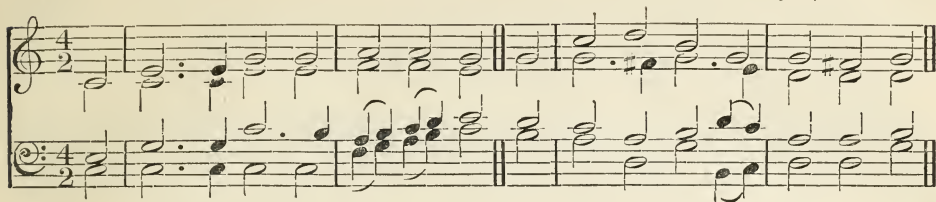
mf 3 But, more than all, we ask Thee, Lord,
To grant Thy Spirit with Thy word,
That it may reach the inward parts,
And stamp Thine image on our hearts;
f Then shall we to earth's utmost end
The glorious gospel grateful send,
Till all the nations, bond and free,
Are one in Christ, and one with Thee.

Amen.

Hymn 327.

MELITA.—8.8.8.8.8.8.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.

*'These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.'*

mf 1 ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;

p O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

mf 2 O CHRIST, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;

p O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

mf 3 O HOLY SPIRIT, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;

p O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

mf 4 O TRINITY of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;

< ff Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea!

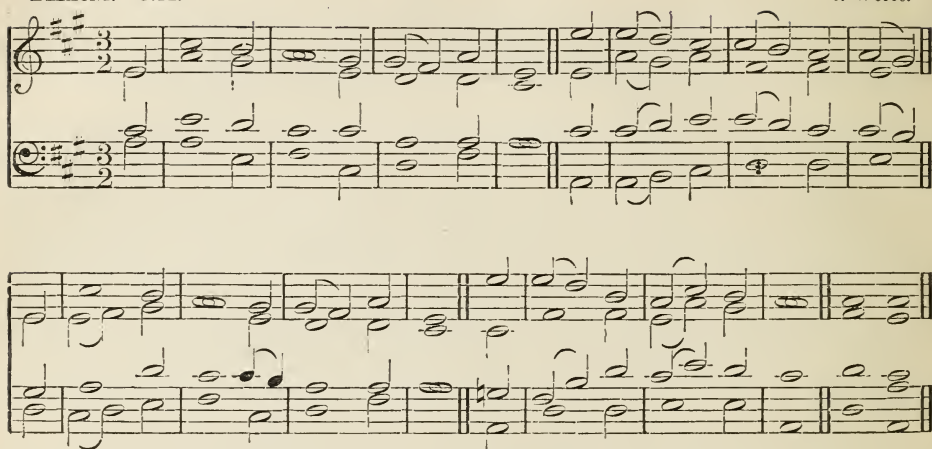
Amen.

XIII.—FOR THE YOUNG.

Hymn 328.

BELMONT.—C.M.

S. Webb.

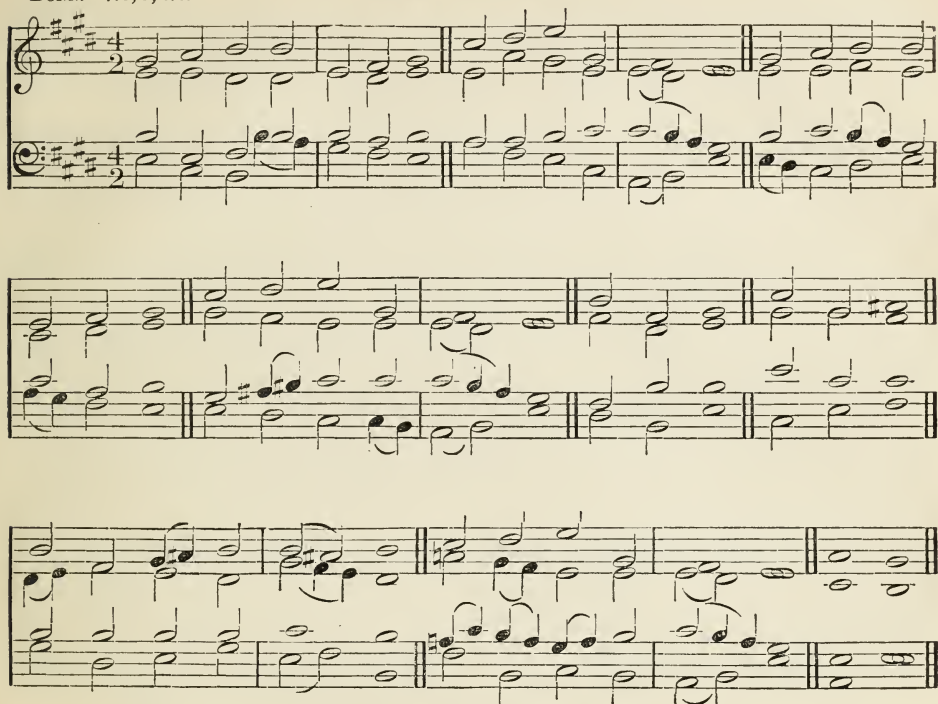


*'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not,
nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.'*

- m* 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- p* 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.
- m* 4 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

Hymn 329.

BONN.—7.6; 3; 6.6.

*'The promise is unto you, and to your children.'*

m 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Bless the young before Thee;
 Thou their wants and dangers know'st;
 Watch them, we implore Thee.
 Here they stand,
 Hopeful band,
 Want and sin confessing,
 Waiting for Thy blessing.

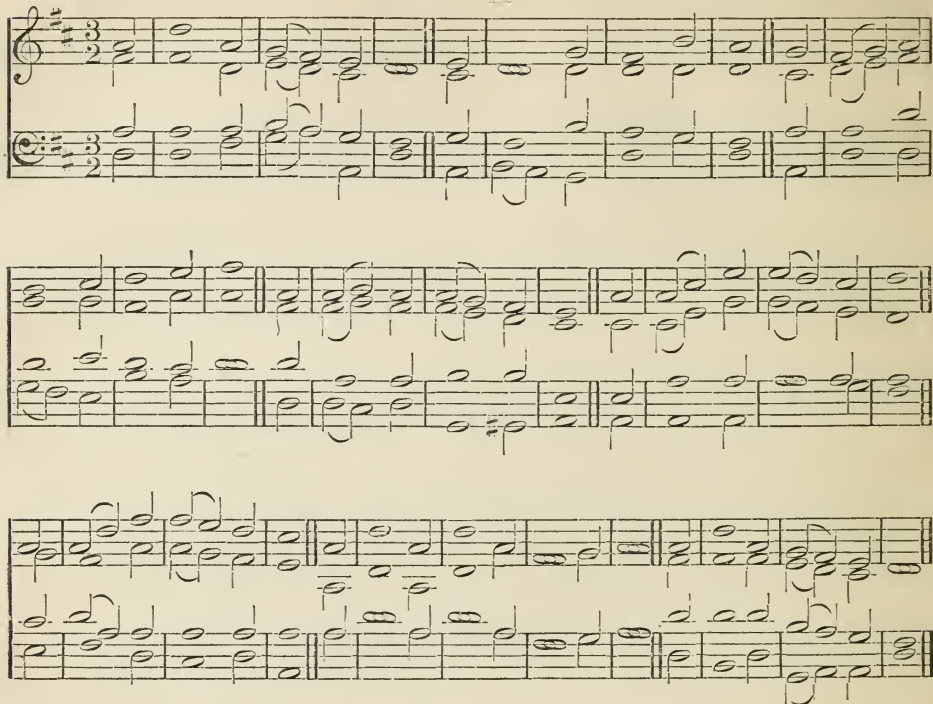
2 Gentle Saviour, make them Thine,
 Thou wilt never lose them;
 May Thy life and love divine
 Melt their tender bosom.
 Lord, we pray
 That they may
 All, like Thee, be holy,
 Loving, meek, and lowly.

3 Giver Thou of gifts to all,
 No good thing deny them;
 Hear, O hear our earnest call,
 Life and light supply them.
 Make them new,
 Keep them true,
 All that stand before Thee,
 Bless them, we implore Thee. Amen.

Hymn 330.

PALMYRA.—S.M. D.

From Giardini.



'Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great.'

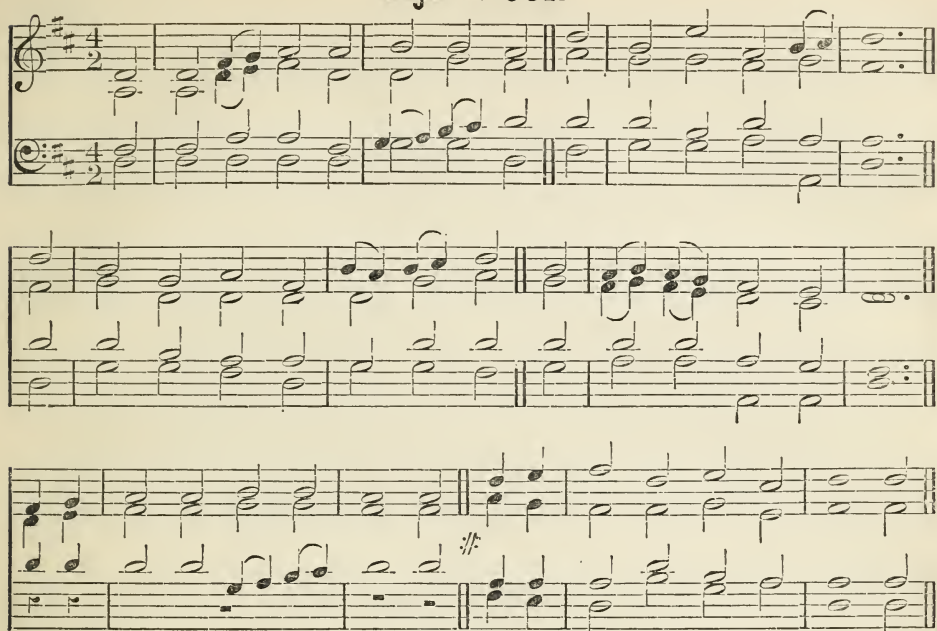
mf 1 ABOVE the clear blue sky,
Beyond our feeble sight,
The God of glory dwells on high,
In everlasting light.
Around His glorious throne
The holy angels stand;
In songs of praise their King they own,
Or fly at His command.

mf 2 And we may praise Him too,
And serve Him here below;
He stoops to mark what children do,
Their inmost thoughts to know;
And though He reigns above,
Where angels ceaseless praise,
He will accept our humble love,
And lead us in His ways.

m 3 O may we humbly seek
To do His holy will,
And try, with thankful hearts and meek,
To sing His praises still;
And then, for Jesus' sake
Who came for us to die,
Our happy spirits He will take
To praise Him in the sky.

GLORY.—8.6.8.6.8.

Hymn 331.



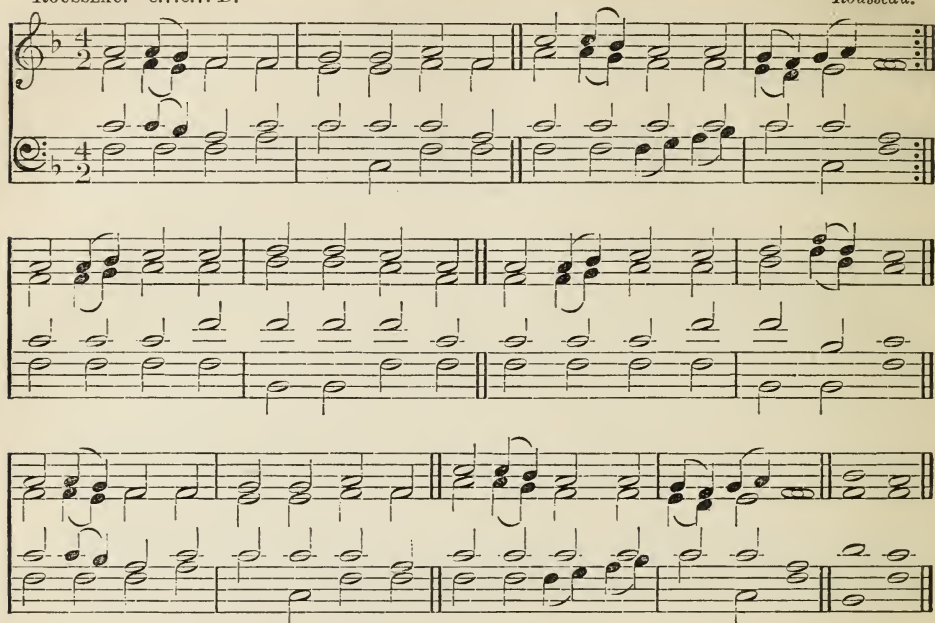
'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

- mf* 1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
f Singing, Glory, glory, glory!
- m* 2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love,—
How came those children there,
f Singing, Glory, glory, glory?
- m* 3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
f Singing, Glory, glory, glory!
- m* 4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
mf So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
f Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

Hymn 332.

ROUSSEAU.—8.7.8.7. D.

Rousseau.

*'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.'*

mp 1 LORD, a little band and lowly,
 We are come to sing to Thee;
 < Thou art great, and high, and holy,
 p O how solemn we should be!

m 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
 And of heaven, where He is gone;
 And let nothing ever please us
 He would grieve to look upon.

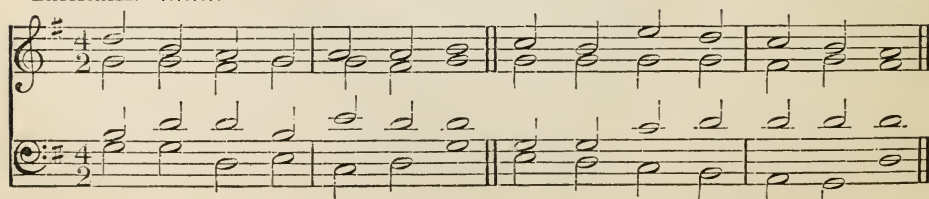
m 3 For we know the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions too.

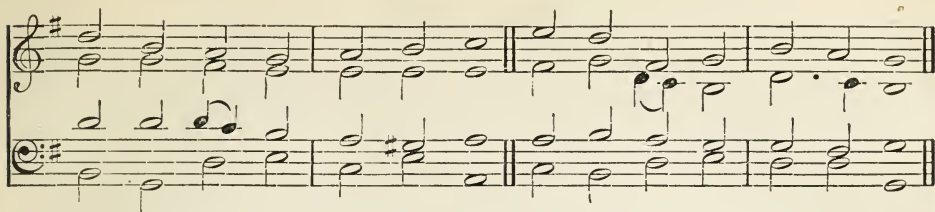
4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
 Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
 Lead us on our way to heaven,
 There to sing a nobler song. Amen.

Hymn 333.

BATTISHILL.—7.7.7.7.

Battishill.





'My God shall supply all your need.'

- m* 1 Poor and needy though I be,
God Almighty cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.
- 2 He will hear me when I pray;
He is with me night and day,
When I sleep, and when I wake,
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.
- mp* 3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;

- mp* He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay His head.
- m* 4 Though I labour here awhile,
Father, bless me with Thy smile;
All shall then be well with me,
Having all in having Thee.
- mf* 5 Then to Thee I'll tune my song,
Happy as the day is long;
This my joy for ever be,
God Almighty cares for me.

Hymn 334.

CHANT.

A. H. D. Troyte.



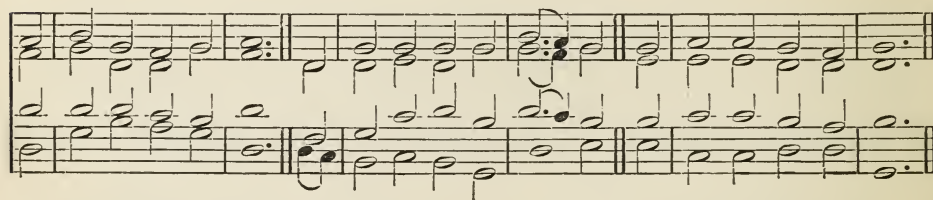
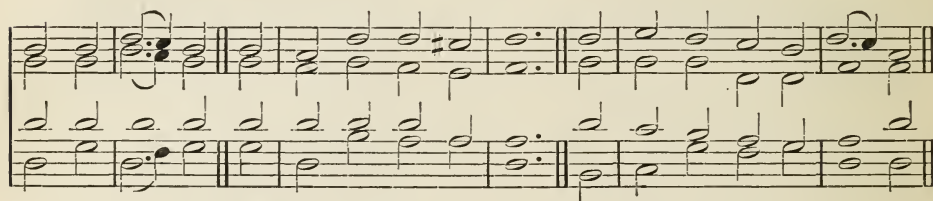
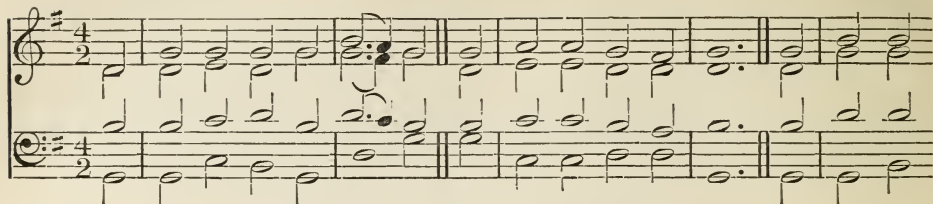
'Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'

- m* 1 THERE came a little Child to earth
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth,
Long ago;
High and low.
- mp* 2 Out in the night, so calm and still,
m For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill
Their song was heard;
Was Christ the Lord.
- m* 3 Far away in a goodly land,
Children with crowns of glory stand,
Fair and bright,
Robed in white.
- 4 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair
And that they might His crown of glory share
- p* 5 And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
m That the children of earth might in glory reign
A child was born,
Wore a crown of thorn;
- mf* 6 And for evermore, in their robes so fair
Those ransomed children His praise declare,
Came forth to die,
With Him on high.
And undefiled,
Who was once a child.

Hymn 335.

ELLON.—7.6.7.6. D.

Root.

*'I have given you an example.'*

mp 1 I LOVE to hear the story,
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

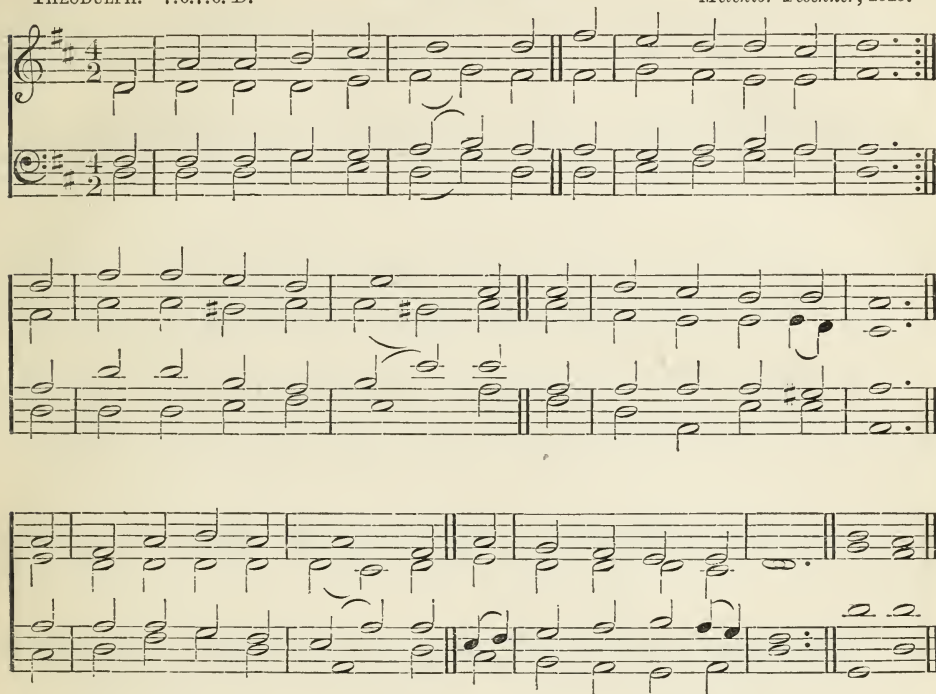
mf 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be.
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

f 3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And, though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

Hymn 336.

Melchior Teschner, 1613.

THEODULPH.—7.6.7.6. D.

*'Hosanna in the highest.'*

mf 1 **HOSANNA!** loud hosanna
 The little children sang
 Through pillared court and temple
 The lovely anthem rang;
 To Jesus who had blessed them,
 Close folded to His breast,
 The children sang their praises,
 The simplest and the best.

2 From Olivet they followed,
 'Midst an exultant crowd,
 Waving the victor palm branch,
 And shouting clear and loud;
 Bright angels joined the chorus,
 Beyond the cloudless sky,—

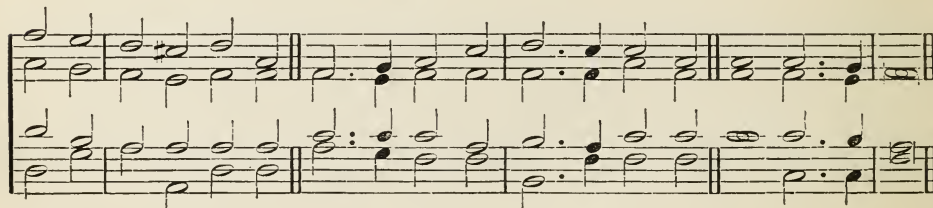
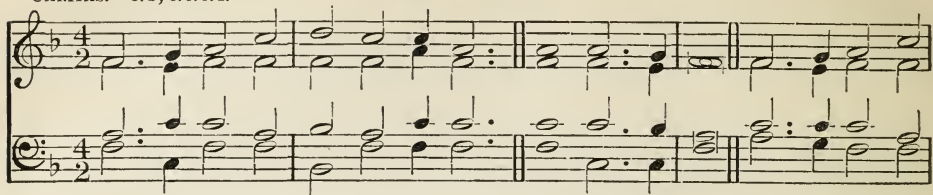
f 'Hosanna in the highest,
 Glory to God on high!'

mf 3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
 They strewed upon the ground,
 Whilst Salem's circling mountains
 Echoed the joyful sound;
m The Lord of men and angels
 Rode on in lowly state,
 Nor scorned that little children
 Should on His bidding wait.

f 4 'Hosanna in the highest!'
 That ancient song we sing;
 For Christ is our Redeemer,
 The Lord of heaven our King.
 O may we ever praise Him,
 With heart, and life, and voice,
 And in His blissful presence
 Eternally rejoice! Amen.

Hymn 337.

CARITAS.—8.4; 8.8.8.4.

*'There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.'**m* 1 ONE is kind above all others ;

O how He loves !

His is love beyond a brother's ;

O how He loves !

mp Earthly friends may pain and grieve thee,

One day kind, the next day leave thee,

But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee ;

O how He loves !

m 2 Blessèd Jesus ! wouldst thou know Him ?

O how He loves !

Give thyself entirely to Him ;

O how He loves !

mp Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,

Unbelief or trials seize thee ?

Jesus can from all release thee ;

O how He loves !

m 3 He's thy Friend, He died to save thee ;

O how He loves !

All through life He will not leave thee ;

O how He loves !

Think no more of friendships hollow,

Take His easy yoke and follow,

Jesus carries all our sorrow ;

O how He loves !

mp 4 All thy sins shall be forgiven ;

O how He loves !

m Backward all thy foes be driven ;

O how He loves !

mf Every blessing He'll provide thee,

Nought but good shall ere betide thee,

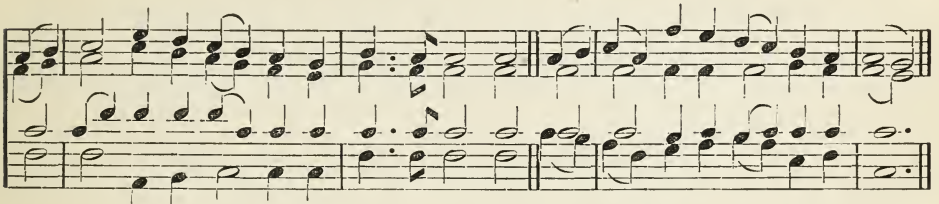
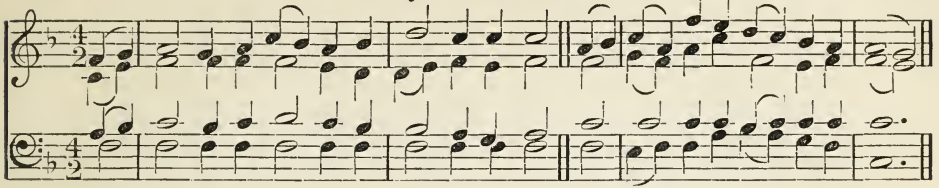
f Safe to glory He will guide thee ;

O how He loves !

SALAMIS.—P.M.

Hymn 338.

Greek Air.

*'Jesus called a little child unto Him.'*

m 1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children, as lambs, to
 His fold,
 I should like to have been with Him then.
 I wish that His hands had been placed on my
 head,
 That His arms had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look when
 He said,
 'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in His love;
 And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,—

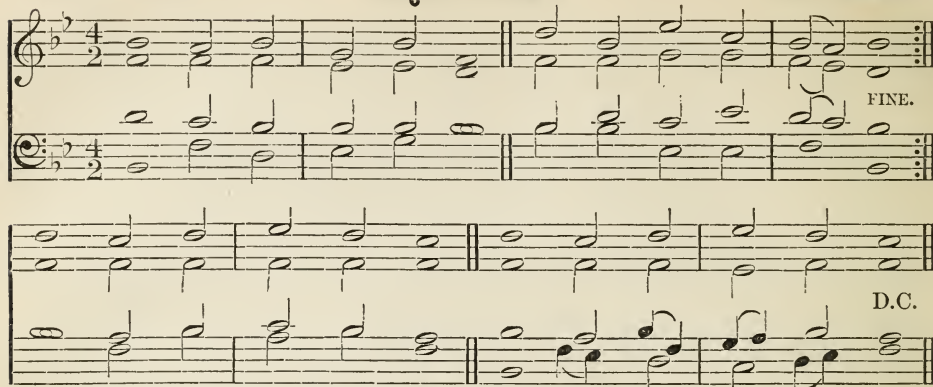
m In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

3 But thousands and thousands who wander
 and fall
 Never heard of that heavenly home;
 I should like them to know there is room for
 them all,
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.
 I long for that blessed and glorious time,
 The fairest and brightest and best,
 When the dear little children of every clime
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

MADRID.—P.M.;

Hymn 339.

Spanish Melody.

*'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou has perfected praise.'*

mf 1 COME, children, join to sing,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King,
Hallelujah! Amen!

Let all with heart and voice
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His gracious choice:
Hallelujah! Amen!

2 Come, lift your hearts on high;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky;
Hallelujah! Amen!

mf He is our guide and friend;
To us He'll condescend;
His love shall never end:
Hallelujah! Amen!

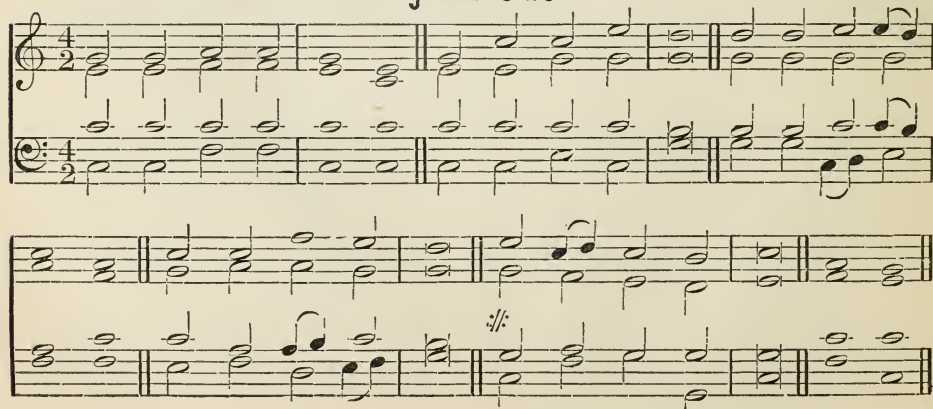
f 3 Praise yet the Lord again;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain;
Hallelujah! Amen!

On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore,
Hallelujah! Amen!

INFANT PRAISES.—6.5.6.5.

Hymn 340.

Silcher.



'He will . . . not despise their prayer.'

m 1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear ;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

mp 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray ;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

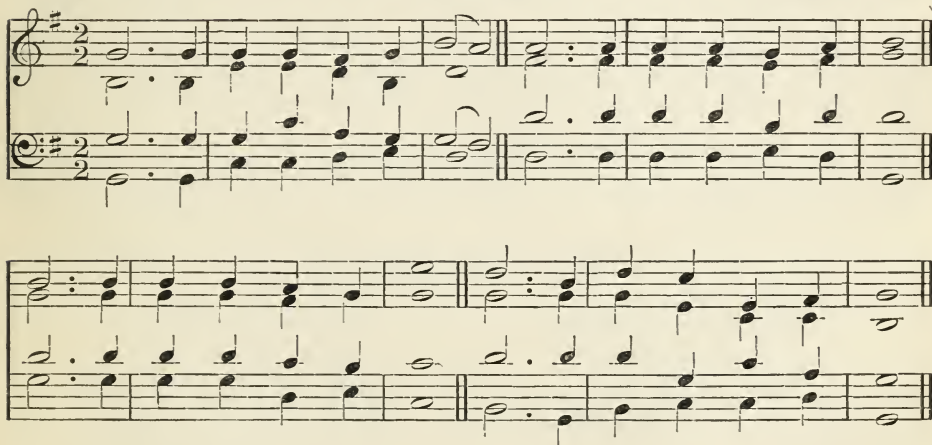
4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day ;
Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away.

mf 5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
'Saviour Lord, we come.' Amen.

Hymn 341.

DIXON.—7.7.7.7.

German Volkslied.



*'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to
make thee wise unto salvation.'*

m 1 HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine ;
Mine, to tell me whence I came,
Mine, to teach me what I am ;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove,
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit ;

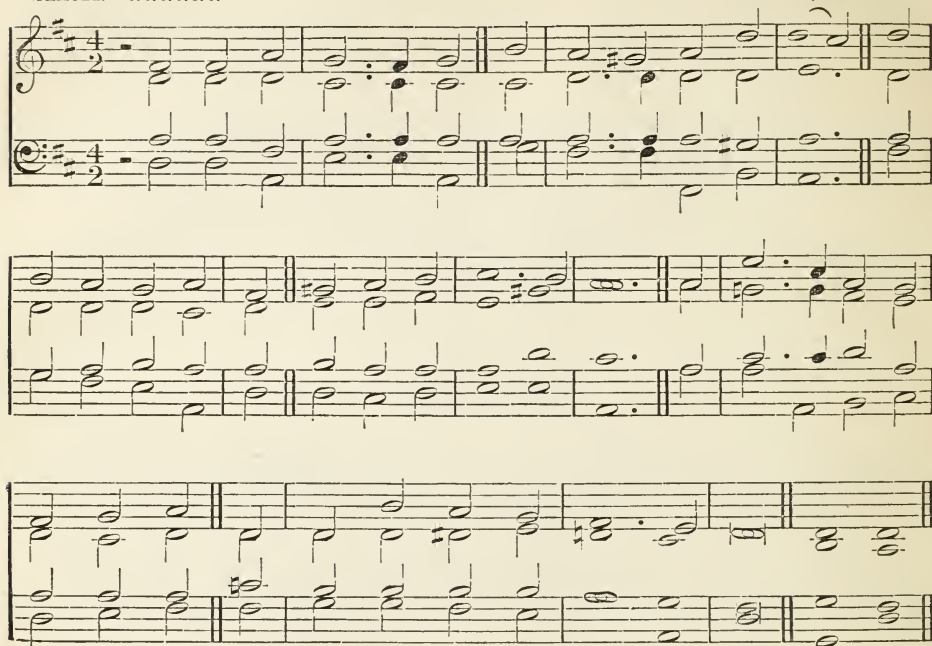
m 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death ;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom :
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine !

Hymn 342.

SAMUEL.—6.6.6.6.8.8.

Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.



'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.'

mp 1 HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
mf When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

m 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

m 3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

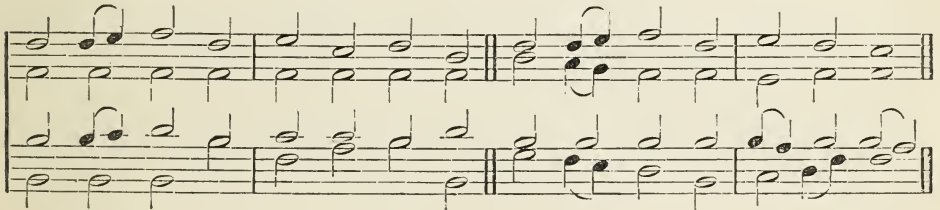
4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates,—
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

m 5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise. Amen.

Hymn 343.

KINGSTOWN.—8.7.4.

Cornish Melody.



'I am the good Shepherd.'

mf m 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

mf m 2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus!
Hear young children when they pray.

mf m 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

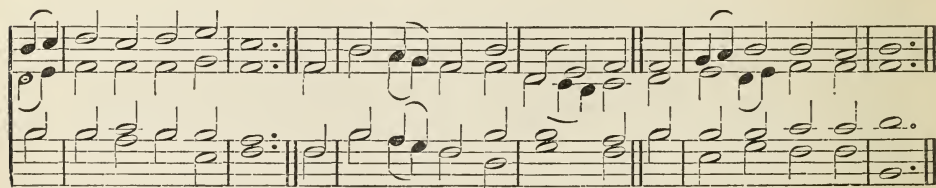
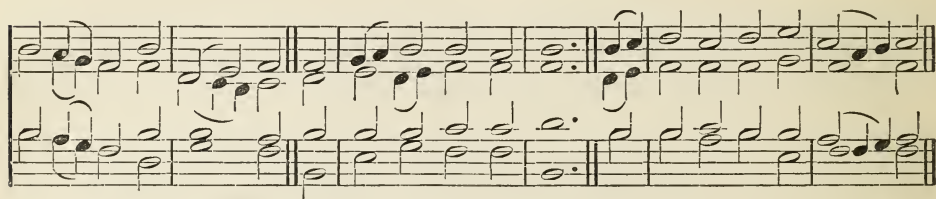
mf m 4 Early let us seek Thy favour;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Amen.

Hymn 344.

ELLACOMBE.—7.6.7.6. D.

German.



'The things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'

mp 1 THERE's a Friend for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A Friend that never changes,
 Where love will never die.
 Unlike our friends by nature,
 Who change with changing years,
 This friend is always worthy
 The precious name He bears.

mp 2 There's a rest for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Who love the blessèd Saviour
 And to His Father cry,—
 A rest from every trouble,
 From sin and danger free;
 There every little pilgrim
 Shall rest eternally.

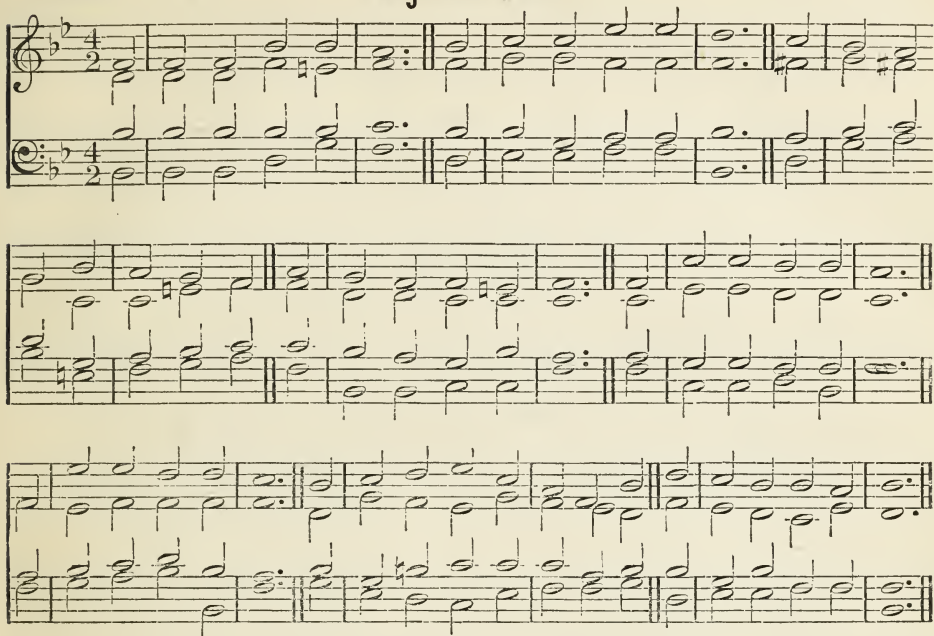
mf 3 There's a home for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Where Jesus reigns in glory,
 A home of peace and joy;
 No home on earth is like it,
 Nor can with it compare,
 For every one is happy,
 Nor can be happier, there.

f 4 There's a crown for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And all who look to Jesus
 Shall wear it by-and-by,—
 A crown of brightest glory,
 Which God shall then bestow
 On all who love the Saviour,
 And walk with Him below.

CLAREWOOD.—S. M. D.

Hymn 345.

Sir John Goss.

*'I have gone astray like a lost sheep ; seek Thy servant.'*

p 1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home ;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

mp 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep ;
The Father sought His child ;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love
They saved the wandering one.

mp 3 They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head ;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul They fed.

mp They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair ;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

m 4 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul ;
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
'That found the wandering sheep ;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

m 5 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled ;

mf But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.

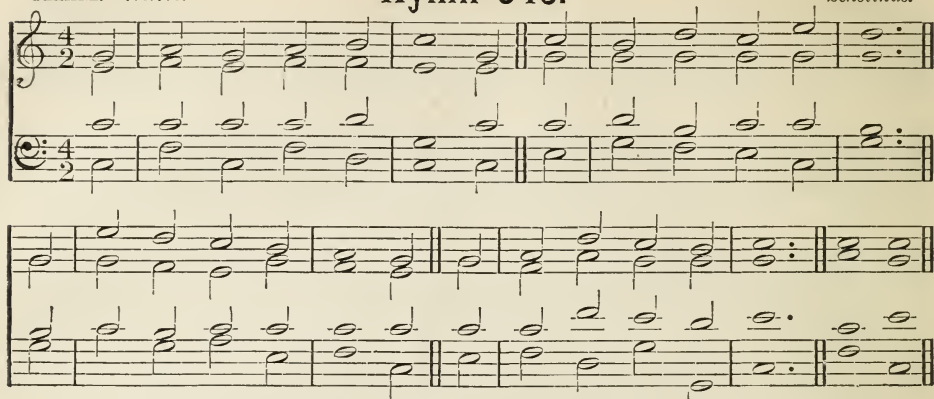
m I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam ;

mf But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

MAMRE.—7.6.7.6.

Hymn 346.

Scholinus.



'He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.'

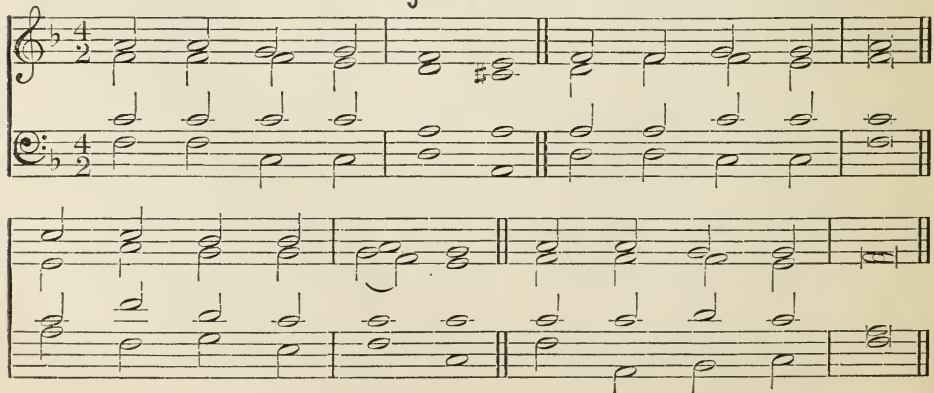
- m* 1 LEAD, Holy Shepherd, lead us,
Thy feeble flock, we pray,
Thou King of little pilgrims!
Safe lead us all the way.
- m* 2 In Thy blest footprints guide us
Along the heavenward road;
mf Thine age fills all the ages,
Undying Word of God!
- m* 3 That life, O Christ! is noblest,
Which praises God the best,—
A life celestial, nourished
At wisdom's holy breast.

- mp* 4 By her good nurture let us,
Thy little ones, be fed.
And by her guidance gentle
Our wandering steps be led.
- m* 5 O fill us with Thy Spirit,
Like morning dew shed down,
So with our praises loyal
King Jesus we shall crown.
- mf* 6 O be our lives our tribute,
The meed of praise we bring,
When thus we join to honour
Our Teacher and our King. Amen.

BASIL.—6.5.6.5.

Hymn 347.

Dr Filitz.



'Lead me into the land of uprightness.'

mp 1 I'm a little pilgrim
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

m 2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

mf 5 I'm a little pilgrim
And a stranger here;
But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

m 3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes
And with Christ be seen.

mf 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

Hymn 348.

SICILIAN.—8.7.



'My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth.'

mp 1 CHILDHOOD's years are passing o'er us,
Soon our school-days will be done;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

m 2 O may He, who meek and lowly
Trode Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

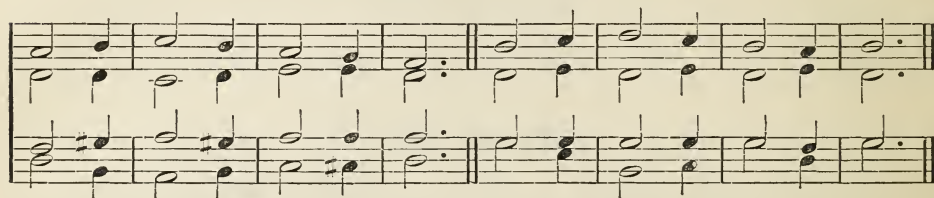
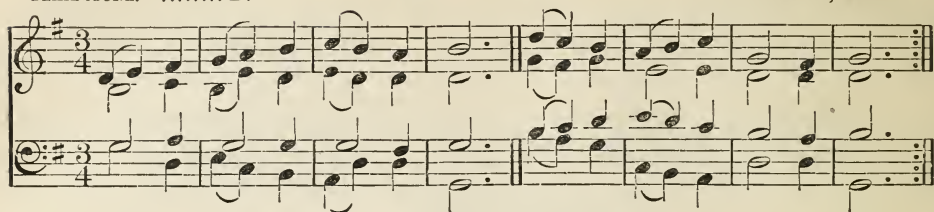
p 3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
m 'Little children, follow Me;
Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

p 4 Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
mf Oh to meet in heaven for ever!
Oh the crown of life to gain! Amen.

Hymn 349.

MAIDSTONE.—7.7.7.7. D.

W. B. Gilbert, Mus. D.



'They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.'

m 1 LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns His followers win :
mf Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

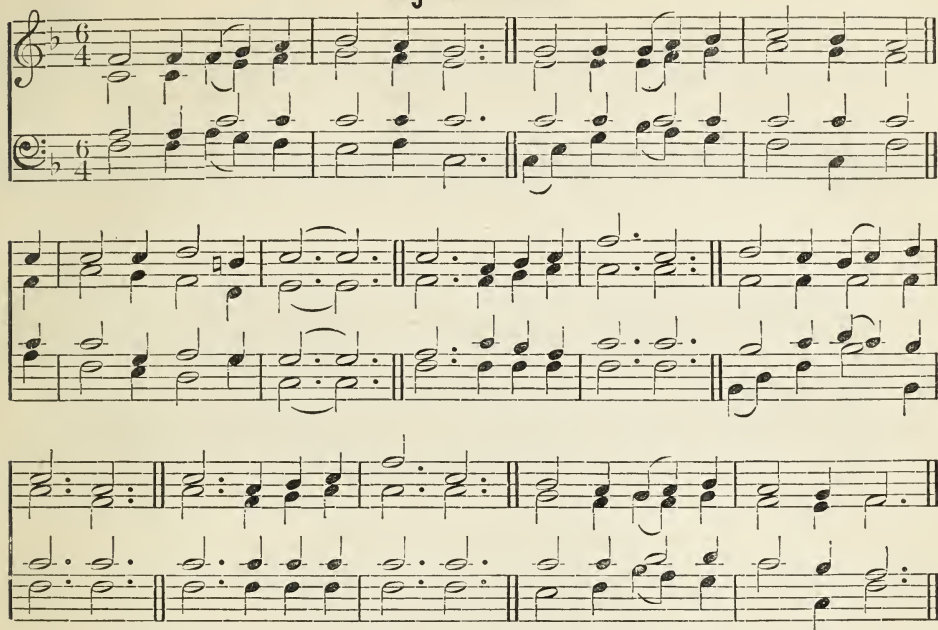
p 2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view ?
m 'I from Greenland's frozen land ;'
'I from India's sultry plain ;'
'I from Africa's barren sand ;'
'I from islands of the main.'

m 3 'All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
We're together met at last,
At the portal of the sky.'
mf Each the welcome, Come, awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin :
f Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in !

JOYFUL.—P.M.

Hymn 350.

Bilby.



'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

p 1 HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
< In heaven we part no more.
f O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful;
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

m 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die, to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
f O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful;
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

m 3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath school.
f O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful;
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

m 4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
f O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful;
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

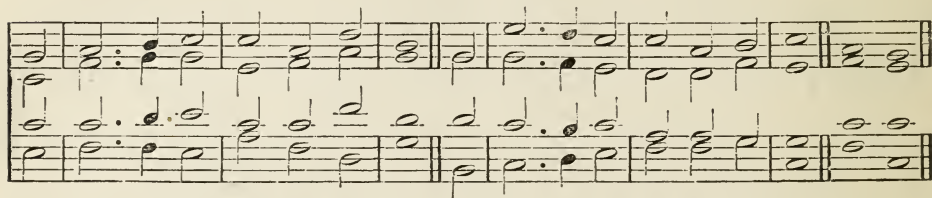
mf 5 O how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.
f O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful;
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

f 6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful;
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

Hymn 351.

TABOR.—S.S.S.S.

Dr. Steggall.

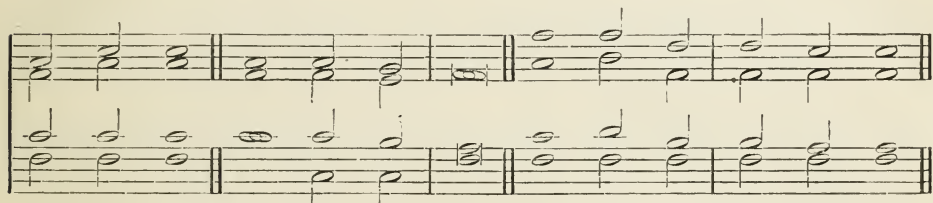
*'That great city, the holy Jerusalem.'*

- m* 1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
f But what must it be to be there!
- m* 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
f But what must it be to be there!
- mp* 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
f But what must it be to be there!
- m* 4 We speak of its service of love.
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first born above;
f But what must it be to be there!
- mp* 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
f And feel what it is to be there. Amen.

Hymn 352.

HAPPY LAND.—6.4; 6.7.6.4.

Indian Air.



'Thine eyes . . . shall behold the land that is very far off.'

m 1 THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day:
f O how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King!
 Loud let His praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye,

mp 2 Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
mf O we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with Thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

mf 3 Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye:
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die:
f On then to glory run;
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And, bright above the sun,
 Reign, reign for aye.

XIV.—ANCIENT HYMNS.

Hymn 353.

CHANT I.

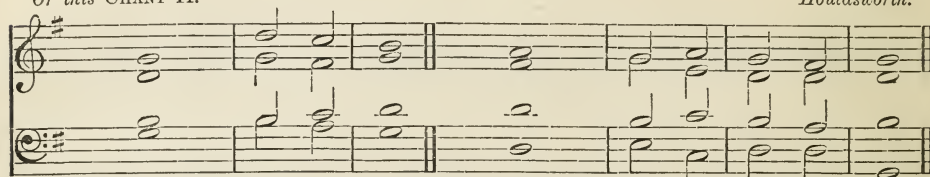
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. (*Chant Music*).

Smith.



Or this CHANT II.

Houldsworth.



<i>f</i> Glory be to	God on	high,	And on earth	peace, good-	will toward	men.
We praise Thee, we	wor - ship	Thee,	We glorify Thee,	we give	thanks to	Thee
For Thy great glory,	O Lord	God,	Heavenly King,	Fa - ther	Al - -	mighty.
			God the			

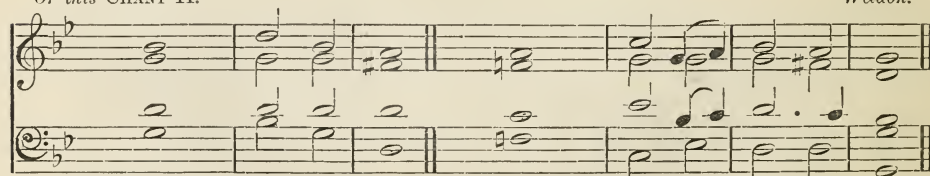
CHANT I.

Purcell.



Or this CHANT II.

Weldon.



<i>p</i> O Lord, the only be-	Je - sus	Christ;	[of God,]	Son of the	Fa - -	ther,
gotten Son,	sins of the	world;	O Lord God, Lamb	mercy up -	on	us,
That takest away the	sins of the	world,	Have	mercy up -	on	us.
Thou that takest a-	sins of the	world,	Re - - -	ceive our	- - -	prayer.
way the	God the	Father,	Have	mercy up -	on	us.
Thou that sittest at	only art	holy;	Thou	only	art the	Lord;
the right hand of	Ho - ly	Ghost,	Art most high in the	glory of	God the	Father.
<i>To be sung to Major Chant.</i>						
<i>f</i> For Thou						
Thou only, O Christ,						
with the						

ANCIENT HYMNS.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. (*Anthem Music*).

Dr. Gauntlett.

Moderato.

Allegro.

Tenors and Basses.

f Glo - - - ry be to God on high. Peace on earth, good-

will towards men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we wor - ship Thee, We

glo - ri - fy Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glo - ry. O Lord God,

Heavenly King, Heaven - ly King, God the Fa - ther Al - migh - ty, the Fa - ther Al - migh - ty.

Slower.

O Lord Je - sus Christ, the on - ly be - got - ten Son, Lord Je - sus Christ, Lord Je - sus

ANCIENT HYMNS.

Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Fa - ther,

Tenors and Basses.

Thou that takest a - way the sins . . of the world.

Voices. *dim. p*
Have mer - cy up - on us.

Organ.
ped. *ped.*

Tenors and Basses.

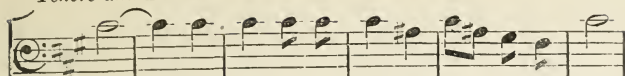
Thou that tak-est a - way the sins of the world.

Voices. *dim. p*
Have mer - cy up on - us.

Organ.
ped.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

Tenors and Basses.



Thou that tak-est a-way the sins of the world.

Voices.

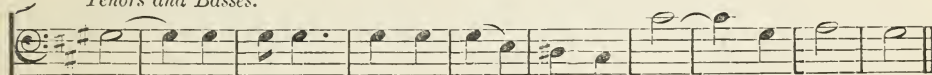


Re-ceive our prayer.

Organ.

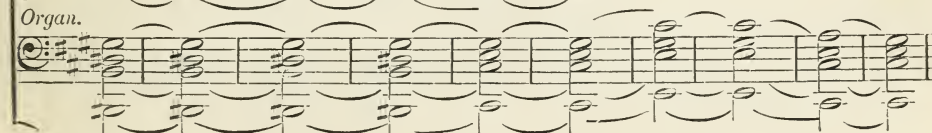


Tenors and Basses.



Thou that sit-test at the right hand of God the Fa-ther,

Organ.



Voices.

Silence.

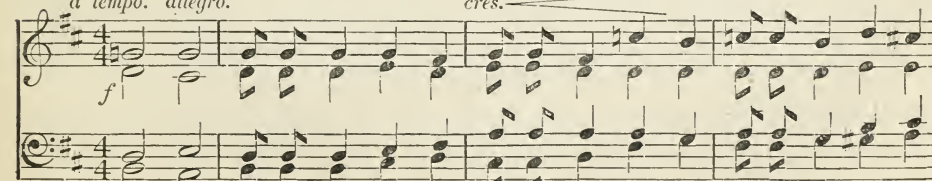


Have mer-cy up-on us,

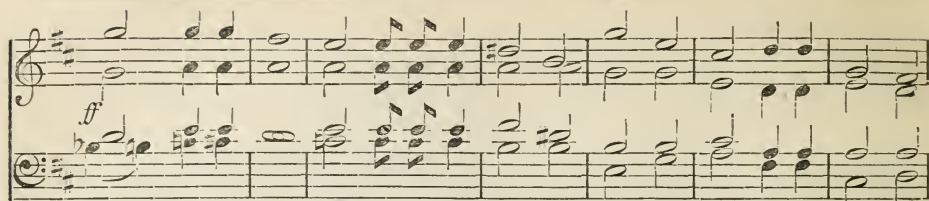
Have mer-cy up-on us,

a tempo. allegro.

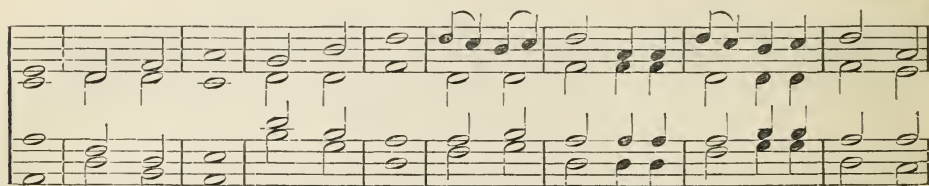
cres.



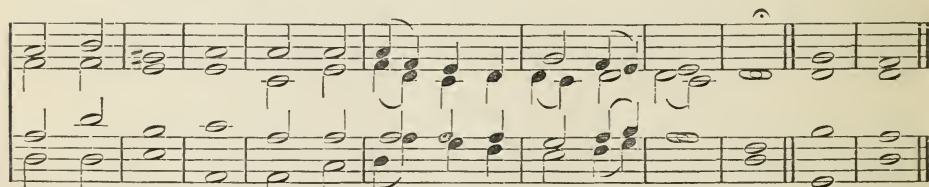
For Thou on-ly art ho-ly, on-ly art ho-ly, on-ly art ho-ly;



Thou, O Lord Christ, Thou on - ly art Lord, Thou, O Lord Christ, with the Ho - ly



Ghost, art most high, art most high, in the glo - ry, the glo - ry of God, of



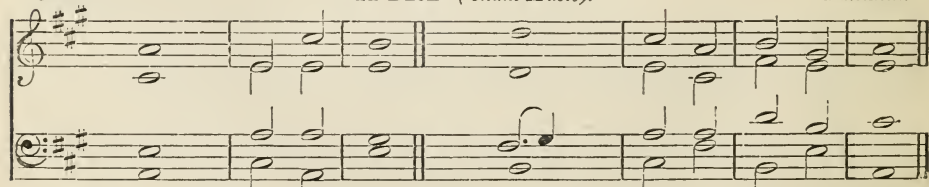
God the Fa - ther, in the glo - ry of God the Fa - ther. A - men.

Hymn 354.

CHANT I.

TE DEUM (*Chant Music*).

Battishill.



We praise
All the earth doth
To Thee all Angels
To Thee Cherubim
and
Holy,
Heaven and earth are
full of the
The glorious company

Thee, O
wor - ship
cry a -
Ser - a -
Ho - ly
Ma - jes -
of the A -

God,
Thee,
loud,
phim
Holy,
ty
postles

We acknowledge
The Father
The heavens and all
the
Con - - -
Lord
Of
Praise

Thee to
ev - er -
Powers .
tin - ual -
God of
Thy

be the
last -
there -
ly do
Sab - a -
glo -

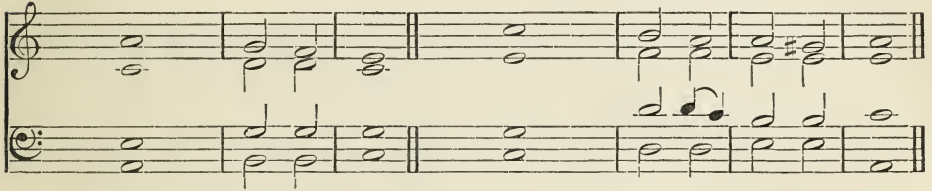
Lord.
ing,
in.
cry,
oth:
ry.
Thee.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

The goodly fellowship	of the	Prophets	Praise	Thee.
The noble	army of	Martyrs	Praise	Thee.
The holy Church								
throughout	all the	world	Doth	ac-	knowledge	Thee;		
The	Fa-	ther	Of an	in	finite	Ma-jes-	ty;	
Thine honourable,								
true, and	on-ly	Son;	Also the Holy	Ghost, the	Com-fort	er.		
Thou art the	King of	Glory,	O	.	.	Christ.		
Thou art the ever-	last-ing	Son	Of	the	Fa-	ther.		

CHANT II.

Purcell.



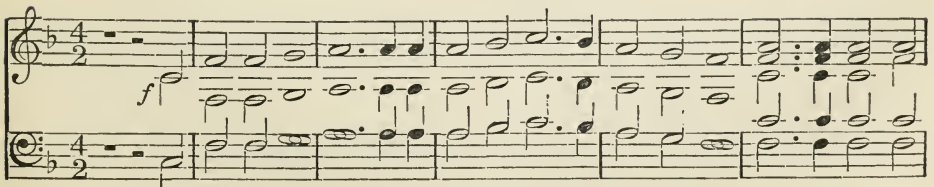
When Thou tookest	upon Thee to de-	liv-er	man,	Thou didst not ab-	hor the	Vir-gin's	womb.
When Thou hadst	overcome the	sharpness of	death,	Thou didst open the			
Thou sittest at the	right	hand of	God,	In the Kingdom of	Heaven to	all be-	lievers.
We believe that	Thou shalt	come	To	glo-ry	be	of the	Father.
We therefore pray	Thee,	help Thy	servants.	Whom Thou has re-	deemed	our	Judge.
Make them to be	numbered	with Thy	saints	In	with Thy	pre-cious	blood.
O Lord,	save Thy	people,	And	And	glo-ry	ev-er	lasting.
Go	vern	them,	And	And	Thine	her-i-	tage.
					lift them	up for	ever.

To be sung to Chant I. on opposite page.

Day	by	day	We	mag-ni	fy	Thee;
And we	worship Thy	Name	Ever	world with-	out	end.
Vouch	safe, O	Lord,	To keep us	this day	with-out	sin.
O Lord, have	mercy up-	on us,	Have	mercy up-	on	us.
O Lord, let Thy mercy	lighten up-	on us,	As our	trust	is in	Thee.
O Lord, in	Thee have I	trusted,	Let me	nev-er	be con-	founded.

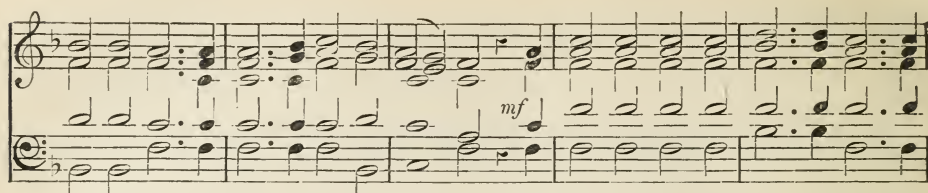
TR DEUM (Anthem Music).

W. Jackson.

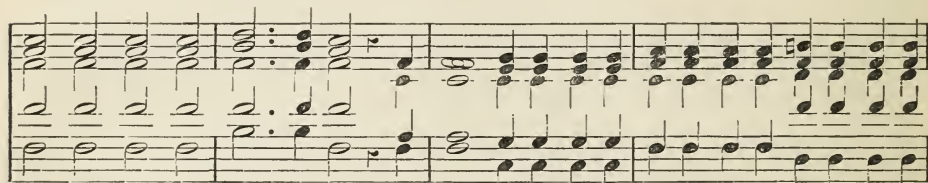


We praise Thee O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth

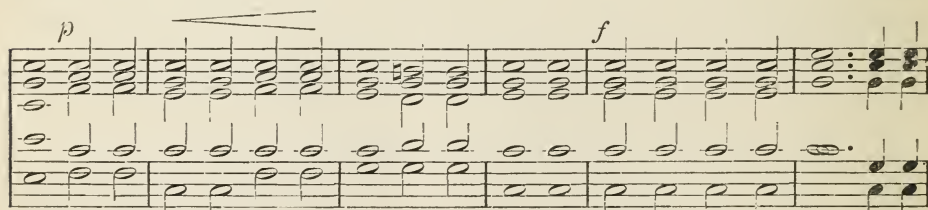
ANCIENT HYMNS.



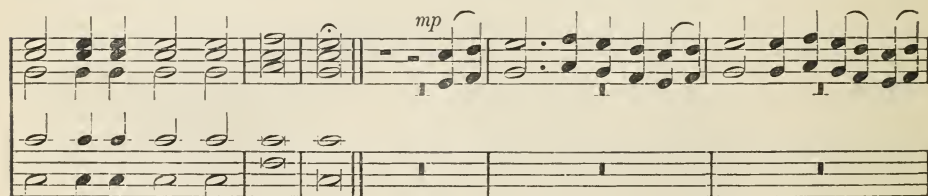
worship Thee, the Fa - ther e - ver - last ing. To Thee all an - gels cry a-loud: the



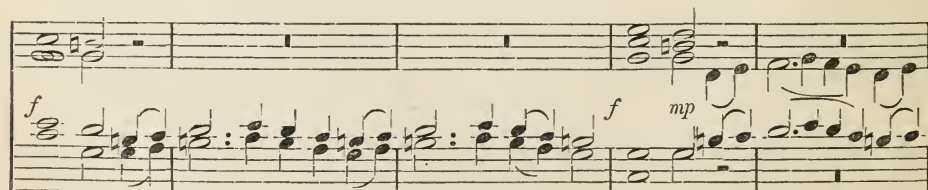
Heav'n's, and all the Powers therein. To Thee Cher-u-bim and Ser-a-phim con-tin-ual - ly do



cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Sa-baoth. Heav'n and earth are full of the

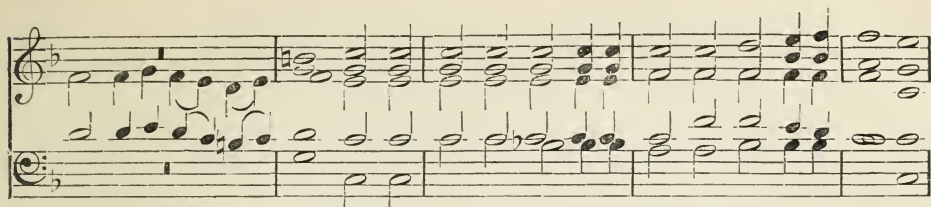


Ma - jes - ty of Thy Glo - ry. The glo - rious compa - ny of the A - pos - tles

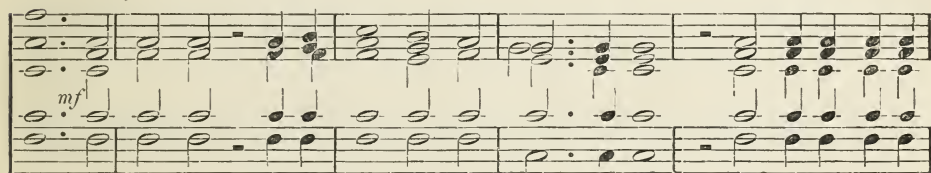


praise Thee. The good - ly fel-low-ship of the Pro-phets praise Thee. The no - ble

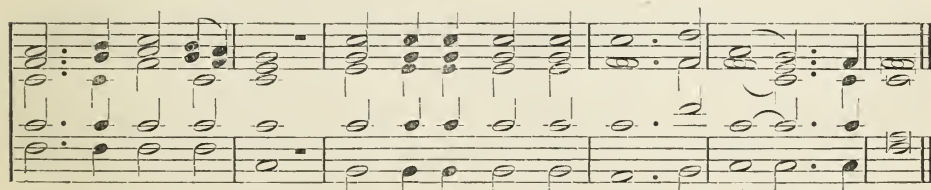
ANCIENT HYMNS.



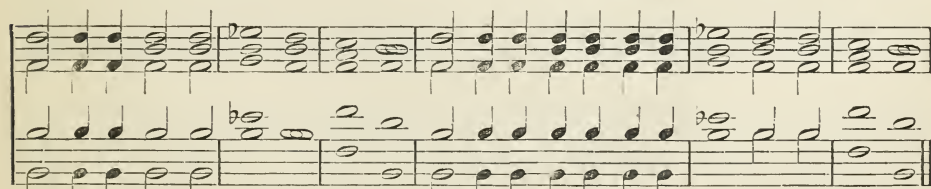
ar - my of Mar - tyrs praise Thee. The ho - ly Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge



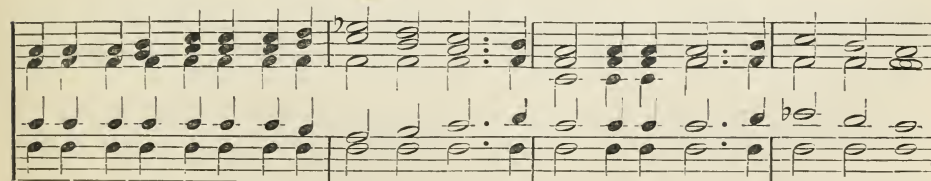
Thee: The Fa - ther of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty; Thine hon - our - a - ble,



true, and on - ly Son; Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost, the Com - fort - er.



Thou art the King of Glo - ry, O Christ. Thou art the e - ver - last - ing Son of the Fa - ther.

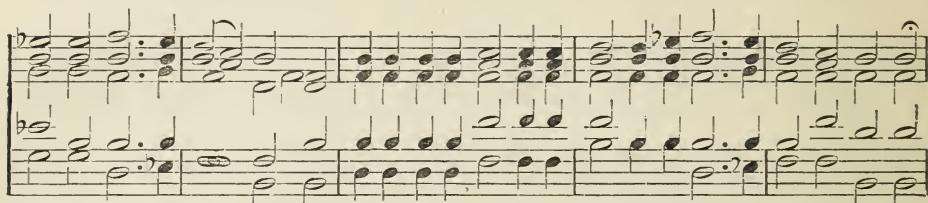


When Thou took'st upon Thee to de - liv - er man, Thou didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb.

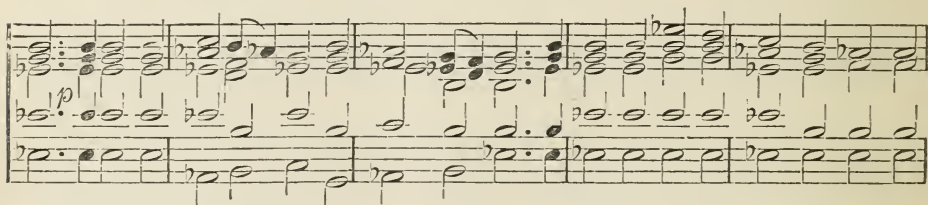
ANCIENT HYMNS.



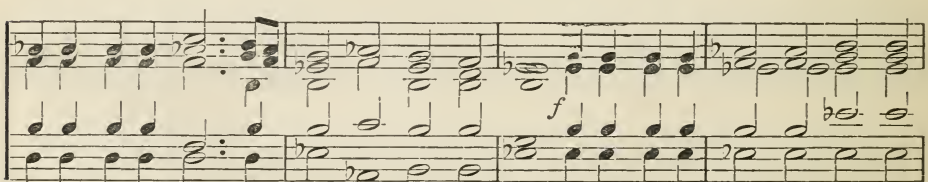
When Thou hadst o - ver - come the sharp - ness of death, Thou didst o - pen the Kingdom of



Heav'n to all be - liev - ers. Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the Glo - ry of the Fa - ther,



We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee, help Thy ser - vants



whom Thou hast redeem - ed with Thy pre - cious blood. Make them to be numbered with Thy



Saints in glo - ry e - ver - last - ing.

O Lord, save Thy peo - ple, and bless Thine

ANCIENT HYMNS.

her-i - tage. Govern them, and lift them up for e - ver. Day by day we mag-ni-fy

Thee; And we worship Thy Name ever world without end. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day

without sin. O Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, have mer-cy up - on us. O Lord, let Thy

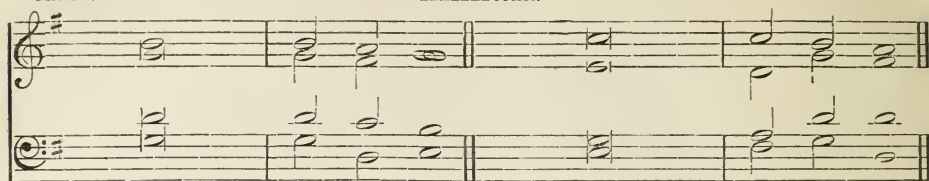
mer - cy light - en up - on us, as our trust, our trust is in Thee. O Lord, in

Thee, in Thee have I trust - ed; let me ne - ver, let me ne - ver be con - found - ed.

Hymn 355.

CHANT.

HALLELUJAH.

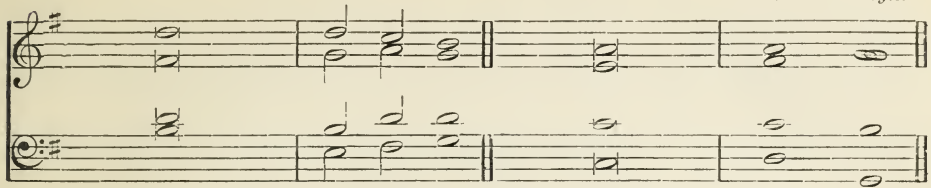


'All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.'

<i>f</i> The strain upraise of joy and praise, Halle-	lu - - jah!	To the glory of their King Shall the ransomed	peo - ple sing
And the choirs that	dwell on high	Shall re-echo	through the sky
<i>mf</i> They through the fields of	Paradise that roam,	The blessed ones repeat, through	that bright home,
The planets glittering on their	heaven - ly way,	The shining constellations	join and say
<i>p</i> Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on	pin - ions light,	<i>f</i> Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings	wild - ly bright,
<i>mf</i> Ye floods and ocean bil- lows, Ye storms and	win - ter snow,	Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and	sun - mer glow,
<i>p</i> First let the birds with painted	plum - age gay	Exalt their great Creator's	praise, and say
Then let the beasts of earth, with	vary - ing strain,	Join in creation's hymn, and	cry a - gain
<i>f</i> Here let the mountains thunder forth so-	nor - - ous	Halle - - -	lu - - - jah!
<i>mf</i> Thou jubilant abyss of	o - cean, cry	Halle - - -	lu - - - jah!
To God, who all cre - a - tion made,		The frequent hymn be	du - ly paid,
This is the strain, the eter- nal strain, the Lord of	all things loves,	Halle - - -	lu - - - jah!
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a-	wak - - ing,	Halle - - -	lu - - - jah!
Now from all men	be out - poured	Hallelujah	to the Lord;
<i>ff</i> Praise be done to the	Three in One.	Halle - - -	lu - - - jah!

ANCIENT HYMNS.

A. H. D. Troyte.



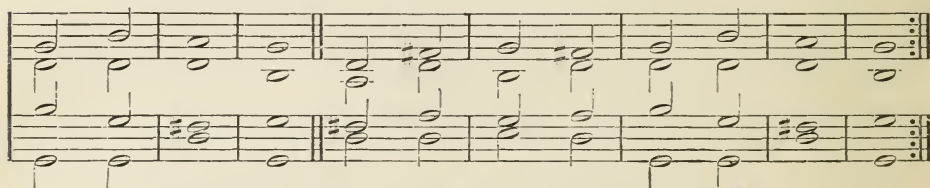
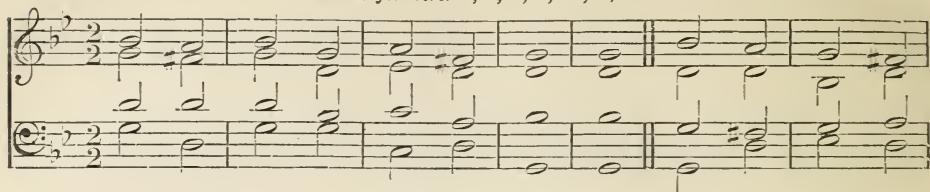
Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!	Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!	Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!	Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
<i>f</i> Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!	Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
<i>p</i> In sweet con - - - sent u - nite	your Halle - - - lu - - - jah!
Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious fo - rests, sing	<i>f</i> Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
<i>f</i> Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!	Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!	Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
<i>p</i> There let the valleys sing in gentler cho - - - rus	Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
Ye tracts of earth and conti- nents, re - ply	Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
<i>f</i> Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!	Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ Him- self - ap - proves,	Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
<i>p</i> And children's voices echo, answer mak - - - ing.	Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
With Hallelujah e - ver more	The Son and Spirit we a - - - dore;
Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!	Halle - - - - - lu - - - jah!
	A - - - men.

DIES IRAE. S.S.S.

Hymn 356.

1599.

Music for vers. 1, 2, 7, 8, 13, 14.



'The great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?'

mf 1 DAY of anger, all arresting,
Heaven and earth in fire-shroud vesting,
Seer and Psalmist both attesting.

p 2 What distress man's heart is rending,
When, behold! the Judge descending,
Trial strict o'er all impending!

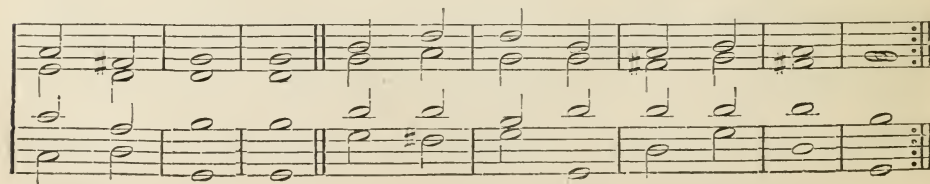
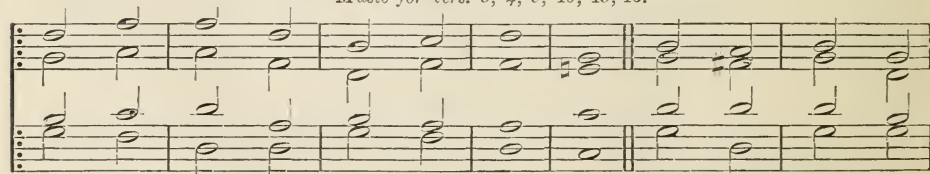
p 7 What shall I for answer render?
Whom implore for my defender?
When the just's own hope is slender.

f 8 King of majesty tremendous,
> Who dost freely grace extend us,
p Fount of pity, succour send us.

m 13 Thou forgav'st the woman crying,
Heardst the robber's prayer in dying,
So to me too hope supplying.

p 14 Worthless all my tears and turning,
Yet, these in Thy grace not spurning,
Save me from the endless burning.

Music for vers. 3, 4, 9, 10, 15, 16.



f 3 Rolls the trumpet's shattering thunder,
Rends the realm of tombs asunder,
Driving all the great throne under.

p 9 Jesus, call to mind how knowing
My sad journey caused Thy going,
So come, that day mercy showing.

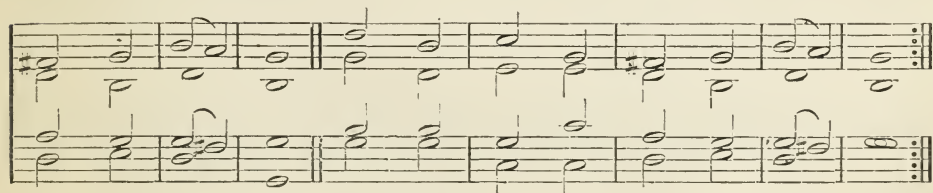
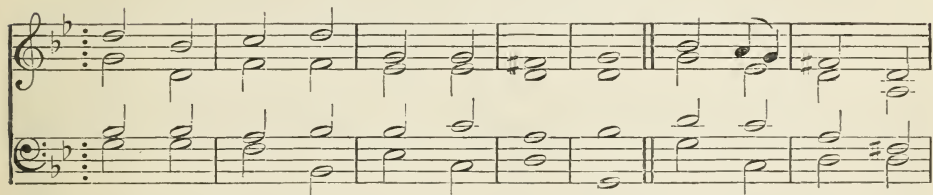
4 Death, with nature, agonizes,
All creation, startled, rises,
> Summoned to the dread assizes.

10 Faint, Thou seeking me hast hasted,
For me, on the cross death tasted:
Shall such anguish all be wasted?

mp 15 With Thy chosen sheep beside me,
From the goats, great Judge, divide me,
On Thy right a place provide me.

mf 16 From the doomed to bitter sadness,
Driven by scorching flames to madness,
Call me with the blest to gladness.

Music for vers. 5, 6, 11, 12, 17.



mf 5 Opened Book all eyes engages,
Bearing record of all ages,
Blazoned on its burning pages;

f 11 Righteous Judge! Thy terrors shake me,
Lest, when thou from death shalt wake
Death more dreadful overtake me. [me,

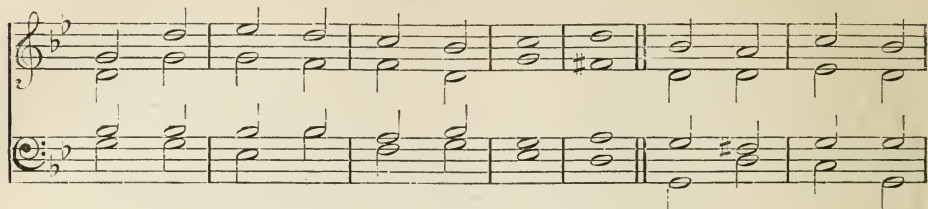
6 Whence the Judge strict doom is dealing,
Every hidden thought revealing,
None escaping, none appealing.

mp 12 Spare me! to my doom assenting,
Spare me! sin with shame lamenting;
<> Thou, God, sparest souls repenting.

p 17 Lowly kneeling, prostrate crying,
Contrite heart in ashes lying,
Lord, forsake me not when dying.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

Music for vers. 18, 19.



pp 18 Breaks that day, that day of weeping,
 ^ Wakes the dead in ashes sleeping,
 v Mournful tryst to judgment keeping.

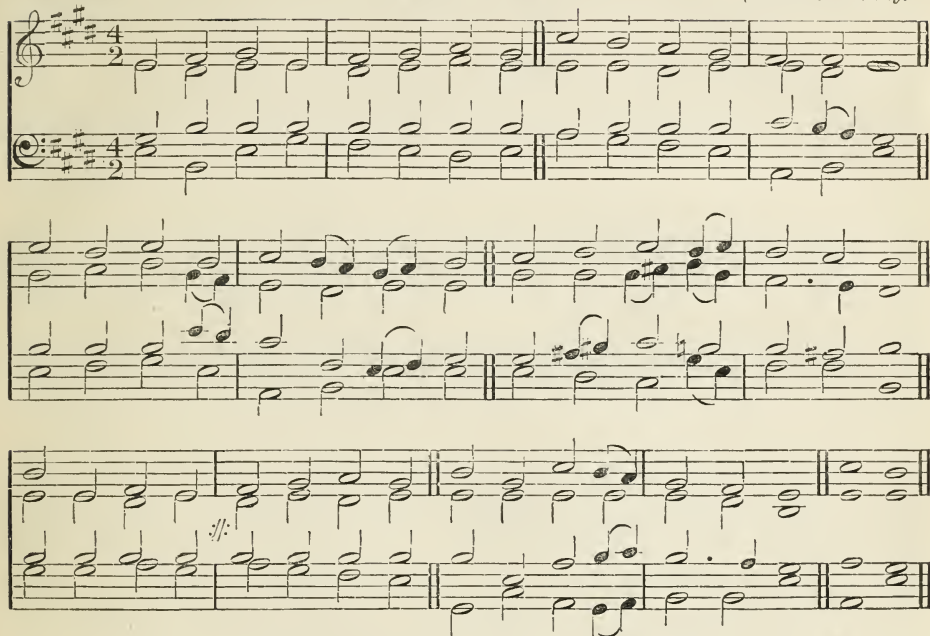
p 19 God be merciful to them!
 Jesus! Lord, slow to condemn,
 < Grant us blessed requiem! Amen.

XV.—DISMISSION HYMNS.

Hymn 357.

AUGUSTINE.—8.7.4.

Old Church Melody.



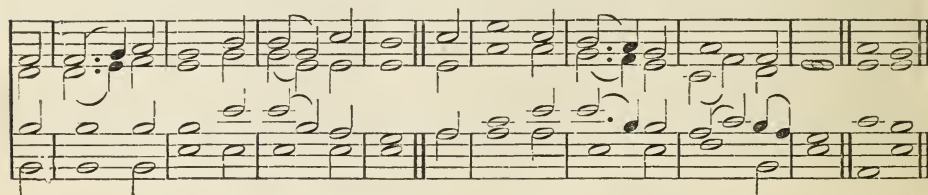
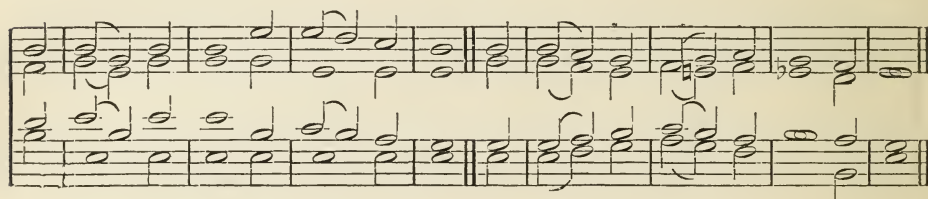
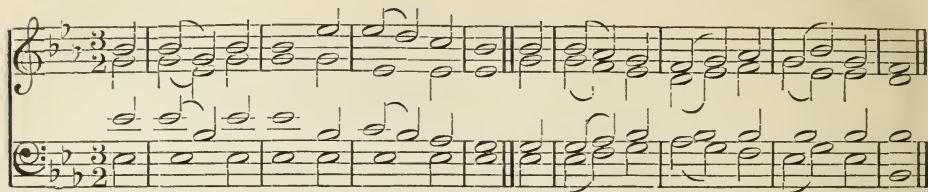
'I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.'

- mf* 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.
- mf* 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- mp* 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
f We shall surely
 Reign with Christ in endless day. Amen.
- X

Hymn 358.

STELLA.—8.8.8.8.8.8.

'Crown of Jesus Music.'



'I will bless them.'

m 1 O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go;
 Thy word into our minds instil;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
mp Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 < O Gentle Jesus, be our light!

p 2 The day is done, its hours have run,
 And thou hast taken count of all,—
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
mp Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 < O gentle Jesus, be our light!

m 3 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
 Let not our works with self be soiled,
 Nor with deceit our hearts ensnared.
mp Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 < O gentle Jesus, be our light!

mp 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;
m O let Thy mercy make us glad!
mp Thou art our Jesus and our all.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 < O gentle Jesus, be our light! Amen.

BETHESDA.—8.7; 7; 4; 7.

Hymn 359.

Henry Smart.

*'Show me a token for good.'**m* OF Thy love some gracious token

Grant us, Lord, before we go;

mf Bless Thy word which has been spoken;

Life and peace on all bestow.

When we join the world again,

Let our hearts with Thee remain;

O direct us,

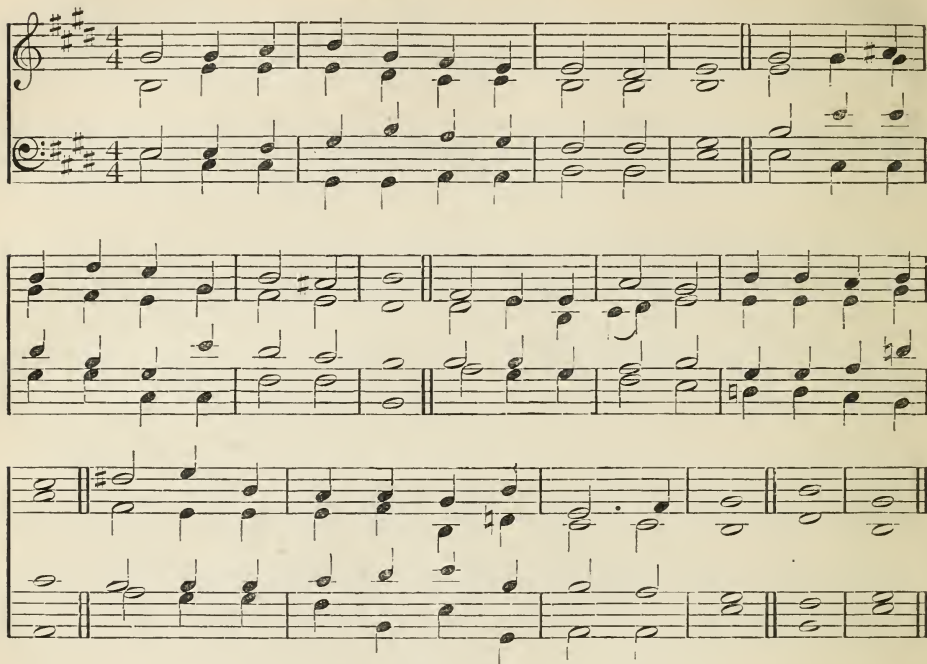
> And protect us,

p < Till we gain the heavenly shore,*f* Where Thy people want no more. Amen.

BARNBY.—10.10.10.10.

Hymn 360.

J. Barnby.

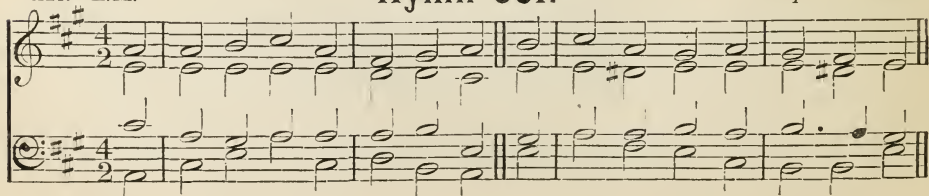
*The Lord will bless His people with peace.*

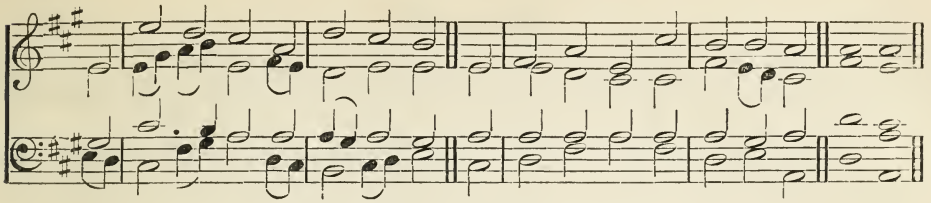
- mf* 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- mp* 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
m With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
 from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- mp* 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the
 coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
mf From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- mp* 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
mf Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
 cease,
 > Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.
 Amen.

ELY.—L.M.

Hymn 361.

Bishop T. Turton.





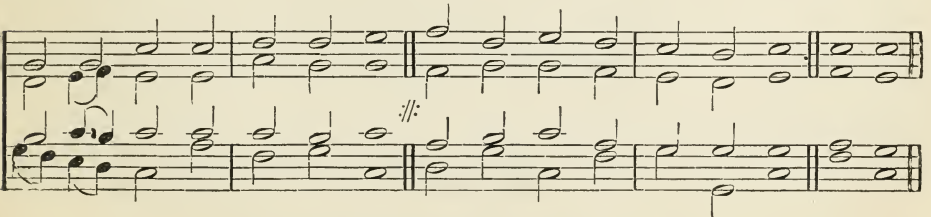
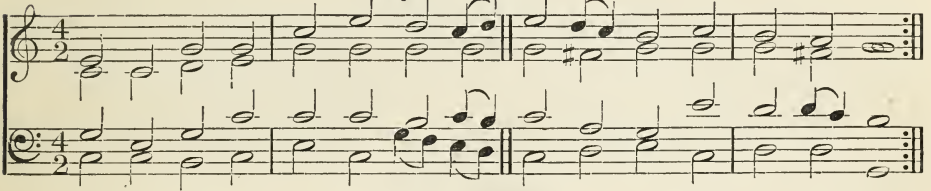
'The blessing of the Lord be upon you.'

m 1 DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive;
And let Thy truth within us live.

p 2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
< Give every fettered soul release;
> And bid us all depart in peace. Amen.

Hymn 362.

T. L. Hately.



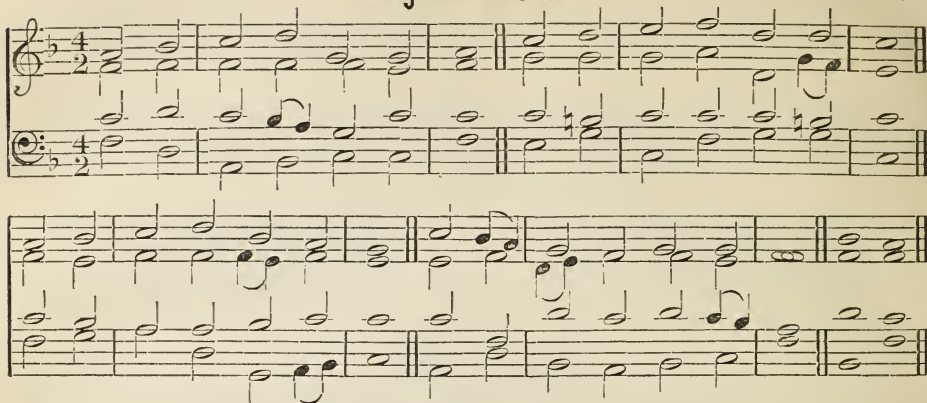
'Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling.'

m LORD, let mercy now attend us,
As we leave Thy holy place;
And from evil still defend us,
While we run our heavenward race,—
f Hallelujah!—
Till in bliss we see Thy face. Amen.

GIBBONS.—7.7.7.7.

Hymn 363.

Orlando Gibbons.

*'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.'*

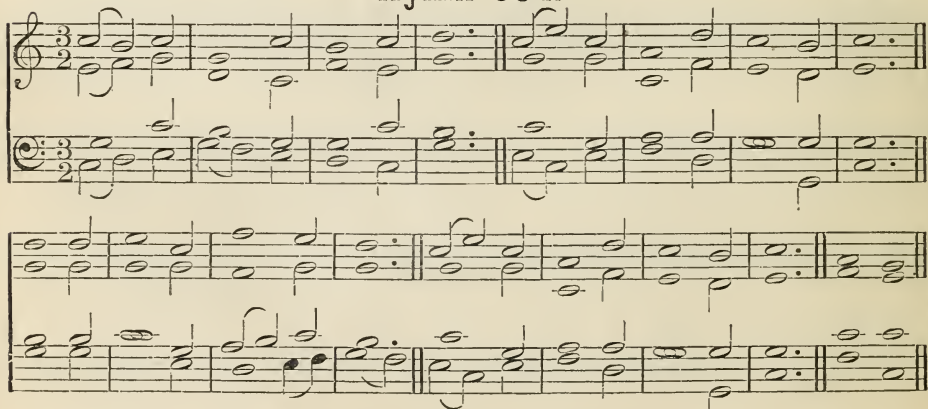
m 1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

m 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep. Amen.

BRANDENBURG.—7.7.7.7.

Hymn 364.

German.

*'The very God of peace sanctify you wholly.'*

m 1 Now may He, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

** 2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight,

m Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

f 3 Great Redeemer, Thee we praise,
Who the covenant sealedst with blood,
While our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God. Amen.

Hymn 365.

J. Baptiste Calkin.

RAMOTH.—7.7.7.7. D.

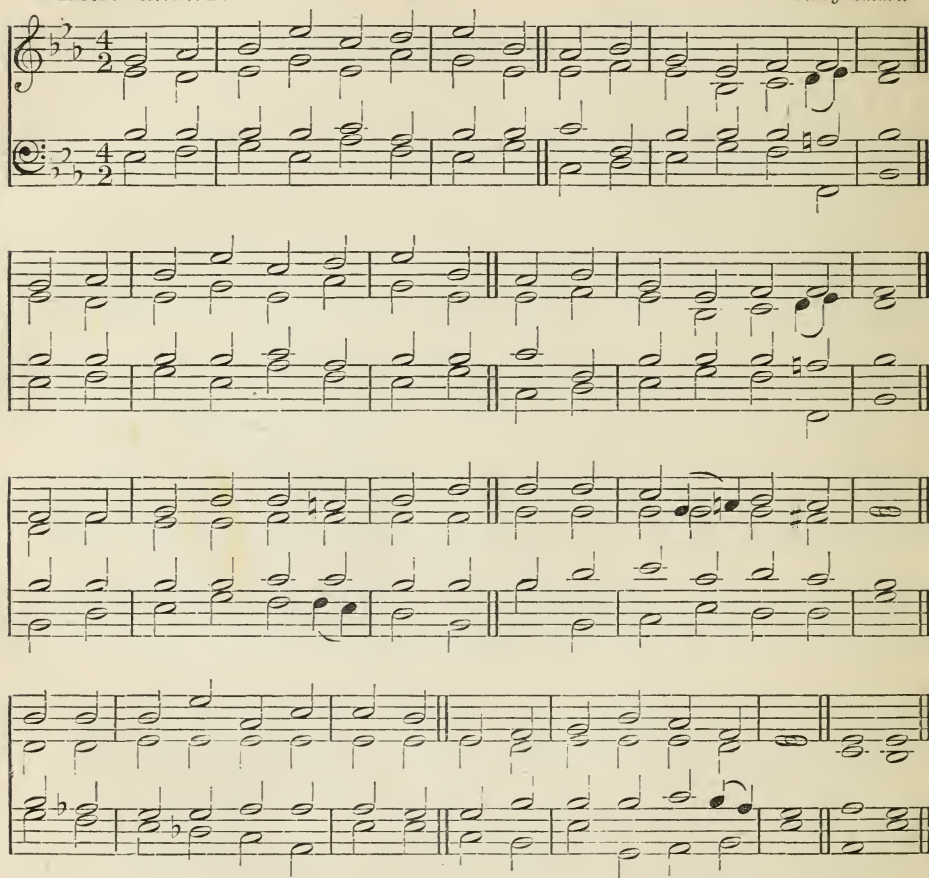
'Go in peace.'

- m* PART in peace: Christ's life was peace,
Let us live our life with Him;
- p* Part in peace: Christ's death was peace,
Let us die our death in Him;
- m* Part in peace: Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease:
Brethren, sisters, part in peace. Amen.

Hymn 366.

EVERTON.—8.7.8.7. D.

Henry Smart.



*'The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion
of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.'*

m 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

mf 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford. Amen.

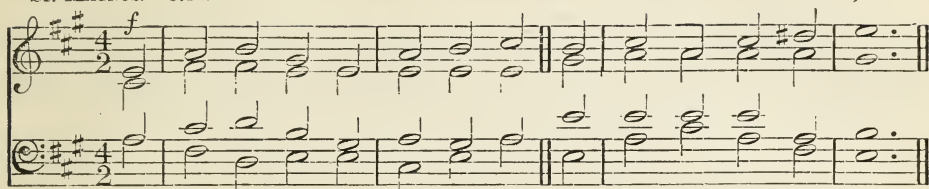
XVI.—DOXOLOGIES.

—o—

Doxology 1.

ST. MAGNUS.—C.M.

Jer. Clarke, 1707.



To Fa ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore,



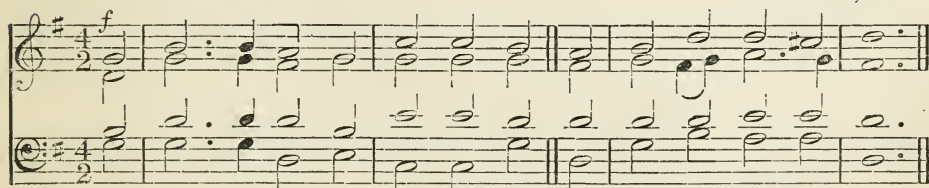
Be glo - ry, as it was, and is, And shall be ev - er - more. A - men.



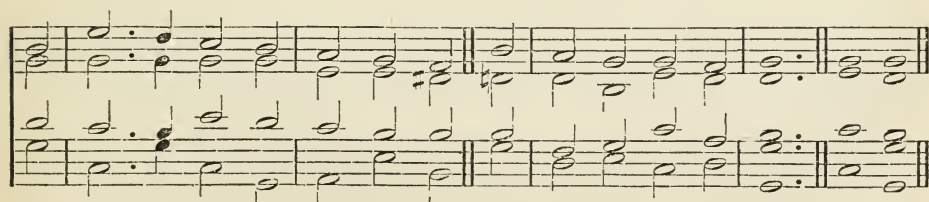
Doxology 2.

OLD WINCHESTER.—C.M.

Esté's Psalter, 1592.



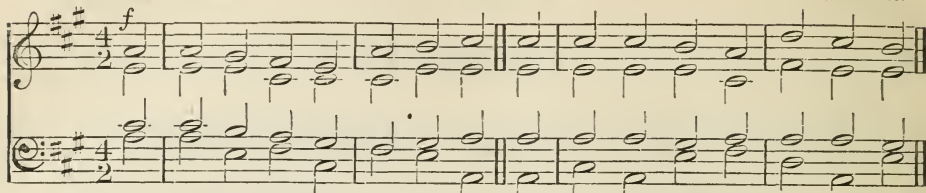
To Him who sits up - on the throne, The God whom we a - dore,



And to the Lamb that once was slain, Be glo - ry e - ver - more! A - men.

Doxology 3.

OLD HUNDRED—L.M.

G. Franc.

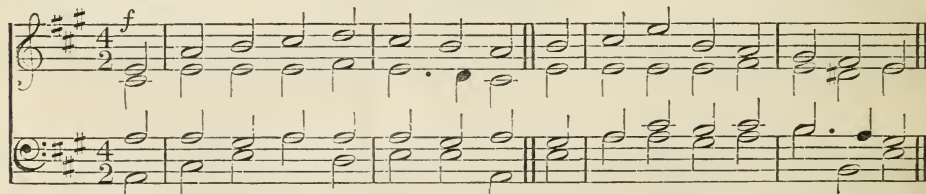
Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;



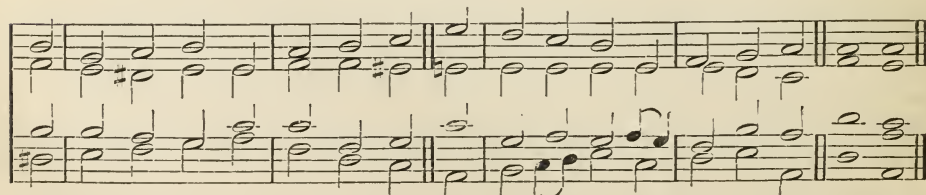
Praise Him a - bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

Doxology 4.

NORFOLK.—L.M.

Dr. Howard.

Un - to the Fa - ther, God of Heaven, And to the Son, be glo - ry given,

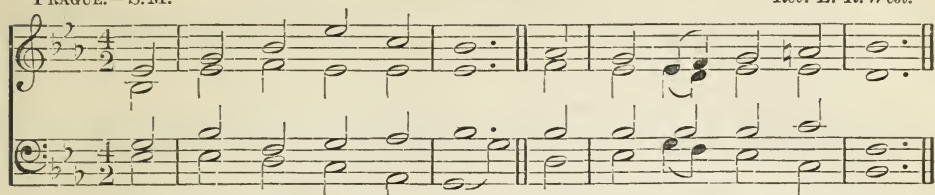


And to the Spi - rit, ev - er - more One God, the God whom we a - dore. A - men.

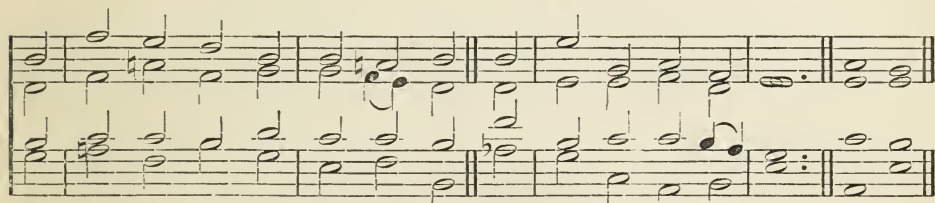
Doxology 5.

PRAGUE.—S.M.

Rev. L. R. West.



1. Hark! how the a - dor - ing hosts With songs sur - round the throne!



Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues But all their hearts are one.

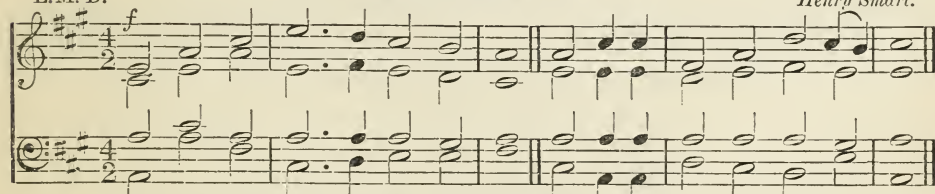
f 2 Worthy the Lamb, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb! let us reply:
For He was slain for us.

f 3 To Him be power ascribed,
And endless blessings paid;
ff Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on His head! Amen.

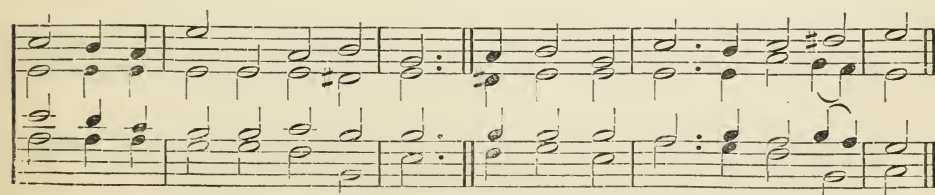
Doxology 6.

L.M. D.

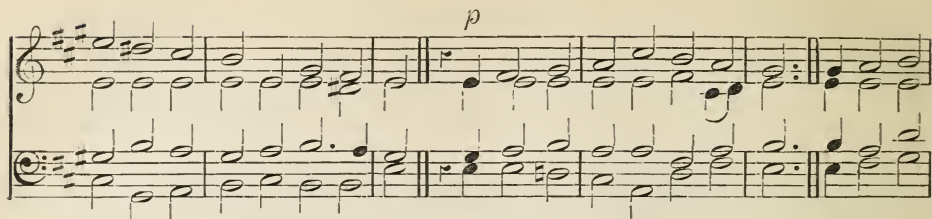
Henry Smart.



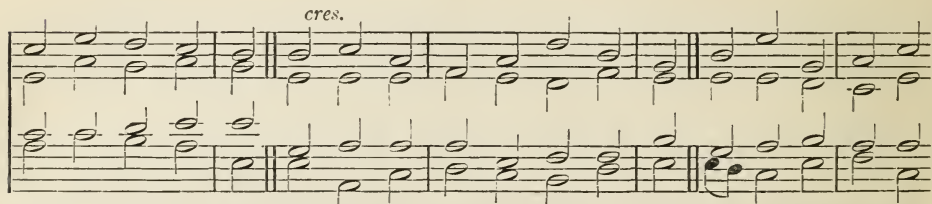
From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise:



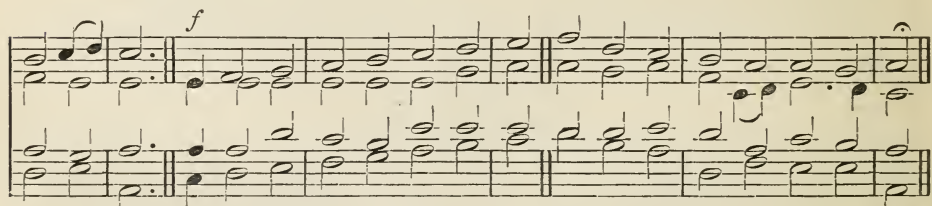
Let the Re-deem - er's name be sung Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.



Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal



truth at - tends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and

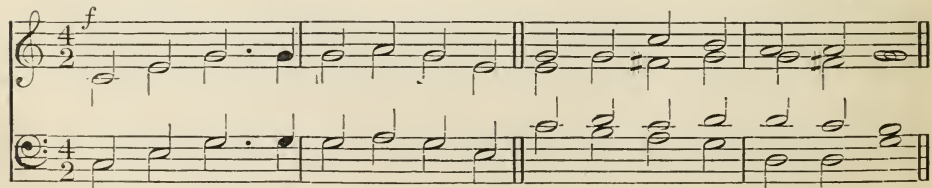


set no more. Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

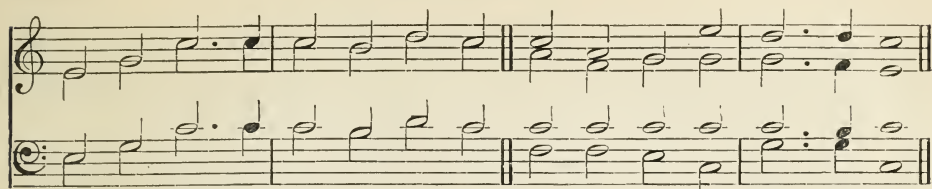
Doxology 7.

TRIUMPH—S.7.4.

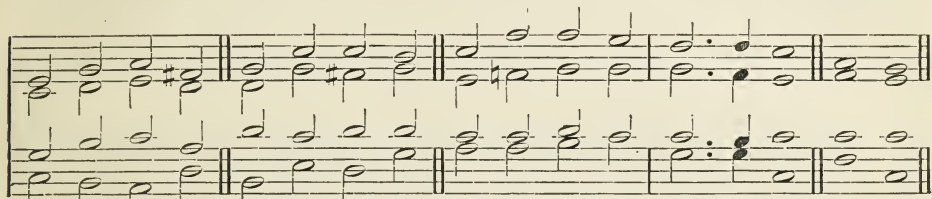
Dr. Gauntlett.



Now to Him who loved us, gave us Ev - 'ry pledge that love could give,



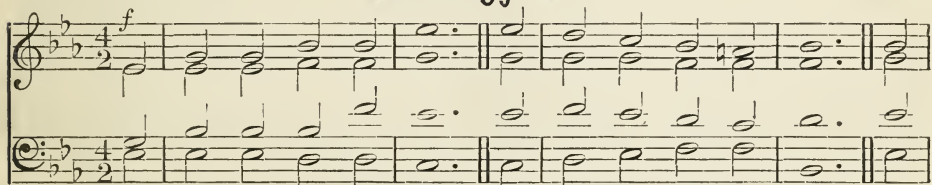
Free - ly shed His blood to save us, Gave His life that we might live,



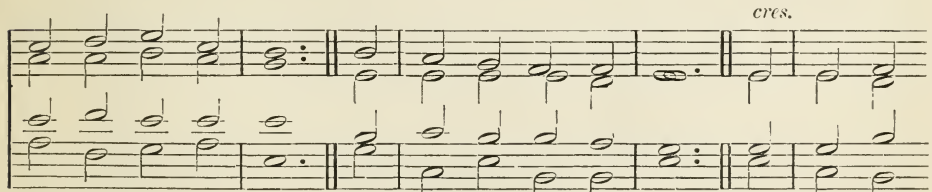
Be the kingdom, And do - min - ion, And the glo - ry ev - er - more, A - men.

ST. JOHN.—6.6; 4.4.4.4.

Doxology 8.



Now to the King of Heaven Your cheer - ful voi - ces raise; To



Him be glo - ry given, Power, ma - jes - ty, and praise; Wide as He

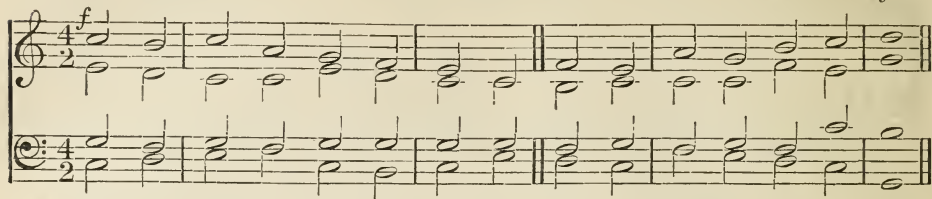


reigns, His name be sung By ev - 'ry tongue, In end - less strains. A - men.

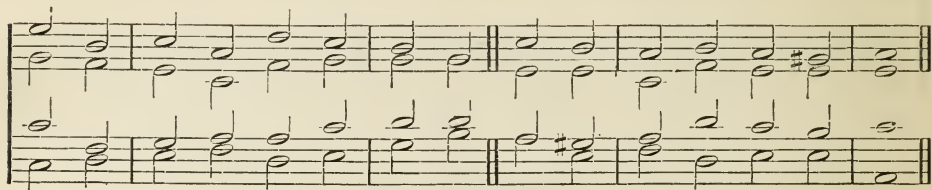
Doxology 9.

HAVILAH.—8.7.8.7.8.7.

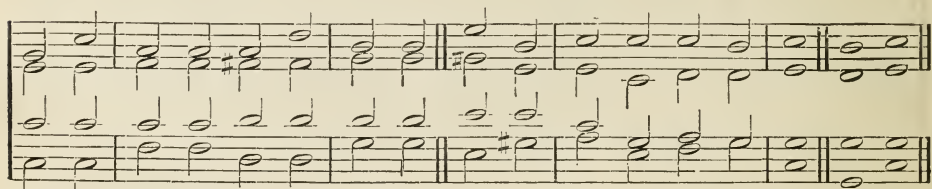
W. H. Havergal.



Glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er - last - ing To the Blessed Trin - i - ty!



Praise to Thee, E - ter - nal Fa - ther! Praise, E ter nal Son, to Thee!

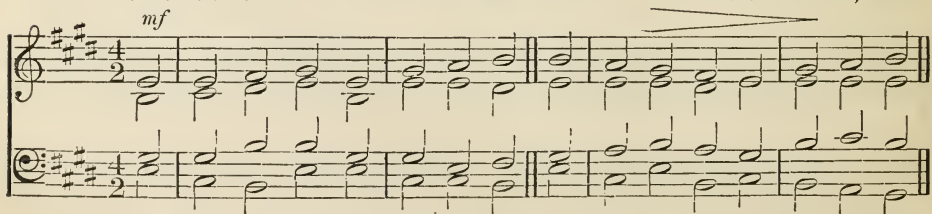


Praise to Thee, E - ter - nal Spi - rit! Three in One, and One in Three! A - men.

Doxology 10.

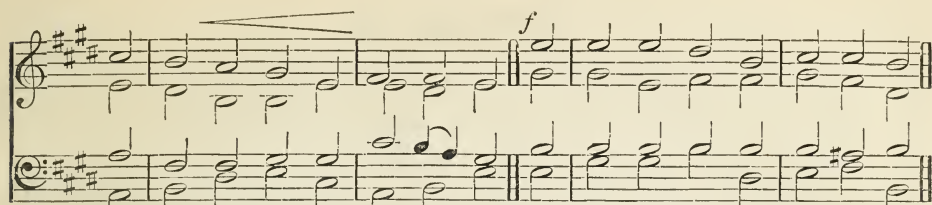
OLD 113TH.—8.8.8.8.8.8.

Genevan Psalter, 1562.

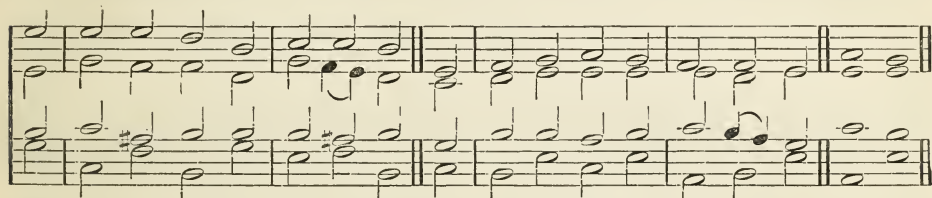


I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath; And, when my voice is lost in death,

DOXOLOGIES.



Praise shall employ my no - bler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

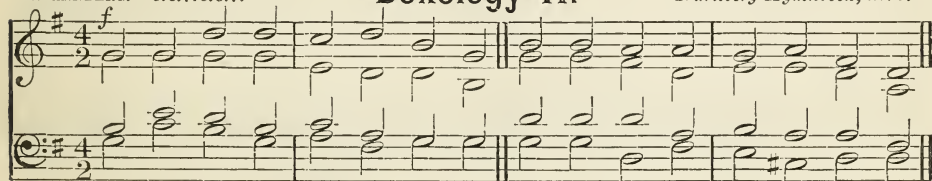


While life and thought and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures. A - men.

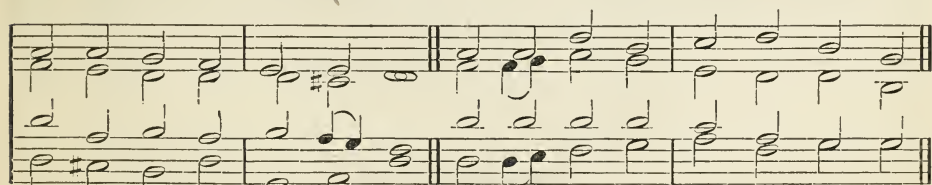
NÜRNBERG.—8.8.7.8.8.7.

Doxology 11.

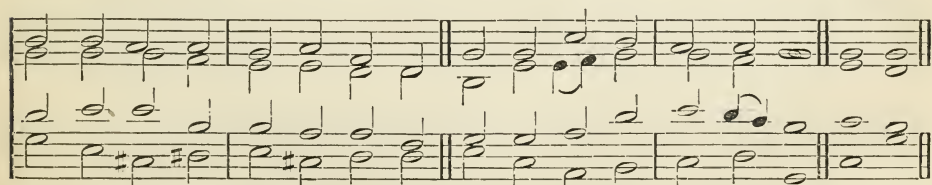
Nürnberg Hymnbook, 1676.



Glo - ry be to Him who gave us,—Free - ly gave His Son to save us!



Glo - ry to the Son who came! Honour, blessing, a - dor - a - tion,

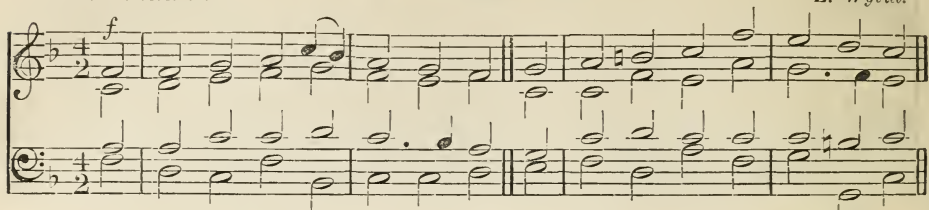


Ev - er, from the whole cre - a - tion, Be to God and to the Lamb. A - men.

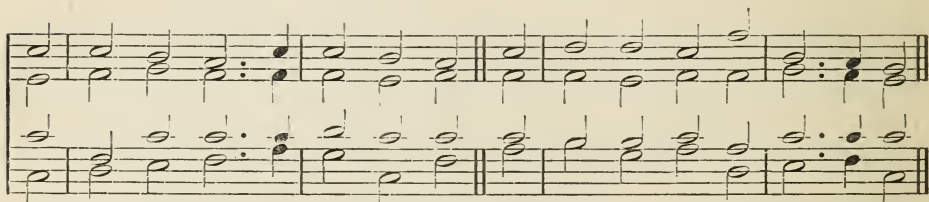
Doxology 12.

EATON.—S.S.S.S.S.S.

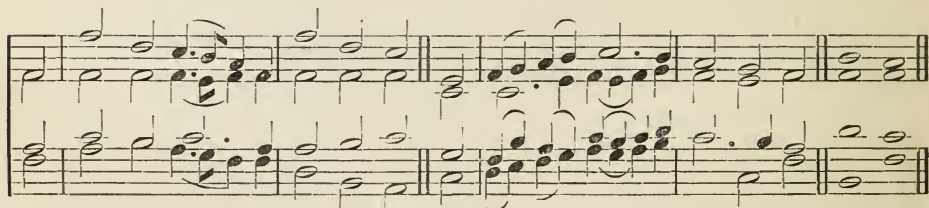
Z. Wyrill.



Im - mor - tal hon - our, end - less fame At - tend the Almighty Father's name!



Let God the Son be glo - ri - fied, Who for lost man's re - demp - tion died!

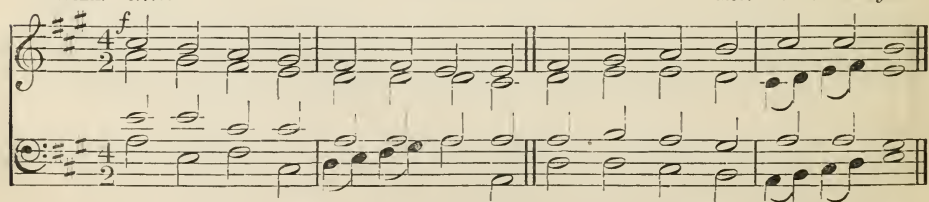


And e - qual a - dor - a - tion be, E - ter - nal Spi - rit, paid to Thee! A - men.

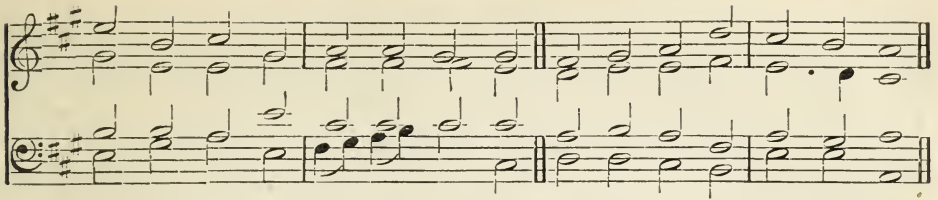
Doxology 13.

IDUMEA.—8.7.4.

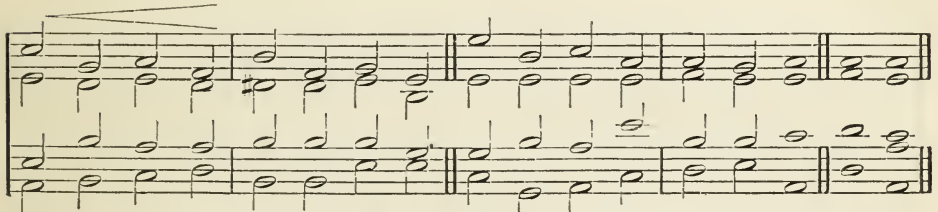
Rev. W. H. Havergal.



Glo - ry be to God, the Fa - ther! Glo - ry be to God, the Son!



Glo - ry be to God, the Spi - rit! Great JE - HO - VAH, Three in One!



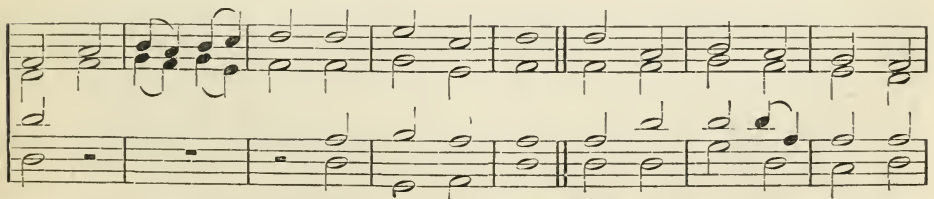
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run! A - men.

Doxology 14.

R. A. Smith.



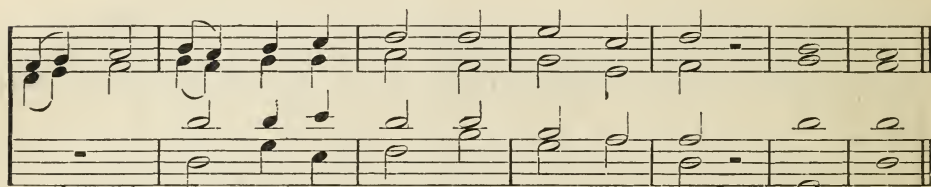
Lord, bless us still! O bless us still! LORD, hear our prayers! O hear our



prayers! Ac - cept _Your praise! Ac - cept our praise! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -



lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

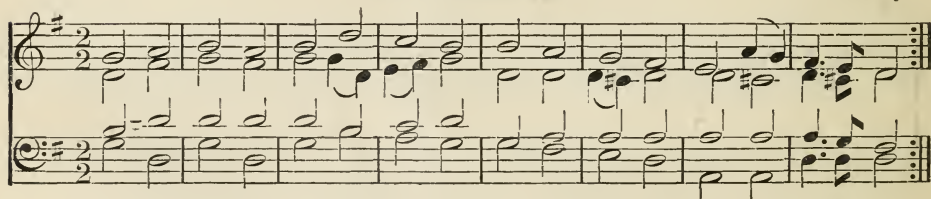


lu - jah! Praised be Thy ho - ly name! A - men, A - men.

Doxology 15.

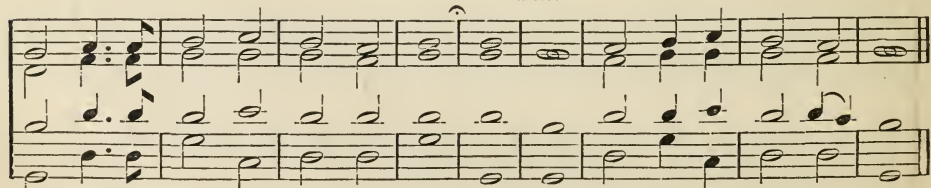
MILAN.

Ancient Melody.



Bless - ed, bless - ed be JE - HOV - AH, Is - rael's God to all e - ter - ni - ty:

ad lib.



Let all the peo - ple say, A - men. A - men. Praise to the Lord give ye.

Doxology 16.

Henry Smart.

♩ = 112 *f* Allegro.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

lu - jah! for the Lord God Om - ni - po - tent reign -

' For . . . the

eth, the Lord God Om - ni - po - tent reign - eth. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

For the

DOXOLOGIES.

p

lu - jah! The king - doms of this world are be - come the

p

king - doms of our Lord and of His Christ; and of His

Christ;

f

Christ; and of His Christ; and He shall reign, shall reign for

Christ; and of His Christ; and He shall reign for,

e

e - ver and e - ver: He shall reign for e - ver and

DOXOLOGIES.

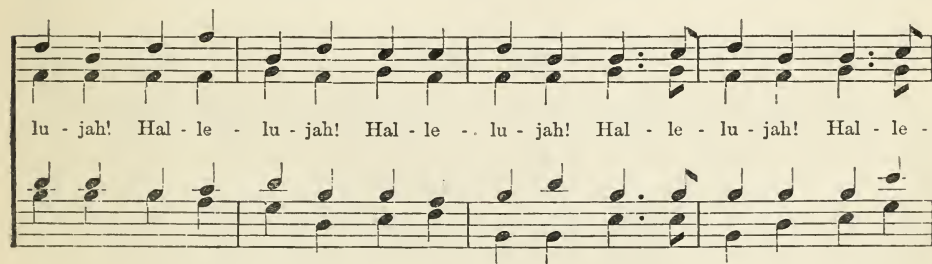
and Lord of lords,



e - ver: King of kings, and Lord of lords,

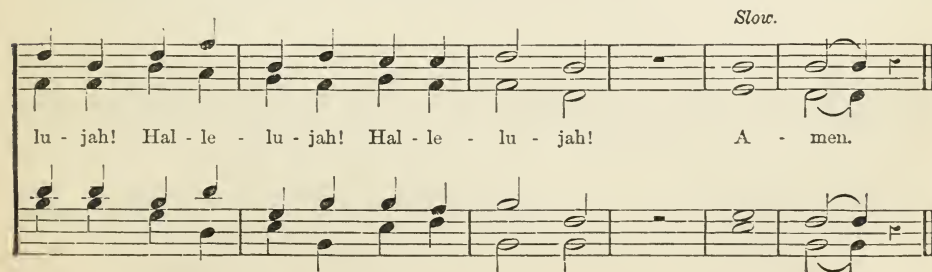


King of kings, and Lord of lords: Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -



lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

Slow.



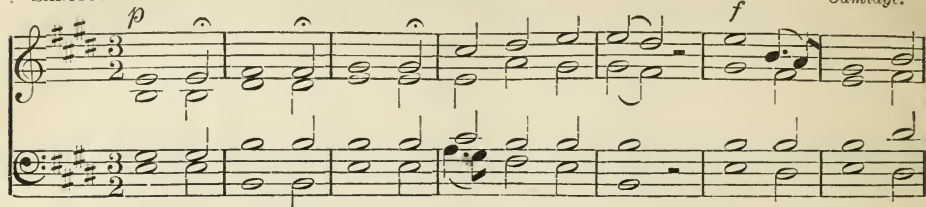
lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

Doxology 17.

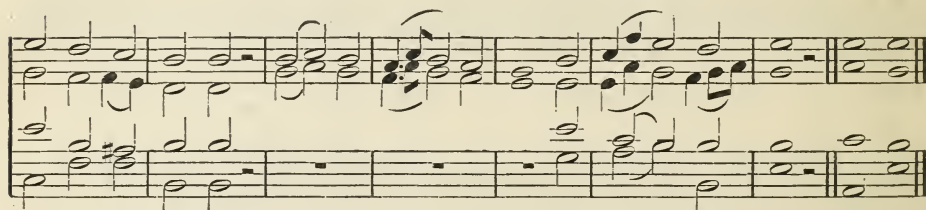
SANCTUS I.

FIRST TUNE.

Camidge.



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! heav'n and earth are

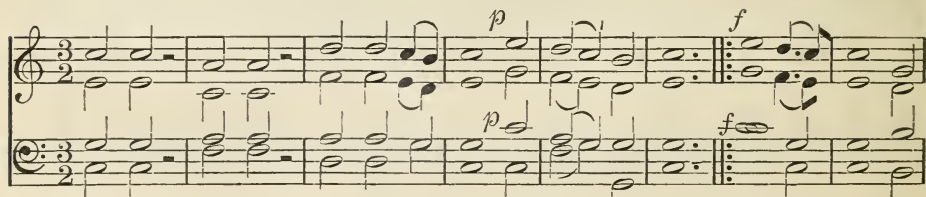


full of Thy glo - ry; glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High. A - men.

SANCTUS II.

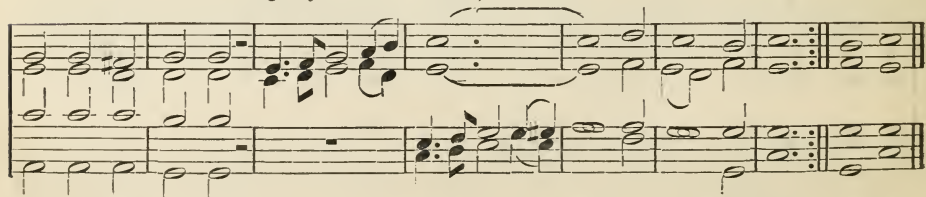
SECOND TUNE.

Thomas Ebdon.



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God, Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are

glo-ry be to Thee, ' .



full of Thy glo - ry; glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High. A - men.

DOXOLOGIES.

SANCTUS III.

THIRD TUNE.

Dr. Arnold.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! heaven and earth are full of the

ma-jes-ty of Thy glo - ry: glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High. A-men. *

GLORIA PATRI.

Doxology 18.

W. Jackson.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the

Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

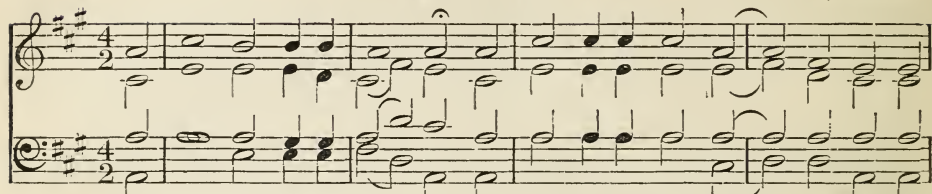
now, and e - ver shall be, world with-out end. A - men, A - men, A - men.

XVII.—SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

Sentence 1.

NUMBERS vi. 24-26.

From a Hebrew Melody.



The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine up - on thee,

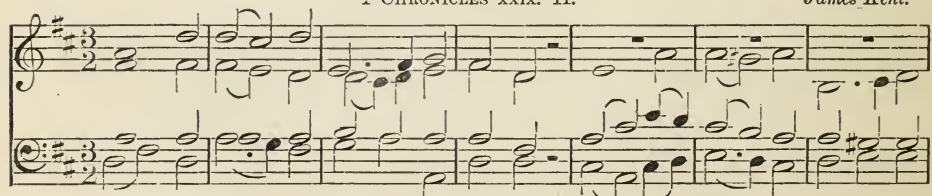


and be gracious un - to thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace

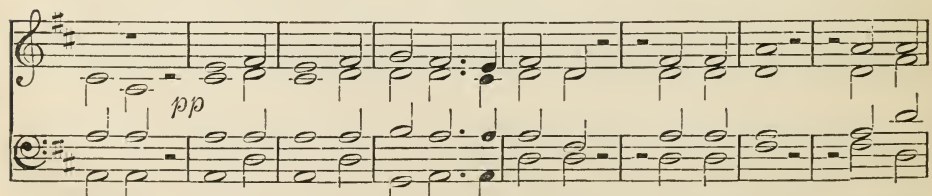
Sentence 2.

1 CHRONICLES xxix. 11.

James Kent.

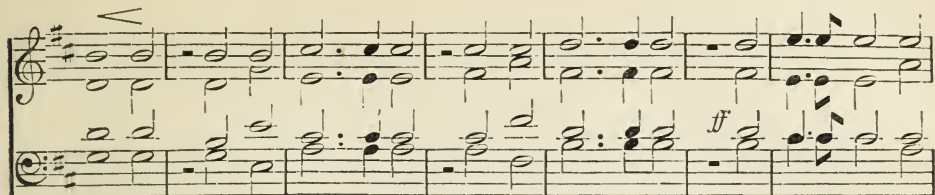


Thine, O Lord, O Lord, is the greatness. Thine, O Lord, O Lord, is the

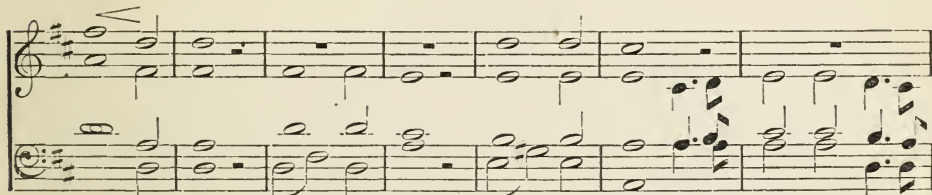


greatness. Thine, O Lord, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.



glo - ry, and the vic - to - ry, and the ma - jes - ty, the vic - to - ry and

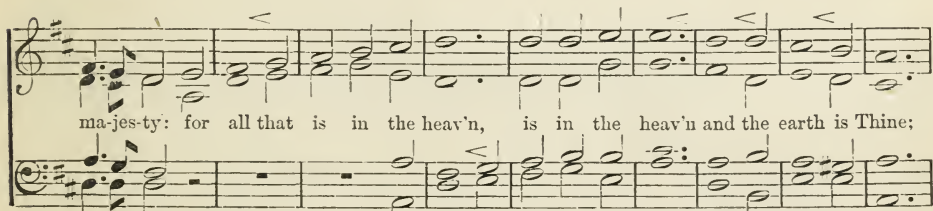


ma - jes - ty. Thine, O Lord, Thine, O Lord, is the great - ness, and the

is the great-ness



power, . . . and the power, and the glo - ry, and the vic - to - ry, and the ma - jes - ty, the

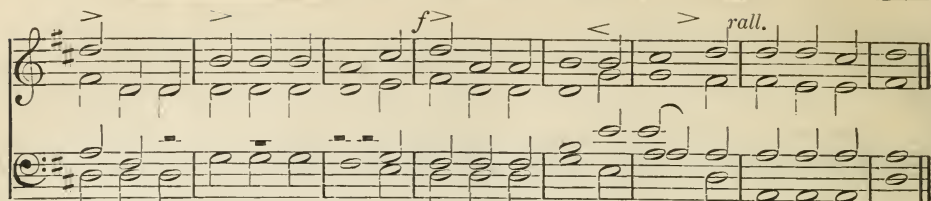


ma - jes - ty: for all that is in the heav'n, is in the heav'n and the earth is Thine;

For all that is in the heav'n and the earth is Thine;



Thine is the kingdom, Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art ex -

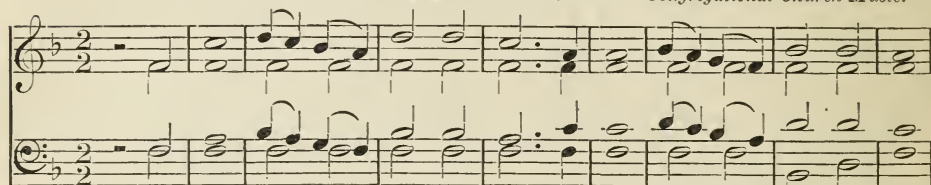


alt-ed as head a-bove all, as head a-bove all, as head, as head a-bove all.

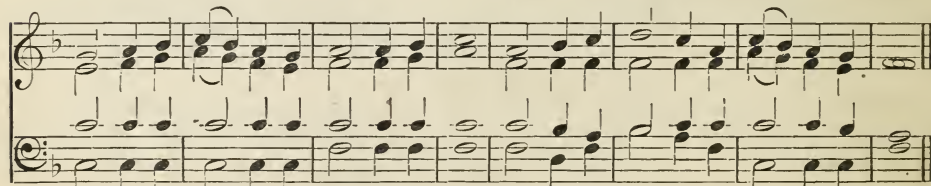
Sentence 3.

PSALM xxxiii. 20-22.

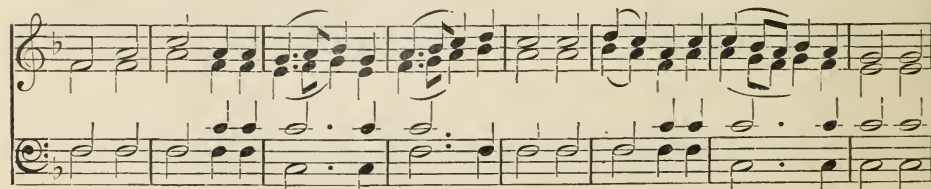
'Congregational Church Music.'



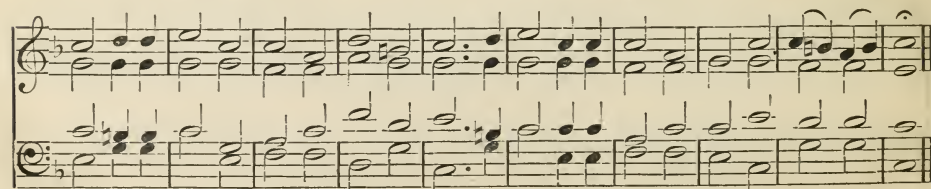
Our soul wait-eth for the Lord: our soul wait-eth for the Lord:



He is our help, is our help and our shield; He is our help, is our help and our shield.

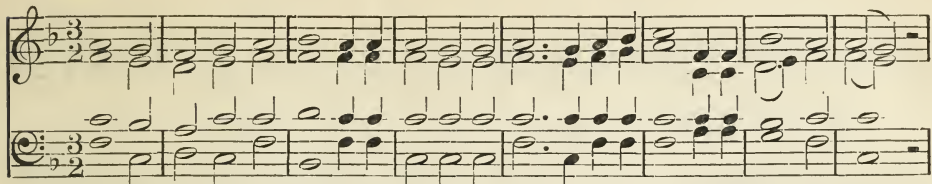


For our heart shall re-joyce, re-joyce in Him; our heart shall re-joyce in Him; be-

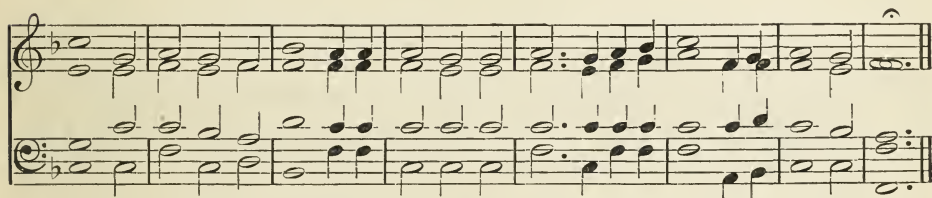


cause we have trusted in His ho-ly name, because we have trusted in His ho-ly name.

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.



Let Thy mer-cy, O Lord, be up - on us, ac - cord - ing as we hope, as we hope in Thee.



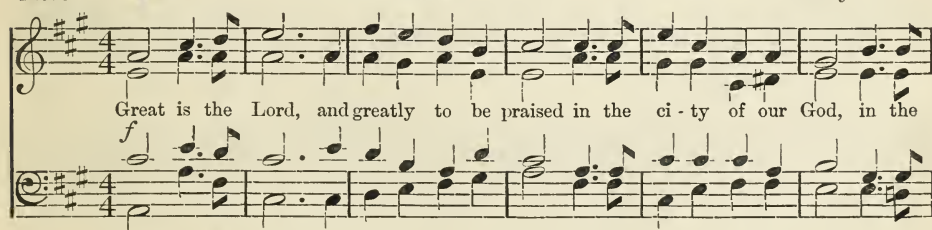
Let Thy mer-cy, O Lord, be up - on us, ac - cord - ing as we hope, as we hope in Thee.

Sentence 4.

Moderato. ♩ = 76.

PSALM xlviii. 1-3.

Henry Smart.



Rit.

Moderato. ♩ = 60.



SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

cres. Beau - ti - ful for sit - u -

joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zi - on, is Mount Zi - on, the

earth, . . . is Mount Zi - on, Mount Zi - on, the

a - tion,

joy, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zi - on, the joy of the whole

north, *the

earth, is Mount Zi - on, on the sides of the north, on the

earth, is Mount Zi - on, . . . on the sides of the

sides of the north, the ci - ty of the great King.

King. God is known, is

north, of the north, the King. . . God is

God is known, God is known, God is known in her pa-laces for a known, God is known, is

f

known in her pa-laces, God is

God is known, is

re-fuge, for a re-fuge. God is known for a re-fuge.

ff

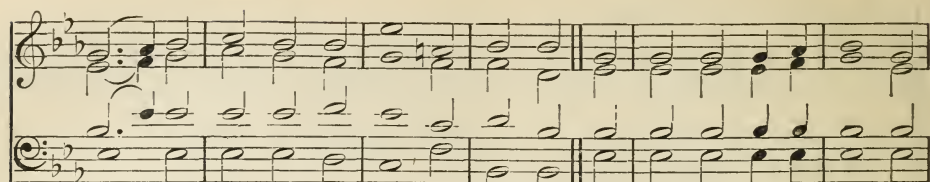
Sentence 5.

PSALM lxiv. 10.

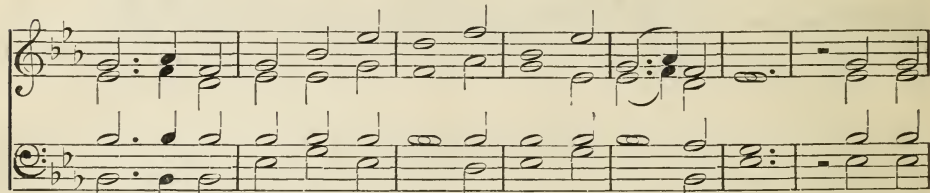
Adapted from A. E. Grell.

The righteous shall be glad, be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in Him, shall

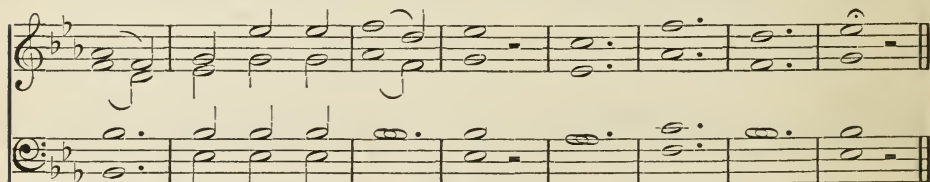
trust in Him; and all the up-right in heart shall glo-ry, and



all the up-right in heart shall glo-ry. The righteous shall be glad, be



glad in the Lord, and shall trust in Him, shall trust in Him. Hal-le-

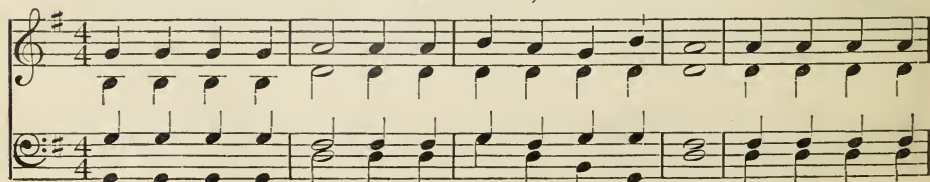


lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah. Praise ye the Lord.

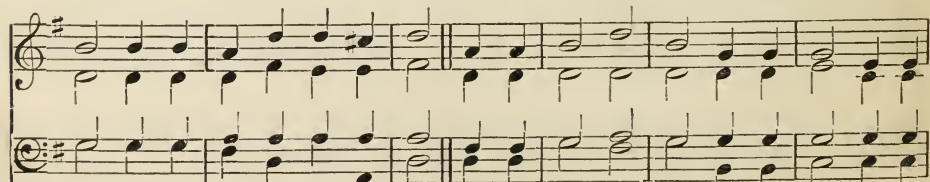
Sentence 6.

PSALM lxxxix. 15, 16.

Dr. Mason.



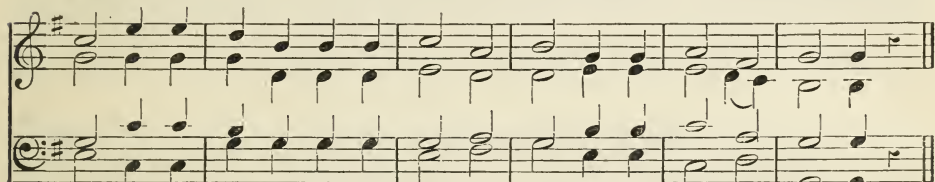
Bless-ed is the peo-ple that know the joy-ful sound, Bless-ed is the



peo-ple that know the joy-ful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy



countenance, shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance. In Thy name shall they re-

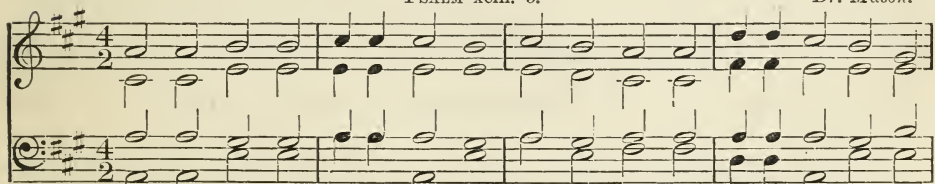


joice all the day; and in Thy righteous - ness shall they be ex - alt - ed.

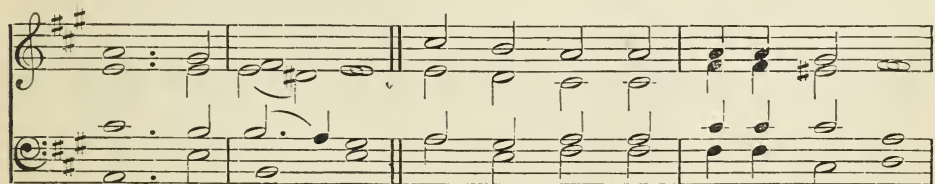
Sentence 7.

PSALM xciii. 5.

Dr. Mason.

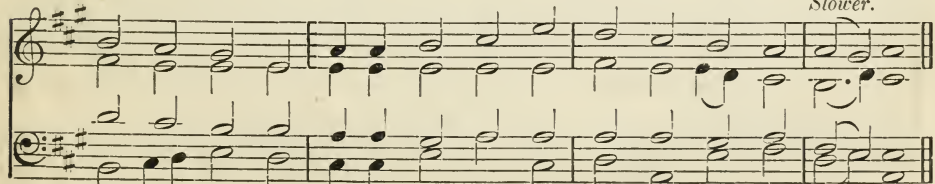


Ho - li - ness be - com-eth Thine house, Ho - li - ness be - com-eth Thine house, O



Lord, for e - ver; Ho - li - ness be - com-eth Thine house,

Slower.

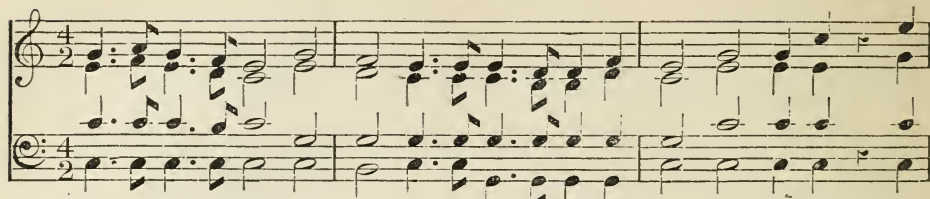


Ho - li - ness be - com-eth Thine house, Thine house, O Lord, for e - ver.

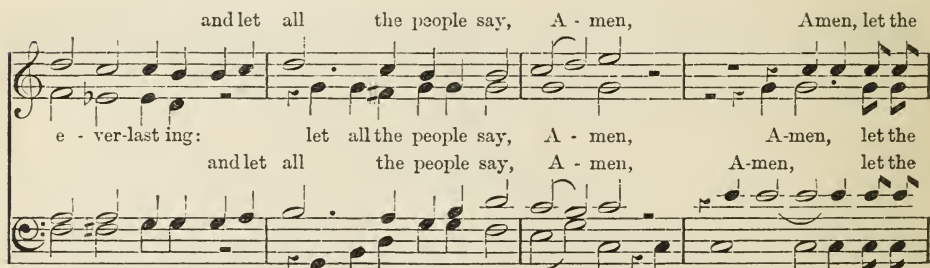
Sentence 8.

PSALM cvi. 48.

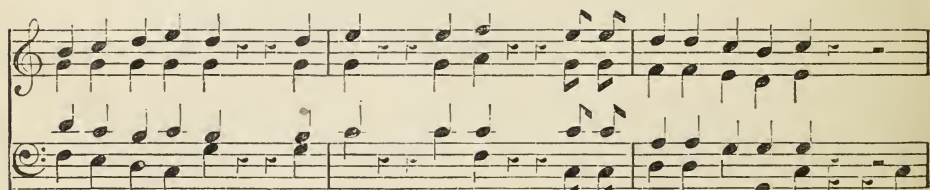
R. A. Smith.



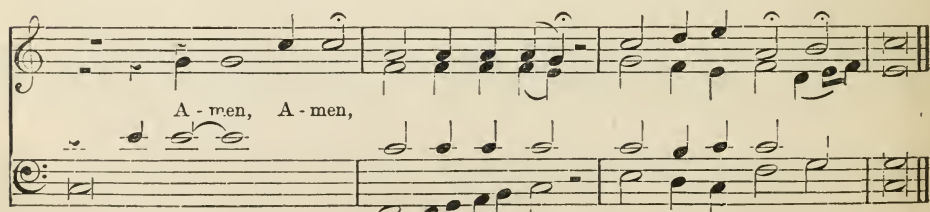
Bless-ed be the Lord, the Lord God of Is-ra-el from e-ver-last-ing to



e-ver-last-ing; let all the people say, A-men, A-men, let the



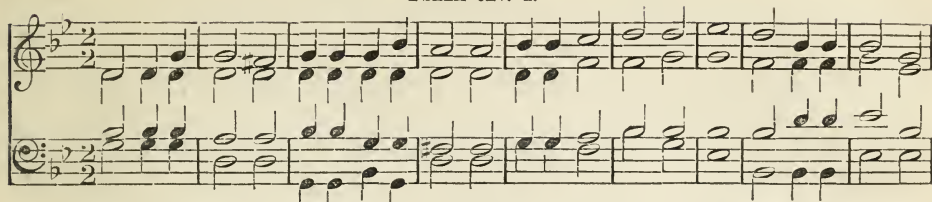
people say, A-men, A-men, A-men, let the people say, A-men, A-



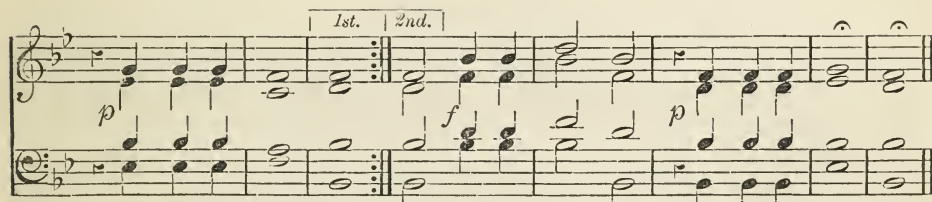
men. Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord. A-men.

Sentence 9.

PSALM cxv. 1.



Not un-to us, O Lord, not un-to us, But un-to Thy name give glo-ry, for Thy mer-cy

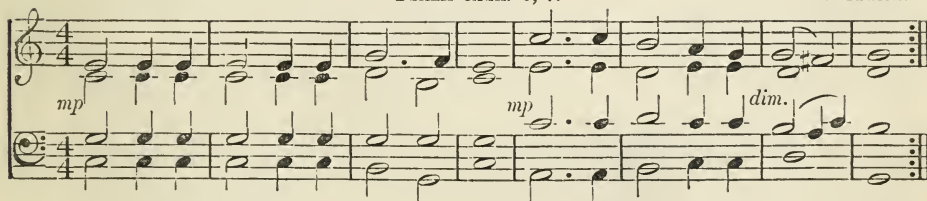


and for Thy truth's sake, sake, for Thy mer-cy and for Thy truth's sake.

Sentence 10.

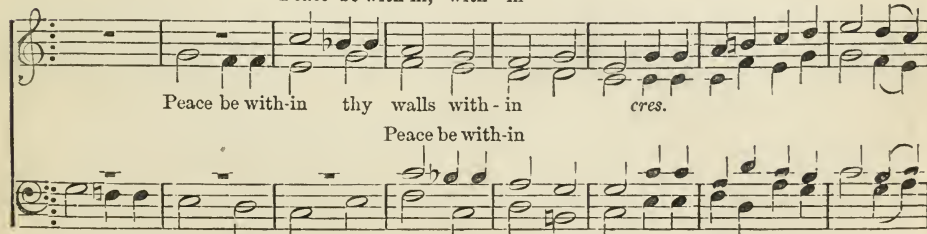
PSALM cxvii. 6, 7.

Dr. Mason.



Pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem: They shall pros - per that love thee.

Peace be with-in, with - in



Peace be with-in thy walls with - in

Peace be with-in

Peace be with-in, with - in thy walls, with - in thy walls, and prosper-i - ty with-in thy

1st. 2nd.

pal - a - ces. ces. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

Sentence 11.

Allegro.

PSALM cxxxii. 8, 9.

G. A. Macfarren.

A - rise, O Lord, in - to Thy rest; Thou and the ark of Thy strength, a-rise, O

a - rise, O Lord, a - rise, O Lord, a - rise, a - rise, O

Lord, a - rise, O Lord, in - to Thy rest; let Thy priests be cloth - ed with

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

CRES.

right-eous-ness, let Thy priests be cloth - ed with righteousness, let Thy

let Thy priests be cloth - ed with righteousness,

and let Thy saints shout

f

priests be cloth - ed with right-eous-ness, and let Thy

let Thy priests be and let Thy saints shout, shout, shout,

shout, shout for

saints shout for joy, a - rise, O Lord, in - to Thy

and let Thy saints shout for joy,

f *sf* *pp*

shout, shout for joy.

ff

rest; Thou, and the ark of Thy strength, a - rise, O Lord, a - rise, O

ff *ff*

a - rise, O Lord,

Lord, a - rise, a - rise, Thou, O Lord,
 Lord, a - rise, a - rise, Thou, O Lord.

Sentence 12.

ISAIAH lii. 7, 9.

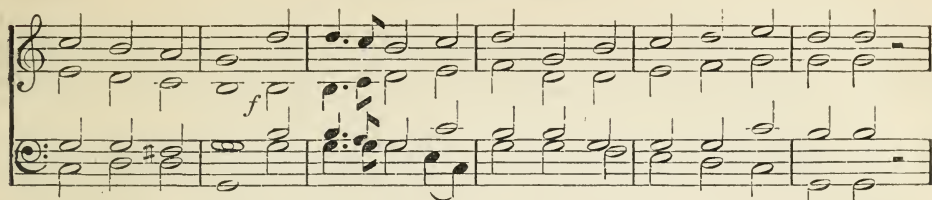
R. A. Smith.

How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains, How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains, How

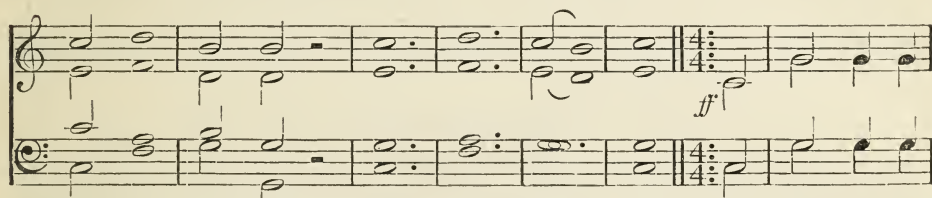
beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains are the feet of him that bring-eth good tid-ings.

That pub-lish-eth peace, that pub-lish-eth peace, that bring-eth good tid-ings, good

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.



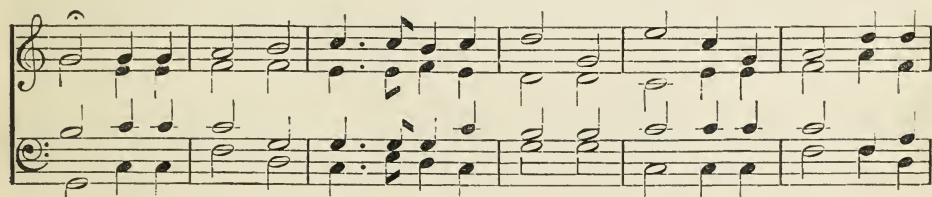
tid - ings of good, that publisheth sal - va - tion; that saith un - to Zi - on,



Thy God reign - eth, Thy God reign - eth! Break forth in - to



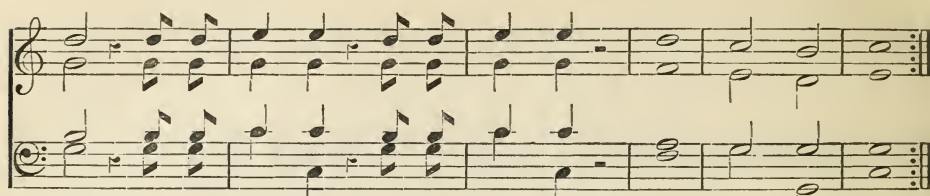
joy, sing to - geth - er, sing to - geth - er, ye waste places of Je - ru - sa -



lem; for the Lord hath com - fort - ed His peo - ple, He hath re - deem - ed Je -



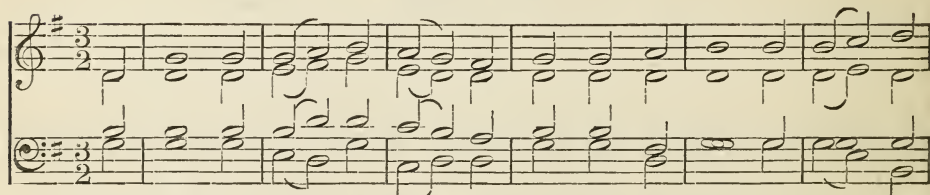
ru - sa - lem. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the



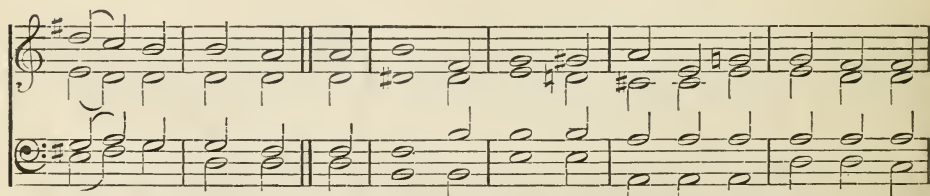
Lord; Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye His name.

Sentence 13.

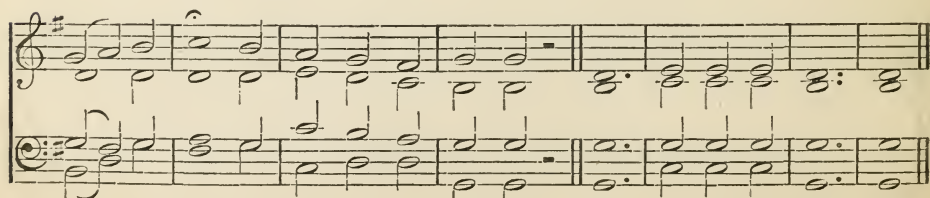
HABAKKUK ii. 20.



The Lord is in His ho-ly tem-ple, the Lord is in His



ho-ly tem-ple; Let all the earth keep si-lence be-fore Him, let



all the earth keep si-lence be-fore Him, keep si-lence be-fore Him.

Sentence 14.

MATTHEW xi. 28-30.

Sir Herbert Oakeley, M.A., Mus. Doc.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

Come un - to Me, all, all ye that la - bour and are hea - vy la - den, and

I will give you rest, and I will give you

rest, will give you rest. Take my yoke up - on you, and

I am meek

learn of Me, of Me: for I am meek and low - ly in heart: and

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

ye shall find rest, rest un-to your souls, shall find rest un-to your souls, find

pp

rest un-to your souls. Take My yoke up-on you, and learn of

mf *cres.*

Me; for I am meek and low-ly, am low-ly in heart; and

p *pp*

to your

ye shall find rest un-to your souls, and ye shall find rest un-to your

cres.

and ye, and ye shall find

$\text{♩} = 104.$

souls, find rest un-to your souls. For My yoke is ea - sy, and My rest unto yoursouls,

bur - den is light, My yoke is ea - sy, My bur - den is light; For My

yoke is ea - sy, and My bur - den is light. light. A - men. |

Sentence 15.

Allegro vivace.

LUKE ii. 14.

Ebenezer Prout, B.A.

f Glo - ry to God, *p* Glo - ry to God in the high - est, in the high - est, and on

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

earth peace, and on earth peace,
 earth, and on earth peace, and on earth peace, good will, good will toward
 peace, peace, good will toward
 and on earth peace, good will, good will toward

men, and on earth peace, good will toward men, good will toward men.
 men, good will toward men, toward men, toward men,
 men, and on earth peace, good will, good will toward men.

f
 Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, in the high -
f

and on earth peace, peace, good will
p est, and on earth peace, and on earth . . . peace, good will, good
p
 and on earth, and on earth peace, and on earth peace, good will, good

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

good will toward men, peace, good will toward men, and on earth
will toward men, on earth peace, peace, and on earth

will toward men, on earth peace, good will toward

peace, good will toward men. *ff* Glo - ry to God,
peace, good will *ff*
men, good will

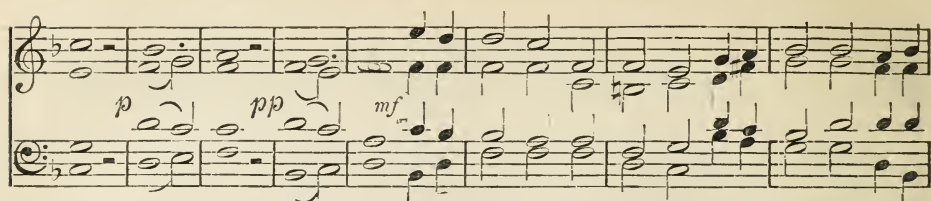
Glo - ry to God in the high - est.

Sentence 16.

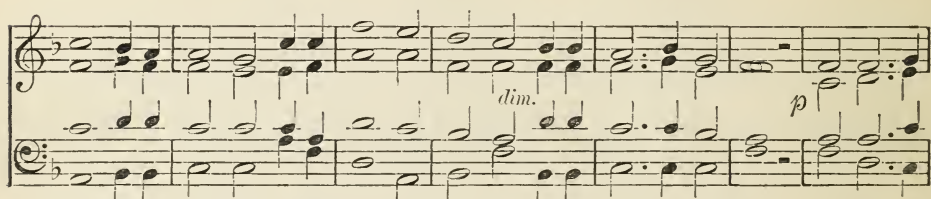
LUKE xv. 18, 19.

Rev. R. Cecil.

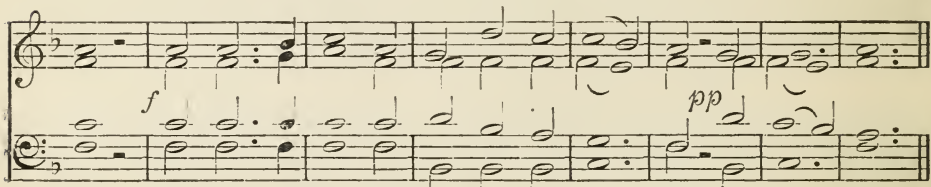
I will a - rise, I will a - rise and go to my Fa - ther, and will say un - to



Him, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have sin - ned, have sin - ned, I have sin - ned against



heaven, and be - fore Thee, and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed Thy son. I will a -



rise, I will a - rise and go to my Fa - ther, my Fa - ther.

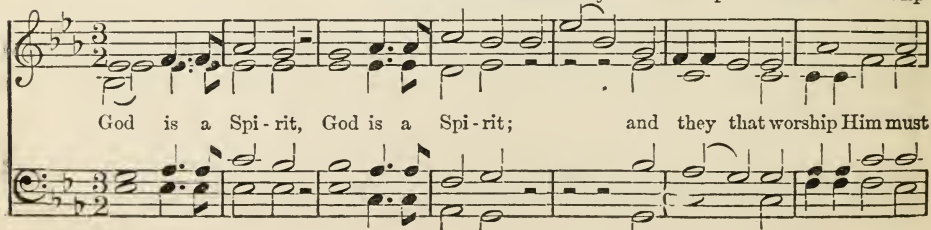
Sentence 17.

JOHN iv. 23, 24.

Henry Smart.

$\text{♩} = 60$. Andante.

and they that worship Him must wor - ship



God is a Spi - rit, God is a Spi - rit; and they that worship Him must

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

Him in cres.

worship Him in spi-rit and in truth, God is a Spi-rit, God is a Spi-rit; and

dim.

they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit, wor-ship Him in spi-rit and in

p

truth, for the Fa-ther seeketh such to wor-ship Him, for the

for the Fa-ther

f

Fa-ther seek-eth such, seek-eth such to wor-ship

Him. *p* God is a Spi - rit. *f*

Sentence 18.

2 CORINTHIANS xiii. 14.

Dr. Mason.

The grace of the Lord Je-sus Christ, and the Love of God, and the com-

munion of the Ho - ly Ghost, be with you all. A - men.

Sentence 19.

1 TIMOTHY i. 17.

Sir Herbert Oakeley, M.A., Mus. Doc.

$\text{♩} = 60.$ *mf* *ff* *p* *f*

Now un - to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vi - si - ble, the

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

on - ly wise God, the on - ly wise God, e - ter - nal, im -

God, the on - ly, on - ly wise God,

mor - tal, in - vi - si - ble, the on - ly wise God, the on - ly wise

God, the on - ly, on - ly wise

God, the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise God, the

God, the King, the King, God, the on - ly

on - ly wise God, be hon - our and glo - ry, for e - ver and e - ver, ver. Now, ver. e - ver and e - ver. (Repeat *ad lib.*)

wise, the on - ly wise God, be e - ver. Now, ver.

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

f

Be hon-our and glo-ry for e - ver and e - ver, be hon - our and glo - ry for

e - ver and e - ver, be hon - our and glo - ry for e - ver, and e - ver, for

e - ver and e - ver. A - men. men. Now, Now un - to the King e -

ff *p* *f*

ter - nal, in - mor - tal, in - vis - i ble, the on - ly wise God, the on - ly, God, the on - ly . . .

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

rall. e-ver and e - ver. A -

on - ly wise God, be hon - our and glo - ry for e - ver and e - ver. *A Tempo*

e - ver and e - ver. *

men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men, A -

A - - - - men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men, A -

men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men, A -

men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men, A -

men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men, A -

men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men, A -

men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men, A -

men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men, A -

men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men, A -

* An abbreviation might here be made by proceeding at once to the *Adagio*.

rall. *Adagio.* *rall.*

men. A men, A men.

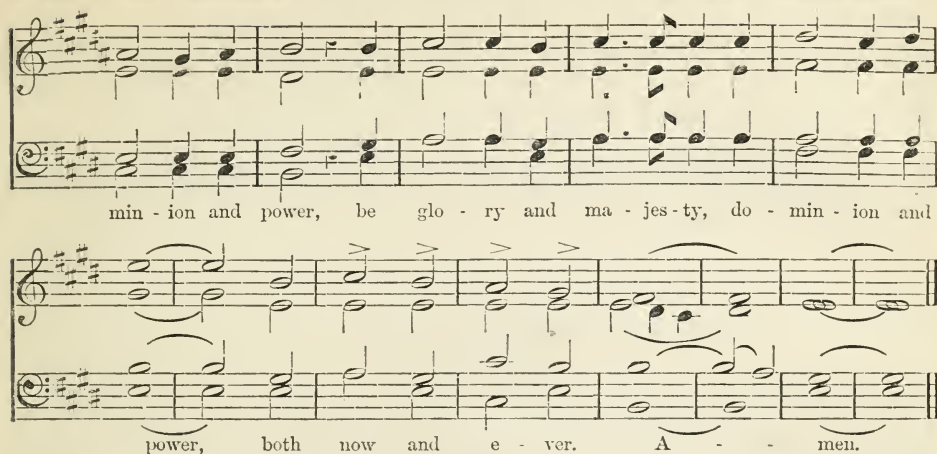
Sentence 20.

JUDE 24, 25.

Now un-to Him that is a - ble to keep you from fall - ing, and to pre -

sent you fault-less be-fore the presence of His glo - ry with ex-ceed-ing

joy, to the only wise God, our Sa - viour, be glo - ry and ma - jes - ty, do -

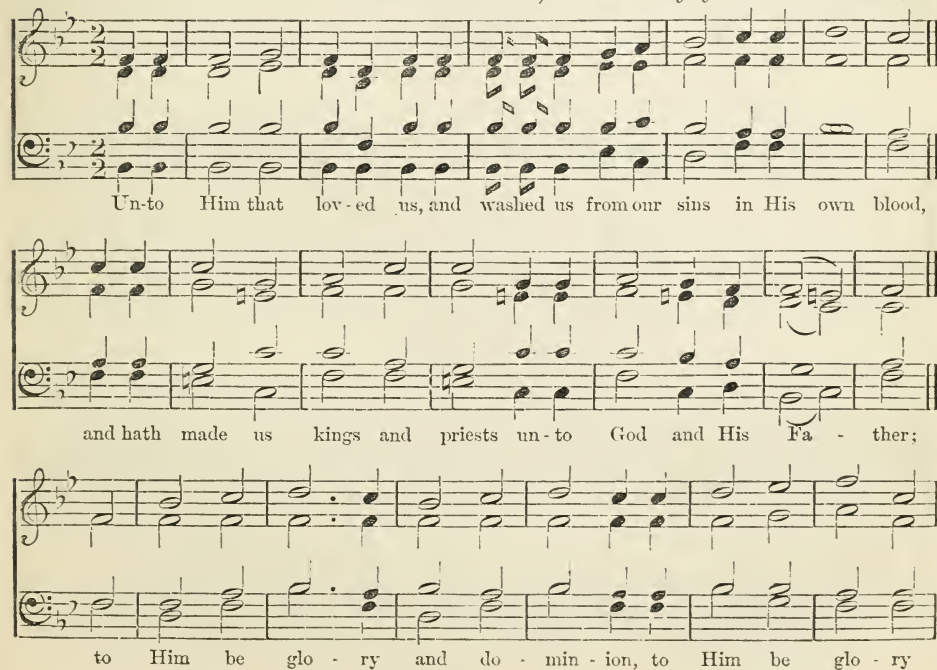


min - ion and power, be glo - ry and ma - jes - ty, do - min - ion and
power, both now and e - ver. A - - men.

Sentence 21.

REVELATION i. 5, 6.

'Congregational Church Music.'



Un-to Him that lov-ed us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood,
and hath made us kings and priests un-to God and His Fa - ther;
to Him be glo - ry and do - min - ion, to Him be glo - ry

and do - min - ion for e - ver and e - ver. A - men.

Sentence 22.

Con moto moderato.

REVELATION v. 12.

Henry Smart.

$\text{♩} = 54.$

Worth - y is the Lamb, worth - y is the Lamb that was slain, that was

slain to receive pow-er, and rich-es, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glo - ry, and

blessing. Worth-y is the Lamb, worth-y is the Lamb that was that was slain, that was slain, was

slain to re-ceive pow-er, and rich-es, and wis-dom, and strength, and

hon-our, and glo-ry, and bless-ing, pow-er, and rich-es, wis-dom, and

strength, and hon-our, and glo-ry, and bless-ing. A-men.

Sentence 23.

Andante maestoso.

REVELATION vii. 10, 12.

G. A. Macfarren.

sal - va - tion to our

Sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion to our God which sit - teth up - on the

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion to our God and un - to the

throne, sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion to our God, and

Lamb, . . . the Lamb, and un - to the Lamb, . . . the

un - to the Lamb, the Lamb, and un - to the Lamb, . . . the

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do.*

Lamb. Bless-ing, and glo - ry, and wis - dom, and thanksgiving, and hon-our, and

pow - er, and might, be un - to our God, be un - to our God,

be un - to our God, be un - to our God,

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

for e - ver, and e - ver, and e - ver, and e - ver.

for e - ver, and e - ver, and e - ver, and e - ver. A - men,

God for e - ver, and e - ver, and e - ver, and e - ver.

A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

A - men, A - men, A - men.

Sentence 24.

Moderato ♩ = 80.

REVELATION xv. 3, 4.

Henry Smart.

Great and mar - vel - lous are Thy works, Lord God Al -

works, Lord

Thy works, Lord,

might - y; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King, Thou King of

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

saints. Great and mar - vel - lous are Thy

Great and mar - vel - lous

works, Lord God Al - might - y; Just and true are Thy

works, Lord God al - might - y;

ways, Thou King of saints. Who shall not

ways, Thou King, Thou King of saints.

fear, shall not Who shall not fear, shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glo - ri - fy Thy

Who shall not fear, shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glo - ri - fy Thy

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES.

name? and glo - ri - fy Thy name? for Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou

name? and glo - ri - fy Thy name? for Thou on - ly art

ho - - ly, on - ly art ho - - ly, art ho - ly.

ho - ly, art ho - - ly,

INDEX OF FIRST LINES, WITH TUNES.

Where a is appended to an Author's name, it signifies that slight alterations have been made on the Hymn.

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A few more years shall roll	318	Bonar	Leominster
A little child the Saviour came	276	W. Robertson	Boston
A safe stronghold our God is still	144	Luther, tr. by T. Carlyle	Worms
Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide	234	Lyte	{ Eventide { Troyte's Chant
Above the clear blue sky	330	Bourdillon	Palmyra
According to Thy gracious word	283	Montgomery	St. Peter
All hail! the power of Jesus' name	93	Perronet a	St. Magnus
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	302	Ken	Evening Hymn
Almighty Father of mankind	17	M. Bruce... ..	Moravia
And dost Thou say, Ask what thou wilt	193	Newton	Soldau
Another six days' work is done	256	Jos. Stennet	Calvin
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	130	Newton	St. Paul
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake	290	Shrubsole	Erfurt
Around the throne of God in heaven	331	Houlditch	Glory
Art thou weary, art thou languid	120	St. Stephen, tr. by Neale	Stephanos
As with gladness men of old	36	Dix	Dix
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep	241	Mackay	Retreat
At even, ere the sun was set	304	Twells	Angelus
At Thy feet, our God and Father	317	J. D. Burns	Augustine
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	297	Ken	Morning Hymn
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	167	Doddridge	St. Ann
Awake, ye saints, awake	259	E. Scott and Cotterill	St. John
Before Jehovah's awful throne	6	Watts, a by Wesley	Ely
Behold, a Stranger at the door	72	Grigg	Caerleon
Blest morning! whose first dawning rays	51	Watts, a by Cameron	St. Magnus
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	112	Wesley	Caius College
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	281	Heber	{ Lausanne { Capernaum
Brief life is here our portion... ..	249	Bernard of Cluny, tr. by Neale	St. Alphege
Bright and joyful is the morn	35	Montgomery	{ Carinthia { Lutzen
By cool Siloam's shady rill	328	Heber	Belmont
By Jesus' grave on either hand	49	I. G. Smith	{ Sepulchre { Constance
Childhood's years are passing o'er us	348	W. Dickson	Sicilian
Children of the heavenly King	228	Cennick	Ravenna
Christ is our Corner-stone	320	Ancient Hymn tr. by Chandler	St. Godric
Christ, of all my hopes the ground... ..	156	Wardlaw... ..	St. Malo
Christ the Lord is risen again	53	Weiss, tr. by Winkworth	{ Strasburg { Westmoreland
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	52	Wesley	St. George's, Windsor
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	86	Wesley	Ratisbon
Come, children, join to sing... ..	339	Bateman	Madrid
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	99	Charlemagne, tr. by Cosin	Veni Creator
Come, Holy Spirit, come, let Thy bright beams arise	104	Hart... ..	Bredon
Come, Holy Spirit, come with energy divine	103	Beddome	Swabia
Come, let us join our friends above	254	Wesley	Old 137th
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	194	Newton	Liguria
Come, O Thou traveller unknown	204	Wesley	Romsdal
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing	220	R. Robinson	Sharon
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	30	Wesley	Ephratah

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Come, we that love the Lord	221	<i>Watts</i> a	Prague
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	119	<i>Hart</i>	Melancthon
Come, ye souls by sin afflicted	118	<i>Swain</i>	Oriel
Come, ye thankful people, come	311	<i>Alford</i>	St. George's, Windsor
Commit thou all thy griefs	179	<i>Gerhardt</i> , tr. by <i>J. Wesley</i>	Narenza
Creator Spirit! by whose aid	100	<i>Ancient Hymn</i> tr. by <i>Dryden</i>	Dura
Day of anger, all arresting (<i>Dies Irae</i>)	356	<i>Thomas of Celano</i> , tr. by <i>W. B. Robertson</i>	Dies Irae
Dear Refuge of my weary soul	209	<i>Steele</i>	St. Margaret
Deep are the wounds that sin has made	88	<i>Steele</i>	Breslau
Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord	361	<i>Hart</i>	Ely
Ere God had built the mountains	26	<i>Cowper</i>	Lancashire
Eternal Father, strong to save	327	<i>Whiting</i>	Melita
Eternal Source of every joy	307	<i>Doddridge</i>	Wareham
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Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	203	<i>Cowper</i>	Evan
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Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	329	<i>German Hymn</i> tr. by <i>Stallybrass</i>	Bonn
For a season called to part	363	<i>Newton</i>	Gibbons
For ever with the Lord	252	<i>Montgomery</i>	Montgomery
For mercies, countless as the sands	150	<i>Newton</i>	Gräfenberg
For the beauty of the earth	14	<i>F. S. Pierpoint</i>	Lebanon
For thee, O dear, dear country	250	<i>Bernard of Cluny</i> , tr. by <i>Neale</i>	Munich
Fountain of mercy, God of love	308	<i>Floreydew</i>	Tallis
From depths of woe I raise to Thee	125	<i>Luther</i> , tr. by <i>Massie</i>	Luther's 130th
From Greenland's icy mountains	294	<i>Heber</i>	{ Lancashire Missionary
Glorious things of thee are spoken	253	<i>Newton</i>	Hilary
Glory be to God on high	353	(<i>Gloria in excelsis</i>)	{ Chants Anthem
Glory, glory to our King	56	<i>Kelly</i>	Bozrah
Go to dark Gethsemane	41	<i>Montgomery</i>	Gethsemane
God forbid that I should glory	46	Sigismund
God has turned my grief to gladness	226	<i>Kelly</i>	Holstein ...
God is my strong salvation	164	<i>Montgomery</i>	Heidelberg
God moves in a mysterious way	19	<i>Cowper</i>	St. Ann
God of my life, to Thee I call	182	<i>Cowper</i>	Cannons
God that madest earth and heaven	301	<i>Heber</i> and <i>Whately</i>	Steggall's
Grace! 'tis a charming sound	25	<i>Doddridge</i>	Franconia
Great God of wonders! all Thy ways	24	<i>Davies</i> &	Stettin
Great God, we sing that mighty hand	314	<i>Doddridge</i> a	Wareham
Great God, what do I see and hear	71	<i>Ringwaldt</i> and <i>Collyer</i> a	Luther's Hymn
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Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness	102	<i>Gerhardt</i> , tr. by <i>Toplady</i>	Coblentz
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Hosanna ! loud hosanna	336	<i>Threlfall</i>	Theodulph
Hosanna to the living Lord	265	<i>Heber</i>	Turle
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How large the promise, how divine	274	<i>Watts</i>	New London
How shall I follow Him I serve	39	<i>Conder</i>	Preslau
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	83	<i>Newton</i>	St. Peter's
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I think, when I read that sweet story of old	338	<i>Luke</i>	Salamis
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Jesus ! and shall it ever be	163	<i>Grigg and Francis</i>	Mainzer
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Jesus, Master, whose I am	141	<i>Havergal</i>	Heathlands
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me	90	<i>Elliott</i>	Wimbledon
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Jesus, still lead on	217	<i>Zinzendorf</i> , tr. by <i>H. L. L.</i> <i>St. Bernard</i> , tr. by <i>Caswall</i>	Zinzendorf
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Jesus, to Thy table led	278	<i>Baynes</i>	Weimar
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	262	<i>Cowper</i>	Casterton
Join all the glorious names	92	<i>Watts</i> a	St. Thomas
Joy is a fruit that will not grow	222	<i>Newton</i>	{ Misericordia Bethabara
Just as I am—without one plea	131	<i>Elliott</i>	
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Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace	109	<i>Barton</i> a	St. Fulbert
Lead, Holy Shepherd, lead us	346	<i>Clement</i> , tr. by <i>MacGill</i>	Mamre
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	216	<i>Newman</i>	Kindly Light
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	215	<i>Edmeston</i>	Braylesford
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Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	357	<i>Shirley</i>	Augustine
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